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THE WORKS

OF

HENRY FIELDING, ESQ.

With an Essay on his Life and Genius

BY

ARTHUR MURPHY, ESQ.

A NEW EDITION

EDITED BY

JAMES P. BROWNE, M.D. (EDINB.)

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THE

INTRIGUING CHAMBERMAID:

A

COMEDY OF TWO ACTS,

AS IT WAS ACTED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL IN DRURY-LANE, IN 1733.

Majores nusquam ronchi; juvenésque senésque
Et pueri nasum Rhinocerotis habent.

MARTIAL.

AN

EPISTLE

TO

MRS. CLIVE.

MADAM,

If addresses of this nature (notwithstanding the base purposes to which they have been perverted) were originally intended to express the gratitude of the author for some favour received, or to celebrate the merit of some particular friend; I think you have a very just title to this.

Dedications, and indeed most panegyrics, have been generally confined to persons in high life; not that good qualities are so; but as the praise which most authors bestow comes not from the heart, nor is the effect of their gratitude for past favours, but of their necessity of future, it is not so much their business to enquire who best deserves praise, as who can best pay for it. And thus we often see an epistle crammed with such gross, false, and absurd flattery, as the poet ought to be ashamed of writing, and the patron of accepting.

But while I hold the pen, it will be a maxim with me, that vice can never be too great to be lashed, nor virtue too obscure to be commended; in other words, that satire can never rise too high, nor panegyric stoop too low.

It is your misfortune to bring the greatest genius for

acting on the stage, at a time when the factions and divisions among the players have conspired with the folly, injustice, and barbarity of the town, to finish the ruin of the stage, and sacrifice our own native entertainments to a wanton affected fondness for foreign music; and when our nobility seem eagerly to rival each other in distinguishing themselves in favour of Italian theatres, and in neglect of our own.

However, the few who have yet so much English taste and good-nature left, as sometimes to visit that stage where you exert your great abilities, never fail to receive you with the approbation you deserve; nay, you extort, by the force of your merit, the applause of those who are languishing for the return of Cuzzoni.

And here I cannot help reflecting with some pleasure that the town, that part of it, at least, which is not quite Italianized, have one obligation to me, who made the first discovery of your great capacity, and brought you earlier forward on the theatre than the ignorance of some and the envy of others would have otherwise permitted. I shall not here dwell on anything so well known as your theatrical merit, which one of the finest judges and the greatest man of his age hath acknowledged to exceed in humour that of any of your predecessors in his time.

But as great a favourite as you at present are with the audience, you would be much more so, were they acquainted with your private character; could they see you laying out great part of the profits, which arise to you from entertaining us so well, in the support of an aged father; did they see you, who can charm them on the stage with personating the foolish and vicious characters of your sex, acting in real life the part of the best wife, the best daughter, the best sister, and the best friend.

The part you have maintained in the present dispute between the players and the patentees, is so full of honour, that had it been in higher life, it would have given you the reputation of the greatest heroine of the age. You looked on the cases of Mr. Highmore and Mrs. Wilks with compassion, nor could any promises or views of interest sway you to desert them, nor have you scrupled any fatigue (particularly the part which at so short a warning you undertook in this farce) to support the cause of those whom you imagined injured and distress'd; and for this you have been so far from endeavouring to exact an exorbitant reward from persons little able to afford it, that I have known you to offer to act for nothing, rather than the patentees should be injured by the dismission of the audience.

In short, if honour, good-nature, gratitude, and good sense, joined with the most entertaining humour, whereever they are found, are titles to public esteem, I think you may be sure of it; at least, I am sure they will always recommend you to the sincere friendship of,

Madam,

Your most obliged humble Servant,

HENRY FIELDING.

TO

MR. FIELDING,

OCCASIONED BY

THE REVIVAL OF THE AUTHOR'S FARCE.

SENT TO THE AUTHOR BY AN UNKNOWN HAND.

WHILE wit like persecution reigns, and all
Must in the furious inquisition fall,
Untry'd, unheard: while guiltless crowds expire,
Martyrs to spleen! in each poetic fire;
Nor characters, nor worth, nor sex, nor age,
Nor sacred majesty escapes her rage;
Against example who shall dare commend?
Avow good-nature or confess the friend!
  Hard is the task, in such a soil, to raise
From her decay the long-lost art of praise;
Where the sharp thistle springs t' implant the corn,
Or graft the rose upon the spiny thorn.
  Willing, yet weak, and fearful of the fight,
In vain I mourn th' abuse I cannot right;
Yet this remains——with cheerful warmth to pay
To real worth this tributary lay.
  Accept then, Fielding! from a heart sincere,
A gift commended by its being rare,
Unfeign'd applause! by no mean motive sway'd,
Nor yet to thee, but to thy merit paid.

Long have I seen, with sorrow and surprise,
Unhelp'd, unheeded, thy strong genius rise,
To form our manners and amend our laws,
And aid, with artful hand, the public cause.
When modern crimes, to elder times unknown,
With worse than Sodom's guilt pollute this town,
Ty'd to old rules, though Westminster must aid,
The shame and scandal of the nuptial bed,
Thy equitable muse asserts her claim,
To mark the monster with eternal shame,
The brute appears, in thy most just decree,
Triumphant only in his infamy.
But see! the politician mounts the stage,
The bane and weakness of our clime and age!
Who can unmov'd behold th' instructive scene?
Indulge his laughter? or contain his spleen?
When he reflects that such grave heads, so late
Controll'd our senate, and inflam'd our state!
O! had the Muse a due attention found,
Her flights encourag'd, and her labours crown'd;
Each busy knave had felt her vengeful hand,
And laughter branded whom the law should brand!
In vain we wish!—and the compliant bard,
The public taste must sway, that must reward;
To that conforming, he must fill the scene,
With puppets, players, Henley, harlequin;
Farce, mask, and opera, Grub-street and the court,
Link'd of nonsense must club to make us sport.
Yet here, even here what sense! with how much art,
He courts the head, since we deny the heart;
Mark, in his mirth how innocent he plays!
And while he mimes the mimic, hurts not Bayes——
Tho' much provok'd, no base ill-nature stains,
With murd'rous dye, his unpolluted strains.

Proceed, even thus proceed, bless'd youth! to charm,
Divert our heats, and civil rage disarm,
Till fortune, once not blind to merit, smile
On thy desert, and recompense thy toil:
Or Walpole, studious still of Britain's fame,
Protect thy labours, and prescribe the theme,
On which, in ease and affluence, thou may'st raise
More noble trophies to thy country's praise.

PROLOGUE:

UPON THE REVIVAL OF THE AUTHOR'S FARCE.

SPOKEN BY MRS. CLIVE.

As when some ancient hospitable seat,
Where plenty oft has giv'n the jovial treat,
Where in full bowls each welcome guest has drown'd
All sorrowing thoughts, while mirth and joy went round,
Is by some wanton worthless heir destroy'd,
Its once full rooms grown a deserted void;
With sighs, each neighbour views the mournful place;
With sighs, each recollects what once it was.
So does our wretched theatre appear;
For mirth and joy once kept their revels here.
Here, the Beau-monde in crowds repair'd each day,
And went well pleas'd and entertain'd away.
While Oldfield here hath charm'd the list'ning age,
And Wilks adorn'd, and Booth hath fill'd the stage;
Soft eunuchs warbled in successless strain,
And tumblers shew'd their little tricks in vain.
Those boxes still the brighter circles were,
Triumphant toasts receiv'd their homage there.
But now, alas! how alter'd is our case!
I view with tears this poor deserted place;
None to our boxes now in pity stray,
But poets free o' th' house, and beaus who never pay.
No longer now, we see our crowded door
Send the late comer back again at four.

At seven now into our empty pit
Drops from his counter some old prudent cit,
Contented with twelve pennyworth of wit.
——Our Author of a generous soul possess'd,
Hath kindly aim'd to succour the distress'd,
To-night, what he shall offer in our cause
Already hath been blest with your applause.
Yet this, his muse maturer hath revis'd,
And added more to that, which once so much you priz'd.
We sue, not mean to make a partial friend,
But without prejudice at least attend.
If we are dull, e'en censure; but we trust,
Satire can ne'er displease you when 'tis just.
Nor can we fear a brave, a generous, town
Will join to crush us, when we are almost down.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Goodall,	MR. JONES.
Valentine,	MR. STOPPELAER.
Lord Pride,	MR. HEWSON.
Lord Puff,	MR. CHARLES JONES.
Colonel Bluff,	MR. MECKLIN.
Oldcastle,	MR. NORRIS.
Rakeit,	MR. MULLART.
Marquis,	MAD. GROGNET.
Slap,	MR. TOPHAM.
Trick,	MR. HALLAM.
Security,	MR. GILES.

WOMEN.

Mrs. Highman,	MRS. MULLART.
Charlotte,	MRS. ATHERTON.
Lettice,	MRS. CLIVE.

LADIES, CONSTABLES, SERVANTS, &c.

SCENE, LONDON.

THE

INTRIGUING CHAMBERMAID.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

SCENE, *Covent-Garden.*

MRS. HIGHMAN, LETTICE.

MRS. HIGHMAN.

Oh! Mrs. Lettice, is it you? I am extremely glad to see you; you are the very person I would meet.

Let. I am much at your service, Madam.

Mrs. High. Oh! Madam, I know very well that, and at every one's service, I dare swear, that will pay you for it. But all the service, Madam, that I have for you is to carry a message to your master——I desire, Madam, that you would tell him from me, that he is a very great villain, and that I entreat him never more to come near my doors; for if I find him within 'em, I will turn my niece out of them.

Let. Truly, Madam, you must send this by another messenger; but pray, what has my master done to deserve it should be sent at all?

Mrs. High. He has done nothing yet, I believe; I thank Heaven, and my own prudence: but I know what he would do.

Let. He would do nothing but what becomes a gentleman, I am confident.

Mrs. High. Oh! I dare swear, Madam, debauching a young lady is acting like a very fine gentleman; but I shall keep my niece out of the hands of such fine gentlemen.

Let. You wrong my master, Madam, cruelly; I know his designs on your niece are honourable.

Mrs. High. You know!

Let. Yes, Madam, no one knows my master's heart better than I do. I am sure, were his designs otherwise, I would not be accessory to 'em: I love your niece too much, Madam, to carry on an amour in which she should be a loser. But as I know that my master is heartily in love with her, and that she is heartily in love with my master; and as I am certain they will be a very happy couple, I will not leave one stone unturn'd to bring them together.

Mrs. High. Rare impudence! Hussy, I have another match for her; she shall marry Oldcastle.

Let. Oh! then, I find it is you that have a dishonourable design on your niece.

Mrs. High. How, sauciness!

Let. Yes, Madam, marrying a young lady, who is in love with a young fellow, to an old one whom she hates, is the surest way to bring about I know what, that can possibly be taken.

AIR I. *Soldier Laddy.*

When a virgin in love with a brisk jolly lad
You match to a spark more fit for her dad,
'Tis as pure, and as sure, and secure as a gun,
The young lover's business is happily done:
Though it seems to her arms he takes the wrong rout,
Yet my life for a farthing,
Pursuing
His wooing.
The young fellow finds, though he go round about,
It's only to come
The nearest way home.

Mrs. High. I can bear this no longer. I would advise you, Madam, and your master both, to keep from my house, or I shall take measures you won't like. [*Exit.*

Let. I defy you; we have the strongest party, and I warrant we'll get the better of you. But here comes the young lady herself.

SCENE II.

LETTICE, CHARLOTTE.

Charl. So, Mrs. Lettice!

Let. 'Tis pity you had not come a little sooner, Madam; your good aunt is but just gone, and has left positive orders that you should make more frequent visits at our house.

Charl. Indeed!

Let. Yes, Madam; for she has forbid my master ever visiting at yours, and I know it will be impossible for you to live without seeing him.

Charl. I assure you! Do you think me so fond then?

Let. Do I! I know you are; you love nothing else, think of nothing else all day; and, if you will confess the truth, I dare lay a wager that you dream of nothing else all night.

Charl. Then to shew you, Madam, how well you know me——the devil take me——if you are not in the right.

Let. Ah! Madam, to a woman practis'd in love, like me, there is no occasion for confession: for my part, I don't want words to assure me of what the eyes tell me. Oh! if the lovers would but consult the eyes of their mistresses, we should not have such sighing, languishing, and despairing, as we have.

AIR II. *Bush of Boon.*

What need he trust your words precise,
Your soft desires denying,
When, oh! he reads within your eyes
Your tender heart complying?
Your tongue may cheat,
And with deceit
Your softer wishes cover;
But, oh! your eyes,
Know no disguise,
Nor ever cheat your lover.

SCENE III.

LETTICE, CHARLOTTE, VALENTINE.

Val. My dearest Charlotte, this is meeting my wishes, indeed! for I was coming to wait on you.

Let. It's very lucky that you do meet her here; for her house is forbidden ground: you have seen your last of that, Mrs. Highman swears.

Val. Ha! not go where my dear Charlotte is? What danger could deter me? What difficulty prevent me? Not cannon, nor plagues, nor all the most frightful forms of death, should keep me from her arms.

Charl. Nay, by what I can find, you are not to put your valour to any proof; the danger is to be mine: I am to be turn'd out of doors, if ever you are seen in them again.

Val. The apprehensions of your danger would, indeed, put it to the severest proof. But why will my dearest Charlotte continue in the house of one who threatens to turn her out of it? Why will she not know another

home, one where she would find a protector from every kind of danger?

Charl. How can you pretend to love me, Valentine, and ask me that, in our present desperate circumstances?

Let. Nay, nay, don't accuse him wrongfully. I won't indeed insist that he gives you any great instance of his prudence by it; but I'll swear it is a very strong one of his love; and such an instance, as when a man has once shewn, no woman of any honesty, or honour, or gratitude, can refuse him any longer. For my part, if I had ever found a lover who had not wicked mercenary views upon my fortune, I should have married him, whatever he had been.

Charl. Thy fortune?

Let. My fortune! Yes, Madam, my fortune. I was worth fifty-six pounds before I put into the lottery; what it will be now, I can't tell; but you know somebody must get the great lot, and why not I?

Val. Oh, Charlotte, would you had the same sentiments with me! For, by Heavens! I apprehend no danger but that of losing you; and, believe me, love will sufficiently reward us for all the hazards we run on this account.

AIR III. *Fanny, blooming fair, &c.*

Let bold ambition lie
  Within the warrior's mind;
False honours let him buy,
  With slaughter of mankind:
To crowns a doubtful right
  Lay thousands in their grave;
While wretched armies fight
  Which master shall enslave.

Love took my heart with storm,
Let him there rule alone,
In Charlotte's charming form,
Still sitting on his throne.
How will my soul rejoice
At his commands to fly;
If spoken in that voice,
Or look'd from that dear eye.

To universal sway
Love's title is the best;
Well, shall we him obey,
Who makes his subjects blest?
If heaven for human good
Did empire first design,
Love must be understood
To rule by right divine.

Let. Hist! hist! get you both about your business. Mr. Oldcastle is just turned the corner; and, if he should see you together, you are undone.

[*Exeunt* Valentine *and* Charlotte.

Now will I banter this old coxcomb severely: for I think it is a most impertinent thing in these old fumblers to interpose in young people's sport.

SCENE IV.

LETTICE, OLDCASTLE.

Old. Hem, hem! I profess it is a very severe easterly wind; and, if it was not to see a mistress, I believe I should scarce have stirred abroad all day.

Let. Mr. Oldcastle, your very humble servant.

Old. Your humble servant, Madam: I ask your pardon; but I profess I have not the honour of knowing you.

Let. Men of your figure, Sir, are known by more than they are themselves able to remember. I am a poor handmaid of a young lady of your acquaintance, Miss Charlotte Highman.

Old. Oh! your very humble servant, Madam; I hope your lady is well.

Let. Hum! so, so. She sent me, Sir, of a small message to you.

Old. I am the happiest man in the world.

Let. To desire a particular favour of you.

Old. She honours me with her commands.

Let. She begs, if you have the least affection for her, that she may never see you here again.

Old. What! what!

Let. She is a very well-bred, civil, good-natur'd lady, and does not care to send a rude message; therefore only bids me tell you, she hates you, scorns you, detests you more than any creature upon the earth; that if you are resolv'd to marry, she would recommend to you a certain excellent dry nurse, who might possibly be brought by your money to any thing, but go to bed with you; and lastly, she bids me tell you, in this cold weather, never to go to bed without a good warm posset, and never to lie without, at least, a pair of flannel shirts.

Old. Hold your impertinent, saucy tongue.

Let. Nay, Sir, don't be angry with me, I only deliver my message; and that too in as civil and concise a manner as possible.

Old. Your mistress is a pert young hussy, and I shall tell her mother of her.

Let. That will never do; you had better trust to her own good-nature; 'tis I am your friend, and, if we can

get over three little obstacles, I don't despair of marrying you to her, yet.

Old. What are those obstacles?

Let. Why, Sir, there is in the first place, your great age; you are at least some sixty-six.

Old. It's a lie: I want several——months of it.

Let. If you did not, I think we may get over this: one half of your fortune makes a very sufficient amends for your age.

Old. We shan't fall out about that.

Let. Well, Sir, then there is, in the second place, your terrible, ungenteel air: this is a grand obstacle with her, who is doatingly fond of every thing that is fine and foppish; and yet I think we may get over this too, by the other half of your fortune.—And now there remains but one, which, if you can find any thing to set aside, I believe I may promise you, you shall have her; and that is, Sir, that horrible face of yours, which it is impossible for any one to see without being frighten'd.

Old. Ye impudent baggage! I'll tell your mistress, I'll have you turned off.

Let. That will be well repaying me, indeed, for all the services I have done you.

Old. Services!

Let. Services! yes, Sir, services; and to let you see I think you fit for a husband, I'll have you myself! Who can be more proper for a husband than a man of your age and taste? for I think you could not have the conscience to live above a year, or a year and half at most: and I think a good plentiful jointure would make amends for one's enduring you as long as that; provided we live in separate parts of the house, and one had a good handsome groom of the chambers to attend one.

AIR IV. *Hark, hark, the cock crows.*

When a lover like you,
Does a woman pursue,
She must have little wit in her brain, Sir;
If for better and worse,
She takes not the purse,
Alas, with her sighing poor swain, Sir!

Though hugg'd to her wishes,
Amidst empty dishes,
Much hunger her stomach may prove, Sir;
But a pocket of gold,
As full as 'twill hold,
Will still find her food for her love, Sir.

Old. You are an impertinent, impudent baggage! and I have a mind to—— I am out of breath with passion; and I shall not recover it this half hour. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

LETTICE, RAKEIT.

Let. A very pretty lover for a young lady, indeed.

Rak. Your servant, Mrs. Lettice; what have you and the great Squire Oldcastle been entertaining one another with?

Let. With his passion for your young mistress, or rather her passion for him. I have been bantering him till he is in such a rage, that I actually doubt whether he will not beat her or no.

Rak. Will you never leave off your frolics, since we must pay for them. You have put him out of humour;

now he will go and put my lady out of humour; and then we may be all beaten for aught I know.

Let. Well, sirrah! and do you think I had not rather twenty such as you shou'd be beaten to death than my master should be robb'd of his mistress.

Rak. Your humble servant, Madam; you need not take any great pains to convince me of your fondness for your master. I believe he has more mistresses than what are in our house; but, hang it, I am too polite to be jealous; and if he has done me the favour with you, why, perhaps, I may return it one day with somebody else. I am not the first gentleman of the party-coloured regiment who has been even with his master.

Let. Not with such gentlemen as Mr. Valentine. Indeed with your little, pert, skipping beaus, I don't know what may happen. Such masters and their men are often, both in dress and behaviour, so very like one another, that a woman may be innocently false, and mistake the one for the other. Nay, I don't know whether such a change as you mention, may not be sometimes for the better.

AIR V. *As down in a meadow, &c.*

See John and his master, as together they pass,
Or see them admiring themselves in the glass:
Each cocks fierce his hat, each struts and looks big,
Both have lace on their coat, and a bag to their wig.
Both swear, and both rattle, both game, and both drink,
When neither can write, or can read, or e'en think.
Say then where the difference lies if you can,
Faith! widows, you'd give it on the side of the man.

Rak. But, my dear Lettice, I do not approve this match in our families.

Let. Why so?

Rak. You know how desperate his circumstances are, and she has no fortune.

Let. She hath indeed no fortune of her own; but her aunt Highman is very rich.

Rak. She will be little the better for't.

Let. Then there's the chance of both her brothers' death: besides an uncle in Yorkshire, who hath five children only, one of which hath never had the small-pox: nay, there are not above sixteen or seventeen between her and an Irish barony.

Rak. Ay, this lady would make a fine fortune after two or three good plagues. In short, I find there is but little hopes on our side, and if there be no more on yours——

Let. Oh, yes, there are hopes enough on ours. There is hopes of my young master's growing better, for I am sure there is no possibility of his growing worse. Hopes of my old master's staying abroad. Hopes of his being drown'd if he attempts coming home. Hopes of the stars falling——

Rak. Dear Mrs. Lettice, do not jest with such serious things as hunger and thirst. Do you seriously think that all your master's entertainments are at an end?

Let. So far from it, that he is this day to give a grand entertainment to your mistress and about a dozen more gentlemen and ladies.

Rak. My chops begin to water. I find your master is a very honest fellow, and it is possible may hold out two or three weeks longer.

Let. You are mistaken, Sir, there will be no danger of his giving any more entertainments; for there is a certain gentleman call'd an Upholsterer, who the moment that the company is gone, is to make his entrance into the house, and carry every thing out on't.

Rak. A very good way, faith, of furnishing a house to receive a wife in; your master has set me a very good pattern against you and I marry, Mrs. Lettice.

Let. Sauce-box! Do you think I'll have you?

Rak. Unless I can provide better for myself.

Let. Well, that I am fond of thee I am certain, and what I am fond of I can't imagine; unless it be thy invincible impudence.

Rak. Why, faith, I think I have the impudence of a gentleman, and there is nothing better to succeed with the ladies.

AIR VI.

When modesty sues for a favour,
What answers the politic lass?

Let. That she mightily likes his behaviour,
And thinks in her heart he's an ass;
And thinks in her heart he's an ass.

Rak. But when bolder impudence rushes,
And manfully seizes her charms?

Let. Lard! you're rude, Sir, she cries, then she blushes,
And folds the brisk youth in her arms.
And folds, &c. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

VALENTINE, TRICK.

Val. You say I owe you five hundred pounds principal and interest?

Trick. Yes, Sir; you will please to cast it up yourself, and I believe our accounts will correspond.

Val. I'll take your word for it, Sir; and if you please to let me have five hundred more, I shall owe you a thousand.

Trick. Sir, the money was none of my own, I had it from another; and it must be paid, Sir; he hath called it in.

Val. He may call as long as he pleases; but till I call it in, it will not signify much, Sir. I have thought of an expedient, if the money you lent me was another's, and he be impatient for it; you may pay him off: lay me down the other five hundred, and take the whole debt upon yourself.

Trick. I am quite out of cash, Sir, or you know you might command me; and therefore I hope you will not put off the payment any longer.

Val. I am extremely busy to-day, and beg you would call another time.

Trick. I have called so often, that I am quite weary of calling; and if I am not paid within these three days, I shall send a lawyer for my money—and s your servant. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

VALENTINE, TRUSTY.

Val. So, honest Trusty, what success?

Trusty. I went to the jeweller's with the ring which your honour told me cost me an hundred pound, but he refus'd to give me any more than fifty for it, so I e'en took that.

Val. Very well!

Trusty. As for the old silver bowl which your father valu'd at fourscore pounds, Mr. Whiting said, there was so much reckon'd for the fashion; and that it was so

old and ungenteel, that he offered me but twenty: but I knew your honour wanted money, and so I took it.

Val. Very well.

Trusty. The gold repeating watch I carried to the maker, and told him he had received fifty odd guineas for it two years ago; but he said it was much the worse for wearing; and that the nobility and gentry run so much into pinchbeck, that he had not dispos'd of two gold watches this month. However he said he would give half; and I thought that better than nothing, so I let him have it.

Val. Very well.

Trusty. But this was nothing to that rogue in Monmouth-street, who offer'd me but sixteen pounds for the two suits of fine clothes, that I dare swear stood your honour in above an hundred pounds. I flew into a great passion with him, and have brought them back again.

Val. You should have taken the money.

Trusty. One piece of surprising good fortune was the saving of your medals, which just as I was going to dispose of, a gentleman whispered in my ear, that a certain knight, that would be in town in a fortnight, would give six times as much for them.

Val. A fortnight! what of a fortnight! A fortnight's an age. I would not give a shilling for the reversion of an estate so long to come. Here, give me what money you have brought, and go and dispose of the rest immediately.

Trusty. But, Sir, I wish your honour would consider: for my part, I dread my old master's coming home; and yet, if he does not, what you will do any longer, Heaven knows.

Val. Don't trouble thyself about that; but go execute my commands. [*Exit* Trusty.

AIR VII. *Excuse me.*

Let misers with sorrow to-day,
Lay up for to-morrow's array,
Like Tantalus thirsty, who craves
Drink, up to his chin in the waves.
But Fortune, like women, to-day may be kind,
And yield to your mind,
To-morrow she goes,
And on others bestows
The blessing.
The lover, who yields to the fair one's delays,
Oft loses the day,
Then fly to her arms,
For we are sure
Of her charms
When possessing.

SCENE VIII.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Sir, a gentleman in mourning desires to see you.

Val. Shew him in [*Exit* Servant]. Would my dear Charlotte were here!

SCENE IX.

VALENTINE, SLAP.

Val. Your most obedient servant, Sir; I have not the honour of knowing you, Sir.

Slap. I believe you do not, Sir; I ask pardon, but I have a small writ against you.

Val. A writ against me!

Slap. Don't be uneasy, Sir; it is only for a trifle, Sir; about two hundred pounds.

Val. What must I do, Sir?

Slap. Oh, Sir! whatever you please; only pay the money, or give bail, which you please.

Val. I can do neither of them this instant, and I expect company every moment. I suppose, Sir, you'll take my word till to-morrow morning?

Slap. Oh, yes, Sir; with all my heart. If you will be so good as to step to my house hard by, you shall be extremely well us'd, and I'll take your word.

Val. Your house! 'sdeath, you rascal!

Slap. Nay, Sir, 'tis in vain to bully.

Val. Nay, then!——who's there——my servants. [*Enter* Servants.] Here, kick this fellow down stairs.

Slap. This is a rescue, remember that—a rescue, Sir; I'll have my lord chief justice's warrant.

[Slap *is forc'd off by the* Servants.

SCENE X.

VALENTINE, CHARLOTTE.

Charl. Oh, Valentine! what's the matter? I am frighten'd to death. Swords drawn! Oh, my heart! you are not hurt?

Val. By none but you, my love; I have no wounds but those you can cure.

Charl. Heaven be prais'd! But what was the occasion of this bustle?

Val. Nothing, my dear, but a couple of fencing-masters——I happen'd to turn about, and one of them cut me on the back; that's all.

Charl. You see the dangers I run on your account;

should my aunt know of my being here, I should be undone for ever. Nay, and what the rest of the company will think when they see me here before them I dread to imagine.

Val. You know you have it in your power to silence the tongues of the world whenever you please: and, oh, Charlotte! I wish you would this day consent to make this house your reputable home.

Charl. Press me not, Valentine: for whatever be the consequence, if you should, I feel I cannot deny you.

AIR VIII. *Spring's a coming.*

Virgins wary
Would ne'er miscarry
If lovers would take a denial or two:
If he pursues her still,
Can she refuse him still,
What she herself hath a mind to do?

Val. Turtles, though with each other they die,
Shall be less constant and fond than I:
For April's soft showers,
Nor June's sweet flowers,
In softness and sweetness with thee can vie.

Charl. Turtles, though, &c.

Charl. Could I be assur'd of your constancy; could I find you always fond and endearing as now; believe me, it would not be in the power of fortune to make me miserable.

Val. If thou canst place any confidence in vows, I know not how to bind myself faster to you than I have done already; but you have a better, which is in your own merit. Believe me, Charlotte, men are more constant than you imagine. He that marries for money,

is constant to the love of his wife's money. He that marries for beauty is commonly constant while that beauty lasts; and a love that's fixed on merit, as mine, will be constant while that endures.

Charl. Well, we must all run a risk, believe me; as to the point of fortune, it is the least of my thoughts. A woman, who can carry her prudence so far as that, cheats you when she pretends to love. Love reigns alone in every breast it inhabits, and, in my opinion, makes us amends for the absence of Madam Prudence, and all her train.

Val. Thou dearest girl, this night shall make me thine.

AIR IX. *Polworth on the Green.*

Come, Charlotte, let's be gay,
Let's enjoy ourselves to-day;
To-morrow's in the hands of the powers,
To-day alone is ours.
Let fools for wealth,
Spend time and health;
While we, more happy, try,
In each soft kiss,
Transporting bliss,
Which treasures ne'er can buy.

Charl. Let age grave lessons preach
'Gainst what she cannot reach;
Let prudes condemn what they esteem,
All fools our joys impeach.

Both. Let fools, &c.

ACT II.—SCENE I.

VALENTINE *and Company, seated as after dinner.*

VALENTINE.

CALL in the dancers. I hope, ladies, your good nature will make you as kind to this part of the entertainment as it hath to the other.

Marq. Je vous felicite de votre gout ravissant, Monsieur Valentine, mais allons! dançons nous mesmes.

Val. My father arriv'd, say you?

Let. Yes, Sir, and will be here instantly.

Val. Death and hell! what shall I do, Lettice? I must trust to the contrivance of thy brain, or I am undone.

Let. Well, I will do the best I can for you; in the mean time be not chagrined, enjoy your friends, and take no notice of it. I will lie perdue for him, and meet him at the door. Be sure to keep close garrison, and after I am gone out, open the doors to none.

Val. Send thee good luck, my best wench. Come, gentlemen and ladies, what say you, are you for cards or hazard?

All. Hazard, hazard.

Marq. Hazard! ma voix est toujours pour hazard!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

GOODALL, LETTICE, *and* SERVANT *with a portmanteau.*

Good. This cursed stage-coach from Portsmouth hath fatigu'd me more than my voyage from the Cape of

Good Hope: but, Heav'n be prais'd, I am once more arriv'd within sight of my own doors. I cannot help thinking how pleased my son will be to see me returned a full year sooner than my intention.

Let. He would be much more pleased to hear you were at the Cape of Good Hope yet. [*Aside.*

Good. I hope I shall find my poor boy at home, I dare swear he will die with joy to see me.

Let. I believe he is half dead already; but now for you, my good master. [*Aside.*

—Bless me! what do I see? an apparition?

Good. Lettice!

Let. Is it my dear master Goodall returned, or is it the devil in his shape? Is it you, Sir, is it positively you yourself?

Good. Even so. How do you, Lettice?

Let. Much at your honour's service. I am heartily glad to see your honour in such good health. Why, the air of the Indies hath agreed vastly with you. Indeed, Sir, you ought to have stayed a little longer there for the sake of your health——and our quiet.

[*Aside.*

Good. Well, but how does my son do? And how hath he behaved himself in my absence? I hope he hath taken great care of my affairs.

Let. I'll answer for him, he hath put your affairs into a condition that will surprise you, take my word for it.

Good. I warrant you, he is every day in the alley. Stocks have gone just as I imagin'd! and if he followed my advice, he must have amassed a vast sum of money.

Let. Not a farthing, Sir.

Good. How, how, how!

Let. Sir, he hath paid it out as fast as it came in.

Good. How!

Let. Put it out, Sir, I mean to interest, to interest, Sir; why, our house hath been a perfect fair ever since you went, people coming for money every hour of the day.

Good. That's very well done, and I long to see my dear boy. [*To* Lettice.] Knock at the door.

Let. He is not at home, Sir——and if you have such a desire to see him——

SCENE III.

SECURITY, GOODALL, LETTICE.

Sec. Your servant, Mrs. Lettice.

Let. Your servant, Mr. Security.—Here's a rogue of a usurer, who hath found a very proper time to ask for his money in.

Sec. Do you know, Mrs. Lettice, that I am weary of following your master day after day in this manner, without finding him; and that, if he does not pay me to-day, I shall sue out an execution directly? A thousand pounds are a sum——

Good. What, what, what's this I hear?

Let. I'll explain it to you by and by, Sir.

Good. Does my son owe you a thousand pounds?

Sec. Your son, Sir!

Good. Yes, Sir, this woman's young master, who lives at that house, Mr. Valentine Goodall, is my son.

Sec. Yes, Sir, he does; and I am very glad you are returned to pay it me.

Good. There go two words tho' to that bargain.

Let. I believe, Sir, you will do it with a great deal

of joy, when you know that his owing this money is purely an effect of his good conduct.

Good. Good conduct! Owing money good conduct!

Let. Yes, Sir, he hath bought a house of the price of two thousand pounds, which every one says is worth more than four; and this he could not have done without borrowing this thousand pounds. I am sure, Sir, I and he, and Trusty, ran all over the town to get the money, that he might not lose so good a bargain.—I believe there will not go many words to the payment on't now. [*Aside.*

Good. I am overjoy'd at my son's behaviour.—Sir, you need give yourself no pain about the money; return to-morrow morning, and you shall receive it.

Sec. Sir, your word is sufficient for a much greater sum; and I am your very humble servant. [*Exit.*

Good. Well, but tell me a little, in what part of the town hath my son bought this house?

Let. In what part of the town?

Good. Yes, there are, you know, some quarters better than others——as for example, this here——

Let. Well, and it is in this that it stands.

Good. What, not the great house yonder, is it?

Let. No, no, no; do you see that house yonder—where the windows seem to have been just cleaned.

Good. Yes.

Let. It is not that——and a little beyond, you see another very large house, higher than any other in the square.

Good. I do.

Let. But it is not that——Take particular notice of the house opposite to it, a very handsome house, is it not?

Good. Yes, indeed it is.

Let. That is not the house——but you may see one

with great gates before it, almost opposite to another that fronts a street, at the end of which stands the house which your son hath bought.

Good. There is no good house in that street, as I remember, but Mrs. Highman's.

Let. That's the very house.

Good. That is a very good bargain, indeed; but how comes a woman in her circumstances to sell her house?

Let. It is impossible, Sir, to account for people's actions; besides, she is out of her senses.

Good. Out of her senses?

Let. Yes, Sir, her family hath taken out a commission of lunacy against her; and her son, who is a most abandoned prodigal, hath sold all she had for half its value.

Good. Son? why she was not married when I went away.

Let. No, Sir; but to the great surprise of every one, and to the great scandal of all our sex, there appeared all of a sudden a very lusty young fellow, of the age of three and twenty, whom she owned to have been her son, and that his father was a grenadier in the first regiment of guards.

Good. Oh, monstrous!

Let. Ah, Sir! if every child in this city knew his own father; if children were to inherit only the estates of those who begot them, it would cause a great confusion in inheritances.

AIR X. *Pierot's dance.*

Were all women's secrets known,
Did each father know his own,
Many a son now bred to trade,
Then had shin'd in rich brocade;

Many cits
Had been wits,
In estate, though not in sense;
Many beaus
Birth-day clothes
Had not worn at cits' expense.

For did our women, wise indeed,
Contrive no way to mend the breed,
Our sparks such pretty masters grow,
So spruce, so taper, and so low;
From Britons tall,
Our heroes shall
Be Lilliputians all.

Good. Well, but I stand here talking too long: knock at the door.

Let. What shall I do? [*Aside.*

Good. You seem in a consternation! No accident hath happened to my son, I hope!

Let. No, Sir, but——

Good. But! but what? Hath any one robbed me in my absence?

Let. No, Sir: not absolutely robbed you, Sir.—What shall I say?

Good. Explain yourself! speak.

Let. Oh, Sir! I can withhold my tears no longer.—— Enter not, I beseech you, Sir, your house, Sir; your dear house, that you and I, and my poor young master lov'd so much, within these six months——

Good. What of my house within these six months?

Let. Hath been haunted, Sir, with the most terrible apparitions that were ever heard or beheld.—You'd think the devil himself had taken possession of it! Nay, I

believe he hath, too: all the wild noises in the universe; the squeaking of pigs, the grinding of knives, the whetting of saws, the whistling of winds, the roaring of seas, the hooting of owls, the howling of wolves, the braying of asses, the squalling of children, and the scolding of wives, all put together, make not so hideous a concert. This I myself have heard; nay, and I have seen such sights! One with about twenty heads, and a hundred eyes, and mouths, and noses in each.

Good. Heyday; the wench is mad. Stand from before the door: I'll see whether the devil can keep me out from my own house. Haunted, indeed!

Let. Sir, I have a friendship for you; and you shall not go in.

Good. How! not go into my own house?

Let. No, Sir, not till the devil is driven out on't: there are two priests at work upon him now. Hark, I think the devils are dancing. Nay, Sir, you may listen yourself, and get in too, if you can. [*Laughing within.*

Good. Ha! by all that's gracious, I hear a noise.

Let. I have nothing but his monstrous superstition to rely on.

Good. Oh, Heavens! what monstrous squalling is that? [*Shriek within.*

Let. Why, Sir, I'm surpris'd you should think I would impose upon you. I assure you, your house is haunted by a whole legion of devils. Your whole family hath been driven out of it; and this was one reason why your son bought Madam Highman's house, not being able to live any longer in this.

Good. I am in a cold sweat! What, my son left this house!

Let. Oh, Sir! I am sure, had you known the terrors we underwent for a whole fortnight, especially poor I, Sir, who lay every night frightened with the sight of the

most monstrous large things, fearing every minute what they would do to me——

Good. Can all this be true, or are you imposing on me? I have, indeed, heard of such things as apparitions, on just causes, and believe in them; but why they should haunt my house, I can't imagine.

Let. Why, Sir, they tell me, before you bought the house, there was a murder committed in it.

Good. I must inquire into all these things: but, in the mean time, I must send this portmanteau to my son's new house.

Let. No, Sir, that's a little improper at present.

Good. What, is that house haunted? Hath the devil taken possession of that house too?

Let. No, Sir, but Madam Highman hath not yet quitted possession of it. I told you before, Sir, that she was out of her senses; and if any one does but mention the sale of her house to her, it throws her into the most violent convulsions.

Good. Well, well, I shall know how to humour her madness.

Let. I wish, Sir, for a day or two——

Good. You throw me out of all manner of patience, I am resolved I will go thither this instant.

Let. Here she is herself: but pray remember the condition she is in, and don't do any thing to chagrin her.

SCENE IV.

LETTICE, GOODALL, MRS. HIGHMAN.

Mrs. High. What do I see! Mr. Goodall return'd?

Let. Yes, Madam, it is him; but, alas! he's not himself——he's distracted; his losses in this voyage

have turn'd his brain, and he's become a downright lunatic.

Mrs. High. I am heartily concern'd for his misfortune. Poor gentleman!

Let. If he should speak to you by chance, have no regard to what he says; we are going to shut him up in a mad-house with all expedition.

Mrs. High. [*Aside.*] He hath a strange wand'ring in his countenance.

Good. [*Aside.*] How miserably she is alter'd! She hath a terrible look with her eyes!

Mrs. High. Mr. Goodall, your very humble servant. I am glad to see you return'd, though I am sorry for your misfortune.

Good. I must have patience, and trust in Heaven, and in the power of the priests, who are now endeavouring to lay those wicked spirits with which my house is haunted.

Mrs. High. His house haunted; poor man! But I must not contradict him; that would make him worse.

Good. In the mean time, Mrs. Highman, I should be oblig'd to you, if you would let me order my port-manteau to your house.

Mrs. High. My house is at your service; and I desire you would use it in the same manner as your own.

Good. I would not, Madam, on any account, insult your unfortunate condition——Lettice, this lady does not carry any marks of madness about her.

Let. She has some lucid intervals, Sir; but her fit will soon return.

Good. I am extremely sorry for your misfortune, Mrs. Highman; which, indeed, had I not been so well assur'd of, I could never have believ'd. But I have known some in your way, who, during the interval of their fits, have talk'd very reasonably: therefore, give me leave to ask

you the cause of your phrenzy. For I much question whether this commission of lunacy, that has been taken out against you, be not without sufficient proof.

Mrs. High. A commission of lunacy against me! Me!

Good. Lettice, I see she is worse than I imagin'd.

Mrs. High. However, if you are not more mischievous than you at present seem, I think it is wrong in them to confine you in a mad-house.

Good. Confine me! Ha, ha, ha! this is turning the tables upon me, indeed! But, Mrs. Highman, I would not have you be uneasy that your house is sold; at least, it is better for you that my son hath bought it than another; for you shall have an apartment in it still, in the same manner as if it was still your own, and you were in your senses.

Mrs. High. What's all this? As if I was still in my senses? Let me tell you, Mr. Goodall, you are a poor distracted wretch, and ought to have an apartment in a dark room, and clean straw.

Good. Since you come to that, Madam, I shall shew you the nearest way out of doors; and I give you warning to take away your things; for I shall fill all the rooms with goods within these few days.

SCENE V.

LETTICE, GOODALL, MRS. HIGHMAN, SLAP, CONSTABLE, AND ASSISTANTS.

Slap. That's the door, Mr. Constable.

Let. What's to be done now, I wonder?

Const. Open the door, in the King's name, or I shall break it open.

Good. Who are you, Sir, in the devil's name? And what do you want in that house?

Slap. Sir, I have a prisoner there; and I have my lord chief justice's warrant against him.

Good. For what sum, Sir? Are you a justice of peace?

Slap. I am one of his majesty's officers, Sir; and this day I arrested one Mr. Valentine Goodall, who lives in this house, for two hundred pounds: his servants have rescu'd him; and I have a judge's warrant for the rescue.

Good. What do I hear! But harkye, friend, that house you are going to break open is haunted; and there is no one in it but a couple of priests, who are laying the devil.

Slap. I warrant you I lay the devil better than all the priests in Europe. Come, Mr. Constable, do your office; I have no time to lose. Sir, I have several other writs to execute before night.

Let. I have defended my pass as long as I can; and now I think it is no cowardice to steal off. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

COLONEL BLUFF, MONSIEUR LE MARQUESS, SLAP, GOODALL, CONSTABLE.

Col. What, in the devil's name, is the meaning of this riot? What is the reason, scoundrels, that you dare disturb gentlemen who are getting as drunk as lords?

Slap. Sir, we have authority for what we do.

Col. Damn your authority, Sir! If you don't go about your business, I shall shew you my authority, and send you all to the devil.

Slap. It is he! I have a warrant against him too, I wish it was in my pocket.

Const. Mr. Slap, shall we knock him down?

Slap. Sir, I desire you would give us leave to enter the house and seize our prisoner.

Col. Not I, upon my honour, Sir.

Mons. Que veut due cette bruit quelle vilain Anglois! quelle pouscon ventre bleu! Allons! Monsieur le Colonel! allons! frappons.

Slap. If you oppose us any longer, I shall proceed to force.

Col. If you love force, I'll shew you the way, you dogs. [Colonel *drives them off.*

Good. I find I am distracted! I am stark raving mad! I am undone, ruin'd, cheated, impos'd on! But, please Heaven, I'll go see what's in my house.

Col. Hold, Sir, you must not enter here.

Good. Not enter into my own house, Sir?

Col. No, Sir; if it be yours, you must not come within it.

Mons. Il ne faut pas entrer icy.

Good. Gentlemen, I only beg to speak with the master of the house.

Col. Sir, the master of the house desires to speak with no such fellows as you are: you are not fit company for any of the gentlemen in this house.

Good. Sir, the master of this house is my son.

Col. Sir, your most obedient humble servant: I am overjoy'd to see you return'd. Give me leave, Sir, to introduce you to this gentleman. Monsieur le Marquis, quelque chose, le père de Monsieur Valentine.

Mons. Ah, Monsieur, que je suis ravi de vous voir.

Good. Gentlemen, your most obedient humble servant.

Col. Give me leave to tell you, Sir, you have the honour of being father to one of the finest gentlemen of the age: a man, so accomplish'd, so well bred, and so generous, that I believe he never would part with a

guest while he had a shilling in pocket; nor indeed, while he could borrow one.

Good. I believe it, indeed, Sir; therefore you can't wonder if I am impatient to see him.

Col. Be not in such haste, dear Sir; I want to talk with you about your affairs. I hope you have had good success in the Indies; have cheated the company handsomely; and made an immense fortune.

Good. I have no reason to complain.

Col. I am glad on't, Sir, and so will your son, I dare swear: and let me tell you, it will be very opportune; he began to want it. You can't imagine, Sir, what a fine life he has led since you went away. It would do your heart good, if you was but to know what an equipage he has kept, what balls and entertainments he has made: he is the talk of the whole town, Sir: a man would work with pleasure for such a son. He is a fellow with a soul, damn me! Your fortune won't be thrown away upon him; for, get as much as you please, my life he spends every farthing.

Good. Pray, gentlemen, let me see this miracle of a son of mine.

Col. That you should, Sir, long ago; but really, Sir, the house is a little out of order at present; there is but one room furnished in it; and that is so full of company, that I am afraid there would be a small deficiency of chairs. You can't imagine, Sir, how opportune you are come; there is not any one thing left in the house to raise any money upon.

Good. What, all my pictures gone?

Col. He sold them first, Sir: he was oblig'd to sell them for the delicacy of taste: he certainly is the modestest young fellow in the world, and has complained to me a hundred times of the indecent liberty painters take in exposing the breasts and limbs of

women; you had, indeed, Sir, a very scandalous collection, and he was never easy while they were in the house.

SCENE VII.

VALENTINE, COLONEL, GOODALL, MONSIEUR.

Val. My father return'd! Oh, let me throw myself at his feet; and, believe me, Sir, I am at once over-joy'd, and asham'd to see your face.

Col. I told you, Sir, he was one of the modestest young fellows in England.

Good. You may very well be asham'd; but come, let me see the inside of my house; let me see that both sides of my walls are standing.

Val. Sir, I have a great deal of company within, of the first fashion, and beg you would not expose me before them.

Good. Oh, Sir, I am their very humble servant; I am infinitely oblig'd to all the persons of fashion, that they will so generously condescend to eat a poor citizen out of house and home.

Col. Harkye, Val, shall we toss this old fellow in a blanket?

Val. Sir, I trust in your good-nature and forgiveness; and will wait on you in.

Good. Oh, that ever I should live to see this day!

Mons. Pardie voilà homme extraordinaire. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *A Dining-Room.*

LORD PRIDE, LORD PUFF, &C.

L. Pride. I told you, my lord, it would never hold long; when once the chariot disappeared I thought the master would soon follow.

L. Puff. I helped him on with a small lift, the other day, at piquet.

L. Pride. Did you do any thing considerable?

L. Puff. A mere trifle, my lord: it would have been worth mentioning, if it had been of any other; but I fancy, in his present circumstances, it cut pretty deep.

L. Pride. Damn me! there's a pleasure in ruining these little mechanical rascals, when they presume to rival the extravagant expenses of us men of quality.

L. Puff. That ever such plebeian scoundrels, who are obliged to pay their debts, should presume to engage with us men of quality, who are not!

SCENE IX.

GOODALL, VALENTINE, CHARLOTTE, COLONEL, MONSIEUR, LORD PRIDE, LORD PUFF, &c.

Val. Gentlemen and ladies, my father, being just now arrived from the Indies, desires to make one of this good company.

Good. My good lords (that I may affront none, by calling him beneath his title) I am highly sensible of the great honour you do myself and my son by filling my poor house with your noble persons, and your noble persons with my poor wine and provisions. I dare swear you have been all highly instrumental in the extravagances of my son; for which I am very much oblig'd to you, and humbly hope that I shall never see him, or any of your faces again.

L. Pride. Brother Puff, what does the fellow mean?

L. Puff. Curse me if I know.

Good. I am very glad that my son hath ruin'd himself in so good a company; that, when I disinherit him, he

can't fail of being provided for. I promise myself that your interest will help him to places and preferments in abundance.

L. Pride. Sir, any thing in my power he may always command.

L. Puff. Or mine.

L. Pride. But let me whisper a word in your ear.—— Your son is a very extravagant fellow.

Good. That's very true, Sir; but I hope you will consider you assisted him in it; and therefore will help his necessities with a brace of thousands.

L. Pride. I don't understand you, Sir.

Good. Why then, Sir, that you may understand me, I must tell you in plain words, that he owes his ruin to entertaining such fine gentlemen as yourself.

L. Pride. Me, Sir! Rat me! I would have you know, I think I do you too much honour in entering into your doors: but I am glad you have taught me at what distance to keep such mechanics for the future. Come, Puff, let's to the opera: I see, if a man hath not good blood in his veins, riches won't teach him to behave like a gentleman.

L. Puff. Cannille! [*Exeunt* L. Pride and L. Puff.

Good. 'Sbodikins! I am in a rage; that ever a fellow should upbraid me with good blood in his veins, when, Odsheart! the best blood in his veins hath run through my bottles.

1 *Lady.* My Lord Pride and my Lord Puff gone! Come, my dear, the assembly is broke up; let us make haste away, or we shall be too late for any other.

2 *Lady.* With all my heart, for I am heartily sick of this.

3 *Lady.* Come, come, come; away, away!

[*Exeunt* Ladies.

Mons. Allons, quittons le bourgion.

Col. Sir, you are a scrub; and if I had not a friendship for your son, I'd shew you how you ought to treat people of fashion. [*Exeunt* Colonel and Monsieur.

Charl. Poor Valentine! how tenderly I feel his misfortunes!

Good. Why don't you follow your companions, Sir?

Val. Ah! Sir, I am so sensible of what I have done, that I could fly into a desert from the apprehensions of your just wrath; nay, I will, unless you can forgive me.

Good. Who are you, Madam, that stay behind the rest of your company? There is no more mischief to be done here, so there is no more business for a fine lady.

Charl. Sir, I stay to intreat you to forgive your poor unhappy son, who will otherwise sink under the weight of your displeasure.

Good. Ah! Madam, if that be all the business, you may leave this house as soon as you please; for him I am determin'd to turn directly out on't.

Charl. Then, Sir, I am determin'd to go with him. Be comforted, Valentine, I have some fortune which my aunt cannot prevent me from; and it will make us happy, for a while at least; and I prefer a year, a month, a day with the man I love to a whole stupid age without him.

Val. O, my dear love! and I prefer an hour with thee to all that Heaven can give me. Oh! I am so blest, that fortune cannot make me miserable.

AIR XI. *The Lass of Patie's Mill.*

Thus when the tempest high
  Roars dreadful from above,
The constant turtles fly
  Together to the grove:

Each spreads its tender wings,
And hovers o'er its mate;
They kiss, they coo, and sing,
And love, in spite of fate.

AIR XII.

My tender heart me long beguil'd,
I first my passions prov'd;
Had fortune on you ever smil'd,
I'd known not how I lov'd.
Base passions, like base metals, cold,
With true may seem the same!
But would you know true love and gold,
Still try them in the flame.

SCENE X.

GOODALL, VALENTINE, CHARLOTTE, OLDCASTLE, MRS. HIGHMAN.

Old. Here, Madam, now you may trust your own eyes, if you won't believe mine.

Mrs. High. What do I see! My niece in the very arms of her betrayer, and his father an abetter of the injustice?——Sir, give me leave to tell you, your madness is a poor excuse for this behaviour.

Good. Madam, I ask your pardon for what I said to you to-day. I was impos'd on by a vile wretch, who, I dare swear, misrepresented each of us to the other. I assure you, I am not mad, nor do I believe you so.

Mrs. High. Thou vile wretch, thou dishonour of thy family! how dost thou dare to appear before my face?

Charl. Madam, I have done nothing to be asham'd of: and I dare appear before any one's face.

Good. Is this young lady a relation of yours?

Mrs. High. She was, before your son had accomplish'd his base designs on her.

Charl. Madam, you injure him; his designs on me have been still honorable; nor hath he said any thing which the most virtuous ears might not have heard.

Val. To-morrow shall silence your suspicions on that head.

Mrs. High. What, Mr. Goodall, do you forgive your son's extravagance?

Good. Is this lady your heiress?

Mrs. High. I once intended her so.

Good. Why then, Madam, I like her generous passion for my son so much, that if you will give her a fortune equal to what I shall settle on him, I shall not prevent their happiness.

Mrs. High. Won't you? And I see she is so entirely his, in her heart, that since he hath not dared to think dishonourably of her, I shall do all in my power to make it a bargain.

Val. Eternal blessings on you both! Now, my Charlotte, I am bless'd indeed.

Old. And pray, Madam, what's to become of me?

Mrs. High. That, Sir, I cannot possibly tell; you know, I was your friend; but my niece thought fit to dispose of herself another way.

Old. Your niece has behaved like a——Bodikins! I am in a passion; and for her sake, I'll never make love to any woman again, I am resolv'd. [*Exit in a pet.*

Mrs. High. No imprudent resolution.

Good. I hope, Valentine, you will make the only return in your power to my paternal tenderness in forgiving you; and let the misery you so narrowly escaped from your former extravagances be a warning to you for the future.

Val. Sir, was my gratitude to your great goodness insufficient to reclaim me, I am in no danger of engaging in any vice, whereby this lady might be a sufferer:—

Single, I'd suffer Fate's severest dart
Unmov'd; but who can bear the double smart,
When sorrow preys upon the fair one's heart.

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EPILOGUE:

SPOKEN BY MRS. CLIVE.

A POET should, unless his fate he guest,
Write for each play two epilogues at least.
For how to empty benches can we say,
'What means this mighty crowding here to-day?'
Or should the pit with flattery be cramm'd,
How can we speak it, when the play is damn'd?
Damn'd, did I say?——He surely need not fear it,
His play is safe—when none will come to hear it.
English is now below this learned town,
None but Italian warblers will go down.
Tho' courts were more polite, the English ditty
Could heretofore at least content the city:
That for Italian now has let us drop,
And Dimi Cara rings through ev'ry shop.
What glorious thoughts must all our neighbours nourish
Of us, where rival operas can flourish.
Let France win all their towns, we need not fear,
But Italy will send her singers here;
We cannot buy 'em at a price too dear.
Let us receive them to our peaceful shore,
While in their own the angry cannons roar:
Here they sing in safety, we reward 'em,
Here no Visconti threatens to bombard 'em.
  Orpheus drew stones with his enchanting song,
These can do more, they draw our gold along.
——But though our angry poets rail in spite,
Ladies, I own, I think your judgments right:

Satire, perhaps, may wound some pretty thing;
Those soft Italian warblers have no sting.
Tho' your soft hearts the tuneful charm may win,
You're still secure to find no harm within.
Wisely from those rude places you abstain,
Where satire gives the wounded hearer pain.
'Tis hard to pay them who our faults reveal,
As boys are forc'd to buy the rods they feel.
No, let 'em starve, who dare to lash the age,
And, as you've left the pulpit, leave the stage.

DON QUIXOTE IN ENGLAND.

A COMEDY.

AS IT WAS ACTED AT THE

NEW THEATRE IN THE HAYMARKET, 1783.

——facilè quis
Speret idem, sudet multùm, frustràque laboret,
Ausus idem——

HOR.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

PHILIP EARL OF CHESTERFIELD,

Knight of the most noble Order of the Garter.

MY LORD,

HOWEVER unworthy these scenes may be of your Lordship's protection, the design with which some of them were written cannot fail of recommending them to one who hath so gloriously distinguished himself in the cause of liberty, to which the corruption I have here endeavoured to expose may one day be a very fatal enemy.

The freedom of the stage is, perhaps, as well worth contending for as that of the press. It is the opinion of an author well known to your Lordship, that examples work quicker and stronger on the minds of men than precepts.

This will, I believe, my Lord, be found truer with regard to politics than to ethics: the most ridiculous exhibitions of luxury or avarice may likewise have little effect on the sensualist or the miser; but I fancy a lively representation of the calamities brought on a country by general corruption, might have a very sensible and useful effect on the spectators.

Socrates, who owed his destruction greatly to the contempt brought on him by the comedies of Aristophanes, is a lasting instance of the force of theatrical ridicule:

here, indeed, this weapon was used to an ill purpose; but surely, what is able to bring wisdom and virtue into disrepute, will, with great facility, lay their opposites under a general contempt. There are among us who seem so sensible of the danger of wit and humour, that they are resolved to have nothing to do with them; and indeed they are in the right on't; for wit, like hunger, will be with difficulty restrained from falling on, where there is great plenty and variety of food.

But while the powerful sons of dulness shed all their influence on their inferior brethren, be you, my Lord, who are the most favourite offspring of the British muses, the patron of their younger children; whom your Lordship has as much reason to love as others to fear: for you must have seen, that to be celebrated by them, and applauded by the more discerning and worthy, are the only rewards which true patriotism (a word scandalously ridiculed by some) can surely expect. And here I am pleading the cause of others: for the only title I have to enrol myself in the number of those I have recommended to your favour, is by being, with the most perfect admiration and respect,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient,

And most humble Servant,

HENRY FIELDING.

PREFACE.

THIS Comedy was begun at Leyden in the year 1728; and after it had been sketched out into a few loose scenes, was thrown by, and for a long while no more thought of. It was originally writ for my private amusement; as it would, indeed, have been little less than Quixotism itself to hope any other fruits from attempting characters wherein the inimitable Cervantes so far excelled. The impossibility of going beyond, and the extreme difficulty of keeping pace with him, were sufficient to infuse despair into a very adventurous author.

I soon discovered, too, that my too small experience in, and little knowledge of the world, had led me into an error. I soon found it infinitely more difficult than I imagined to vary the scene, and give my knight an opportunity of displaying himself in a different manner from that wherein he appears in the romance. Human nature is every where the same: and the modes and habits of particular nations do not change it enough, sufficiently to distinguish a Quixote in England from a Quixote in Spain.

In these sentiments Mr. Booth and Mr. Cibber concurred with me, who, upon seeing the aforesaid sketch, both dissuaded me from suffering it to be represented on the stage; and accordingly it was remanded back to my shelf, where probably it would have perished in oblivion, had not the solicitations of the distressed actors in Drury-lane prevailed on me to revise it, at the

same time that it came into my head to add those scenes concerning our elections.

Being thus altered, it was often rehearsed on that theatre, and a particular day appointed for its action; but the giant Cajanus, of a race who were always enemies to our poor Don, deferred his appearance so long, that the intervention of the actors' benefits would have put it off till the next season, had I not brought it on where it now appears.

I have troubled the reader thus long, to account for this Comedy's appearing as it now does, and that he might distinguish those parts of it which were the production of this season from those which were written in my more juvenile years, and before most of the pieces with which I have endeavoured to entertain the public.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

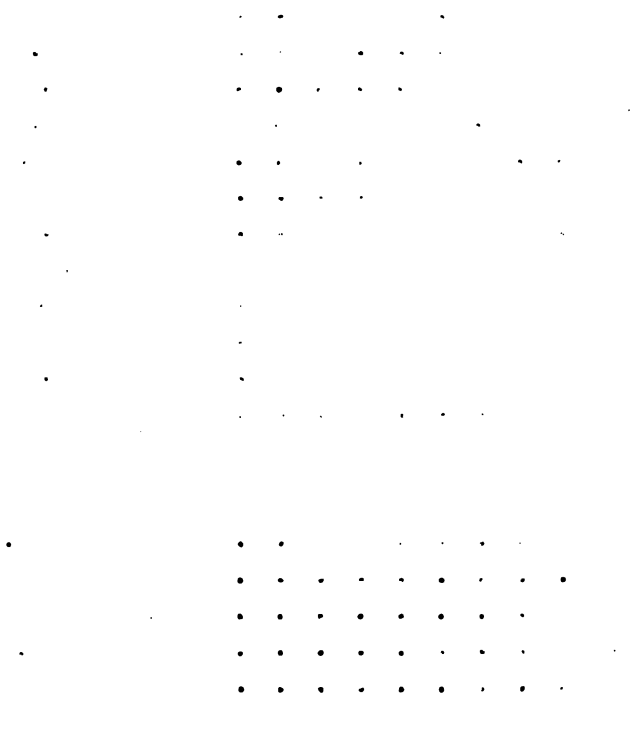
Don Quixote,	MR. ROBERTS.
Sancho,	MR. MULLART.
Sir Thomas Loveland,	MR. MACHEN.
Squire Badger,	MR. MACKLIN.
Fairlove,	MR. WARWELL.
Mayor,	MR. TURBUTT.
Voter,	MR. MACHEN.
Guzzle,	MR. JONES.
John,	MR. HEWSON.
Brief, a Lawyer,	MR. TOPHAM.
Dr. Drench, a Physician,	MR. HALLAM.
Mr. Sneak,	MR. HICKS.

WOMEN.

Dorothea,	MISS ATHERTON.
Jezebel,	MRS. HIDE.
Mrs. Guzzle,	MRS. MARTIN.
Mrs. Sneak,	MRS. EGERTON.
Miss Sneak,	MISS JONES.

STAGE-COACHMAN AND MOB.

SCENE, AN INN IN A COUNTRY BOROUGH.



INTRODUCTION.

MANAGER, AUTHOR.

MANAGER.

No prologue, Sir! The audience will never bear it. They will not bate you any thing of their due.

Auth. I am the audience's very humble servant; but they cannot make a man write a prologue whether he can or no.

Man. Why, Sir, there is nothing easier. I have known an author bring three or four to the house with one play, and give us our choice which we would speak.

Auth. Yes, Sir, and I have now three in my pocket, written by friends, of which I choose none should be spoke.

Man. How so?

Auth. Because they have been all spoke already twenty times over.

Man. Let me see them, pray.

Auth. They are written in such damn'd cramp hands, you will never be able to read them; but I will tell you the substance of them. One of them begins with abusing the writings of all my contemporaries, lamenting the fallen state of the stage; and lastly, assuring the audience that this play was written with a design to restore true taste, and their approving it is the best symptom they can give of their having any.

Man. Well, and a very good scheme.

Auth. May be so; but it hath been the subject of almost every prologue for these ten years last past. The second is in a different cast: the first twelve lines inveigh against all indecency on the stage, and the last twenty lines shew you what it is.

Man. That would do better for an epilogue. But what is the third?

Auth. Why, the third has some wit in it; and would have done very well but for a mistake.

Man. Ay! what mistake?

Auth. Why, the author never read my play: and taking it for a regular Comedy of five acts, hath fallen very severely on Farce. However it is a pretty good one, and will do very well for the first genteel Comedy you bring on the stage.

Man. But don't you think a play, with so odd a title as yours, requires to be a little explain'd? May they not be too much surpris'd at some things?

Auth. Not at all. The audience, I believe, are all acquainted with the character of Don Quixote and Sancho. I have brought them over into England, and introduced them at an inn in the country, where I believe no one will be surpris'd that the knight finds several people as mad as himself. This I could have told them in forty dull lines, if I would; but I rather chose to let it alone: for, to tell you the truth, I can draw but one conclusion from the prologues I have ever seen, that the authors are so sensible of the demerits of their plays, that they desire to set the audience asleep before they begin. But of what real use is a bill of fare to any entertainment, where the guests are not left to their choice what part they will pick at, but are obliged to swallow the whole indifferently?

Enter a PLAYER.

Play. Sir, the audience make such a noise with their canes, that if we don't begin immediately, they will beat the house down before the play begins; and it is not advisable to put them out of humour: for there are two or three of the loudest catcalls in the gallery that ever were heard.

Auth. Be not frightened at that: those are only some particular friends of mine, who are to put on the face of enemies at first, and be converted at the end of the first act.

Man. Order them to play away the overture immediately. Come, Sir, what do you do with yourself?

Auth. I shall dispose of myself in some part of the house, where I shall see and not be seen. And I can assure you, Sir, if the audience are but half as well entertain'd with this play as I shall be myself, it will go off with universal applause.

DON QUIXOTE IN ENGLAND.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

SCENE, *an Inn.*

GUZZLE, SANCHO.

GUZZLE.

NEVER tell me, Sir, of Don Quixote, or Don Beelzebub: here's a man comes into my house, and eats me out on't, and then tells me he's a knight-errant; he is an arrant rogue, and if he does not pay me my bill, I'll have a warrant for him.

San. My master fears no warrant, friend; had you ever been in Spain, you would have known that men of his order are above the law.

Guz. Tell me not of Spain, Sir; I am an Englishman, where no one is above the law, and if your master does not pay me, I shall lay his Spaniardship fast in a place, which he will find it as difficult to get out of, as your countrymen have found it to get into Gibraltar.

San. That's neither here nor there, as the old saying is; many are shut into one place and out of another. Men bar houses to keep rogues out, and jails to keep them in. He that's hang'd for stealing a horse to-day, has no reason to buy oats for him to-morrow.

Guz. Sirrah, your horse, nor your ass neither, shall have any more oats at my expense; never were masters

and their beasts so like one another. The Don is just such another lean ramscallion as his——what d'ye call him——his Rozinante; and thou art just such another squat bag of guts as thy Dapple. Send my house and my stable once well emptied of you, and if ever I suffer a Spaniard to enter my doors again, may I have a whole company of soldiers quartered on me; for if I must be eaten up,* I had rather suffer by my own country rogues than foreign ones. [*Exit.*

AIR I.

San. Rogues there are of each nation,
Except among the divines;
And Vinegar, since the creation,
Hath still been made of all wines.
Against one lawyer Lurch
A country scarce can guard;
One parson does for a church,
One doctor for a church-yard.

SCENE II.

DON QUIXOTE, SANCHO.

Quix. Sancho!

San. An't please your honour——

Quix. Come hither, Sancho, I smell an adventure.

San. And so do I, an't please your worthy; the landlord of the house swears bitterly that he will have a warrant against us.

Quix. What landlord? what house? Wilt thou never be in thy senses? Are we not in a castle?

San. No marry are we not; but we are in a fair way to be in one.

Quix. What dost thou mean, oaf?

San. I mean that I shall see your honour in a gaol within these two days.

Quix. Me in a gaol! ha! caitiff!

San. Ay, Sir; we are got into a terrible country. A man's quality here can't defend him, if he breaks the laws.

Quix. Then indeed knight-errantry were of no use; but I tell thee, caitiff, gaols in all countries are only habitations for the poor, not for men of quality. If a poor fellow robs a man of fashion of five shillings, to gaol with him: but the man of fashion may plunder a thousand poor, and stay in his own house. But know, thou base squire of the great Don Quixote de la Mancha, that an adventure now presents itself, not only worthy me, but the united force of all the knights upon earth.

San. Ah, poor Sancho! there's an end of thee; a leg or an arm will not suffice this bout.

Quix. There is now arrived in this castle one of the most accursed giants that ever infested the earth. He marches at the head of his army that howl like Turks in an engagement.

San. Oh lud! oh lud! this is the country squire at the head of his pack of dogs.

Quix. What dost thou mutter, varlet?

San. Why, Sir, this giant that your worship talks of is a country gentleman who is going a courting, and his army is neither more nor less than his kennel of fox-hounds.

Quix. Oh, the prodigious force of enchantment! Sirrah, I tell thee this is the giant Toglogmoglogog, lord of the island of Gogmogog, whose belly hath been the tomb of above a thousand strong men.

San. Of above a thousand hogsheads of strong beer, I believe.

Quix. This must be the enchanter Merlin, I know him by his dogs. But, thou idiot! dost thou imagine that women are to be hunted like hares, that a man would carry his hounds with him to visit his mistress?

San. Sir, your true English squire and his hounds are as inseparable as the Spaniard and his Toledo. He eats with his hounds, drinks with his hounds, and lies with his hounds; your true arrant English squire is but the first dog-boy in his house.

Quix. 'Tis pity then that fortune should contradict the order of nature. It was a wise institution of Plato to educate children according to their minds, not to their births; these squires should sow that corn which they ride over. Sancho, when I see a gentleman on his own coach box, I regret the loss which some one has had of a coachman: the man who toils all day after a partridge or a pheasant, might serve his country by toiling after a plough; and when I see a low, mean, tricking lord, I lament the loss of an excellent attorney. [*Singing within.*] But, hark, some courteous lady in the castle prepares an entertainment for my ears.

AIR II. *Tweed side.*

Oh! think not the maid whom you scorn,
With riches delighted can be!
Had I a great princess been born,
My Billy had dear been to me.
In grandeur and wealth we find woe,
In love there is nothing but charms
On others your treasures bestow,
Give Billy alone to these arms.

In title and wealth what is lost,
  In tenderness oft is repaid;
Too much a great fortune may cost;
  Well purchas'd may be the poor maid.
Let gold's empty show cheat the great;
  We more real pleasures will prove,
While they in their palaces hate,
  We in our poor cottage will love.

SCENE III.

DON QUIXOTE, GUZZLE, SANCHO.

Quix. Most illustrious and most mighty lord, how shall I sufficiently pay you for those sounds with which I have been ravish'd?

Guz. Sir, I desire no other payment but of this small bill; your worship's cattle are saddled, and it is a charming day for travelling.

Quix. Nothing, my lord, shall ever tempt me to leave you, till what I have this day seen within the castle walls be utterly demolished.

Guz. So! he has seen the sirloin of beef at the fire, I find. [*Aside.*]—But if your worship intends to stay any longer, I hope you design to satisfy this small matter here: I am in great necessity, I assure you.

Quix. To what mean actions does necessity force men! that ever a mighty lord should be obliged to borrow money!

Guz. I am ashamed to ask your worship so often for this trifle, but——

Quix. My lord, I see you are; I see the generous confusion which spreads your face.

Guz. I am so poor, an't please your honour, that it

will be quite a charity in you. It is the same as if you gave it me.

Quix. My lord, I am more confus'd than you; but do not think it a gift, since I see you so backward to receive it in that light. And since, my lord, every thing I have, saving to the charming Dulcinea del Toboso, her fixt and unalterable right, be justly yours, give me leave to call it a debt, my lord. Sancho, pay his lordship a thousand English guineas.

San. If your lordship will please to tell me where I shall get them; but there's no paying with an empty hand; where nothing is, nothing can come on't. Twelve lawyers make not one honest man.

Quix. Cease thy impertinence, and pay the money immediately.

San. If I have seen the colour of gold this fortnight, may I never see Teresa Pancha again.

Quix. I am confounded, my lord, at the extravagance of my squire, who, out of the spoils of so many giants he hath plunder'd, should not have reserv'd enough to oblige your lordship with such a trifle; but, if you know any one who will disemburse that sum, or any other, I will sell him the reversion of the next island I conquer.

Guz. Do you make a jest of me, Sir?

Quix. Be not incens'd; I am sorry I am not able to give it you.

Guz. Sorry, forsooth! a pretty way of paying debts, truly; I fancy if I was to tell the exciseman, and my brewer, I was sorry I could not pay them, they would send me and my sorrow to gaol together; in short, Sir, I must and I will have my money.

San. You must get the philosopher's stone, before you can make any money of us.

Guz. You shall neither eat nor drink any more in my house, 'till I am paid, that I'm resolv'd. [*Exit.*

San. I wish your worship would think of changing your quarters; if it must be a blanketing, why let it be a blanketing. I have not eat any thing these twelve hours; and I don't find I am like to fare much better for the next twelve; and by that time I shall be so light, you may as well toss a feather in a blanket.

Quix. Sancho, come hither; I intend to make thee my ambassador.

San. Why, truly, Sir, that's a post I should like hugeously well; your bassadours lead rare fat lives, they say; and I should make a very good bassadour, I can assure your worship.

Quix. Thou shalt go my ambassador to the court of Dulcinea del Toboso.

San. I suppose it is equal to your worship what court you send me to; and, to say the truth, I had rather go to some other; for though my lady Dulcinea be a very good woman, yet she has got such a woundy trick of being chanted, and I fancy your bassadours fare but ill at your chanted courts.

Quix. Reptile! reply not on thy life, but go and prepare thyself for thy journey; then come to me and receive farther instructions, for thou shalt set out this very evening.—But, ha! the charming voice begins again.

AIR III. *Why will Florella, &c.*

[Dorothea *sings within.*]

The pain which tears my throbbing breast,
  What language can deplore?
For how should language have exprest
  A pain ne'er felt before?

In other virgin wounded hearts,
Love's cruel sport we see;
But the most cruel of his darts,
He has reserv'd for me.

Quix. Unhappy princess!

Dor. Thy curse, O Tantalus! I'd prize;
Thy curse a bliss would prove.
Ah! Heaven were kind, if with my eyes
I could enjoy my love.
Enchanted thus, romances tell
The moans poor virgins make;
But where is found the powerful spell,
Can this enchantment break?

Quix. In this arm 'tis found. Look forth, most adorable, though most unhappy princess; look forth and behold whom fate hath sent to your relief; the most renowned knight of the Woeful Figure, the invincible Don Quixote de la Mancha, for whose victorious arm alone this adventure is reserv'd.——Oh, cursed enchanter, dost thou keep this charming princess invisible to my eyes? open the castle gates, open them this instant, whoever is on the guard, or you shall feel the force of my attack. You shall find, caitiffs, that one single knight is too many for you all.

[*He attacks the walls, and breaks the windows.*

SCENE IV.

DON QUIXOTE, GUZZLE, *and* MOB.

Guz. Heyday! What, in the devil's name, are you doing? what, do you intend to beat down my house?

Quix. Thou most uncourteous lord, deliver the princess whom thou so unjustly dost detain, or think not that all the enchanters on earth shall preserve thee from my vengeance.

Guz. Don't tell me of princesses and lords, I'm no lord, I am an honest man; and I can tell you, you may be a gentleman; but you don't act like one, to break a poor man's windows in this manner.

Quix. Deliver the princess, caitiff.

Guz. Pay me my bill, Sir, and go out of my house, or I'll fetch a warrant for you; I'll see whether a man is to have his victuals eat up, and drink drank out, and windows broke, and his walls shatter'd, and his guests disturb'd, for nothing.

Quix. Ungracious knight! who so often throwest in my teeth that small entertainment, which thou art oblig'd to give men of my heroic profession.

Guz. I believe, indeed, your profession does oblige people sometimes to give, whether they will or no.

Quix. It is too plain, thou wretch, why thou wouldest have me gone; thou knowest the delivering of this high lady thou dost detain, is reserved for me alone; but deliver her this moment, with all her attendants, all her plate and jewels which thou hast robb'd her of.

Guz. Hear this, neighbours; I am accus'd of stealing plates and jewels, when every body knows I have but five dozen of plates, and those I bought and paid for honestly; and as for jewels, the devil of any jewels are there in this house, but two bobs that my wife wears in her ears, which were given her by Sir Thomas Loveland at his last election.

Quix. Cease thy equivocations, and deliver them this instant, or thou shalt find how vainly thou dost trust to all those giants at thy heels. [*The mob laugh.*] Do

you mock me, caitiffs? Now, thou most incomparable Dulcinea del Toboso, assist thy valiant knight.

[*He drives them off, and exit.*

SCENE V. *A Chamber.*

DOROTHEA, JEZEBEL.

Dor. Ha, ha, ha! in spite of all my misfortunes, I cannot help laughing at the pleasant adventure of the knight of the Woeful Figure.

Jez. Do you think, Madam, this is the very same Don ——what d'ye call him, whom your father saw in Spain, and of whom he has told us such pure pleasant stories?

Dor. The same; it can be no other. Oh, Jezebel! I wish my adventure may end as happily as those of my namesake Dorothea's did; I am sure they are very near as romantic; but have I not reason to blame Fairlove for suffering me to be here before him? The lover that does not outfly his mistress's desires, is slow indeed.

Jez. And let me tell you, Madam, he must be very swift who does.

AIR IV.

Dor. Oh hasten my lover, dear Cupid,
Wing hither the youth I admire;
The wretch is too lazy and stupid,
Who leaves me but time to desire.
Let prudes who leave lovers in anguish,
Themselves in their fonder fits stay;
But leave not the virgin to languish,
Who meets her true lover half way.

Well, I'm a mad girl: don't you think this husband of

mine, that is to be, will have a delightful task to tame me?

Jez. By what I can see, he's in a pretty fair way to be tamed himself.

SCENE VI.

SANCHO, DOROTHEA, JEZEBEL.

San. Pray, ladies, which of you is the chanted princess; or are you both chanted princesses?

Jez. What is it to you what we are, saucebox?

Dor. Peace, dear Jezebel——This must be the illustrious Sancho himself.——I am the Princess Indoccalambria.

San. My master, the knight of the Woeful Figure, (and a woeful figure he makes, sure enough,) sends your ladyship his humble service, and hopes you will not take it amiss that he has not been able to knock all the people in the house on the head; however, he has made it pretty well up in breaking the windows; your ladyship will lie pure and cool, for the devil a whole pane is there in all your apartment: if the glazier had hir'd him, he could not have done better.

Dor. Thou mighty squire of the most mighty knight upon earth, give my grateful thanks to your master for what he has undertaken upon my account; but tell him not to get his precious bones bruis'd any more, for I am sufficiently assur'd this adventure is reserv'd for some other knight.

San. Nay, nay, like enough; all men cannot do all things; one man gets an estate by what another gets a halter. All is not fish that swims. Many a man wants a wife, but more want to get rid of one. Two cuckolds

see each other's horns, when neither of them can see his own. Money is the fruit of evil, as often as the root of it. Charity seldom goes out of her own house; and ill nature is always a rambling abroad. Every woman is a beauty, if you will believe her own glass; and few, if you will believe her neighbours.

Dor. Ha, ha, ha! Pray, Mr. Sancho, might not one hope to see your illustrious master?

San. Nothing would rejoice his heart so much, Madam, unless he were to see my Lady Dulcinea herself. Ah, Madam, might I hope your ladyship would speak a good word for me?

Dor. Name it, and be assur'd of any thing in my power, honest Sancho.

San. If your princess-ship could but prevail on my master, that I might not be sent home after my Lady Dulcinea; for, to tell you the truth, Madam, I am so fond of the English roast beef and strong beer, that I don't intend ever to set my foot in Spain again, if I can help it: give me a slice of roast beef, before all the rarities of Camacho's wedding.

Dor. Bravely said, noble squire.

AIR V. *The king's old courtier.*

When mighty roast beef was the Englishman's food,
It ennobled our hearts, and enriched our blood;
Our soldiers were brave, and our courtiers were good:
Oh the roast beef of old England,
And old England's roast beef!
Then, Britons, from all nice dainties refrain,
Which effeminate Italy, France, and Spain;
And mighty roast beef shall command on the main.
Oh the roast beef, &c.

San. Oh the roast beef, &c.

Dor. I have been told, noble squire, that you once impos'd a certain lady for Dulcinea on your master; now what think you if this young lady here should personate that incomparable princess?

Jez. Who, I?

San. Adod your princess-ship has hit it; for he has never seen this Dulcinea, nor has any body else that I can hear of; and who my Lady Dulcinea should be I don't know, unless she be one of your chanted ladies: the curate of our parish, and Mr. Nicholas, the barber, have often told me there was no such woman, and that my master was a madman; and sometimes I am half at a loss to guess whether he be mad or no. I'm sure, if it was not for the sake of a little island that I am to govern, I should not have followed his errantries so long.

Dor. Fie, do not entertain such unworthy thoughts of that most glorious knight.

San. Nay, Madam, I can't find in my heart to think him mad neither; for he will talk sometimes, 'twould do one good to hear him talk; he will talk ye three hours, and I shan't understand one word he says. Our curate was a fool to e'en; and yet he has talk'd what I could not understand neither; but that's neither here nor there; an empty purse causes a full heart; an old woman's a very bad bribe, but a very good wife; conscience often stops at a molehill, and leaps over a mountain; the law guards us from all evil but itself; what's vice to-day, is virtue to-morrow; 'tis not only plums that make a pudding; physic makes you first sick, and then well; wine first makes you well, and then sick.

Jez. And your proverbs would make the devil sick.

Dor. Lose no time, good Sancho, but acquaint the most invincible knight that the Lady Dulcinea is in the

castle; we'll manage the matter so dexterously, you shall be in no danger of a discovery.

San. Since my bringing the last Dulcinea to him, I do not fear that; he that can swallow a goose, will hardly keck at a gander; the bear may well dance when the ass plays on the fiddle. [*Exit* Sancho.

SCENE VII.

DOROTHEA, JEZEBEL.

Dor. Ha, ha, ha! Well, for the future, I will never disbelieve a traveller; the knight and his squire are full as ridiculous as they were describ'd: we shall have rare diversion.

Jez. Poor Fairlove! thou art quite forgotten.

Dor. I've rather reason to think Dorothea so! I am sure, when a lover suffers his mistress to come first to the place of appointment, he cannot blame any innocent amusement with which she would shorten his absence; and to confess a truth to you, while I am still under apprehensions of the match my father intends for me, I have too great cause to try to divert my grief.

AIR VI. *From Aberdeen to Edinburgh.*

Happy the animals who stray
  In freedom through the grove;
No laws in love they e'er obey,
  But those prescrib'd by love:
While we, confined to parents' rules,
  Unfortunate, are told,
None follows love's sweet laws but fools;
  The wise are slaves to gold.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *The Street.*

MR. MAYOR, AND A VOTER.

May. Well, neighbour, what's your opinion of this strange man that is come to town—Don Quixote, as he calls himself?

Vot. Think, why, that he's a madman. What should I think?

May. 'Ecod! it runs in my head that he has come to stand for parliament-man.

Vot. How can that be, neighbour; they tell me he's a Spaniard?

May. What's that to us? let him look to his qualifications when we have chose him. If he can't sit in the house, that's his fault.

Vot. Nay, nay, he can't be chose if he should stand; for, to my certain knowledge, the corporation have promis'd Sir Thomas Loveland, and Mr. Bouncer.

May. Pugh! all promises are conditional; and let me tell you, Mr. Retail, I begin to smoke a plot. I begin to apprehend no opposition, and then we're sold, neighbour.

Vot. No, no, neighbour; then we shall not be sold, and that's worse: but rather than it should come to that, I would ride all over the kingdom for a candidate; and if I thought Sir Thomas intended to steal us in this manner, he should have no vote of mine, I assure you. I shall vote for no man who holds the corporation cheap.

May. Then suppose we were to go in a body, and solicit Sir Don Quixote to stand? As for his being mad, while he's out of Bedlam, it does not signify.

Vot. But there is another objection, neighbour, which I am afraid the corporation will never get over.

May. What's that, pr'ythee?

Vot. They say he has brought no money with him.

May. Ay, that indeed: but though he hath no money with him here, I am assur'd by his servant that he hath a very large estate: and so, if the other party come down handsomely with the ready, we may trust him; for you know, at last, we have nothing to do but not to choose him, and then we may recover all he owes us.

Vot. I do not care to be sold, neighbour.

May. Nor I neither, neighbour, by any but myself. I think that is the privilege of a free Briton.

SCENE IX.

GUZZLE, MAYOR, RETAIL.

Guz. Mr. Mayor, a good morrow to you, Sir; are you for a whet this morning?

May. With all my heart; but what's become of the gentleman, the traveller?

Guz. He's laid down to sleep, I believe; pretty well tired with work. What the devil to do with him I can't tell.

May. My neighbour and I have a strange thought come into our heads. You know, Mr. Guzzle, we are like to have no opposition, and that I believe you will feel the want of as much as any man. Now, d'ye see, we have taken it into consideration whether we should not ask this Sir Don to represent us.

Guz. With all my heart, if either of you will hang out a sign and entertain him; but he is far enough in my books already.

May. You are too cautious, Master Guzzle; I make no doubt but he is some very rich man who pretends to

be poor in order to get his election the cheaper; he can have no other design in staying among us. For my part, I make no doubt but that he is come to stand on the court interest.

Guz. Nay, nay, if he stands at all, it is on the court side, no doubt; for he talks of nothing but kings, and princes, and princesses, and emperors, and empresses.

May. Ay, ay, an officer in the army, too, I warrant him, if we knew but the bottom.

Guz. He seems, indeed, to be damnably fond of free-quarter.

Ret. But if you think he intends to offer himself, would it not be wiser to let him; for then, you know, if he spends never so much, we shall not be oblig'd to choose him.

May. Brother alderman, I have reproved you already for that way of reasoning; it savours too much of bribery. I like an opposition, because otherwise a man may be obliged to vote against his party; therefore, when we invite a gentleman to stand, we invite him to spend his money for the honour of his party; and, when both parties have spent as much as they are able, every honest man will vote according to his conscience.

Guz. Mr. Mayor talks like a man of sense and honour, and it does me good to hear him.

May. Ay, ay, Mr. Guzzle, I never gave a vote contrary to my conscience. I have very earnestly recommended the country interest to all my brethren; but before that I recommended the town interest, that is, the interest of this corporation; and, first of all, I recommended to every particular man to take a particular care of himself. And it is with a certain way of reasoning, that he, that serves me best, will serve the town best; and he, that serves the town best, will serve the country best.

Guz. See what it is to have been at Oxford; the parson of the parish himself can't out-talk him.

May. Come, landlord, we'll have one bottle, and drink success to the corporation: these times come but seldom, therefore we ought to make the best of them. Come along. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.—SCENE I.

SCENE, *a Chamber in the Inn.*

DON QUIXOTE, SANCHO.

QUIXOTE.

Thou hast, by this time, fully perceiv'd, Sancho, the extreme difficulties and dangers of knight-errantry.

San. Ay, and of squire-errantry, too, an't please your worship.

Quix. But virtue is its own reward.

San. Your worship may have a relish for these rewards, perhaps; but to speak truly, I am a poor plain man, and know nothing of these fine things; and for any reward I have hitherto got, I had much rather have gone without it. As for an island, I believe I could relish it as well as another; but a man may catch cold while his coat is making: and since you may provide for me in a much easier way, if I might be so bold as to speak——

Quix. Thou knowest I will deny thee nothing, which is fit for me to give, or thee to take.

San. Then, if your worship would be so good as to set

me up in an inn, I should make a rare landlord; and it is a very thriving trade among the English.

Quix. And couldst thou descend so low, ignoble wretch?

San. Any thing to get an honest livelihood, which is more than I find we are like to do in the way we are going on: for if I dare speak it——

Quix. Speak fearlessly—I will only impute it to thy ignorance.

San. Why then I find, Sir, that we are look'd on here to be neither more nor less, better nor worse, than a couple of madmen.

Quix. Sancho, I am not concern'd at the evil opinion of men. Indeed, if we consider who are their favorites, we shall have no reason to be so fond of their applause. Virtue, Sancho, is too bright for their eyes, and they dare not behold her. Hypocrisy is the deity they worship. Is not the lawyer often call'd an honest man, when for a sneaking fee he pleads the villain's cause, or attempts to extort evidence to the conviction of the innocent? Does not the physician live well in his neighbourhood, while he suffers them to bribe his ignorance to their destruction? but why should I mention those whose profession 'tis to prey on others? Look through the world. What is it recommends men but the poverty, the vice, and the misery of others? This, Sancho, they are sensible of: and therefore, instead of endeavouring to make himself better, each man endeavours to make his neighbour worse. Each man rises to admiration by treading on mankind. Riches and power accrue to the one by the destruction of thousands. These are the general objects of the good opinion of men: nay, and that which is profess'd to be paid to virtue is seldom more to any thing than a supercilious contempt of our neighbour. What is a good natur'd man? Why, one, who seeing the want

of his friend, cries, he pities him! Is this real? No: if it was he would relieve him. His pity is triumphant arrogance and insult: it arises from his pride, not from his compassion. Sancho, let them call me mad; I'm not mad enough to court their approbation.

San. Oh! good your worship, proceed: I could fast an hour longer to hear your discourse.

SCENE II.

GUZZLE, DON QUIXOTE, SANCHO.

Guz. An't please your honour, the mayor of the town is come to wait on you.

Quix. Give him admittance. This is the chief magistrate of the place, who comes, I suppose, to congratulate me on my arrival; he might have come sooner; but the neglect of his duty is better than the total omission. In the mean while, Sancho, post thou away this instant to Toboso; and heaven prosper thy embassy.

San. Prosperity may travel with me without tiring itself. [*Aside.*

SCENE III.

MAYOR, DON QUIXOTE.

May. I am your honour's most humble servant.

Quix. Sir, I am glad to see you; I think you are the chief officer of the town.

May. Yes, an't please your honour, I am Mr. Mayor of this town. I should have done myself the pleasure to have waited on you sooner, but I was quite ignorant of the design with which you came hither.

Quix. Be seated, Sir; you are a worthy man, and, to

your praise be it spoken, the first that has done his duty since my arrival.

May. I can't answer for the whole town: but the corporation is as well affected a corporation as any in all England, and I believe highly sensible of the honour you intend them. No man knows his strength till he tries it; and, notwithstanding what you might have heard of the knight of the Long-Purse, if you oppose him briskly, I dare answer for your success.

Quix. Is there a knight on earth I dare not oppose? Though he had as many hands as Briareus, as many eyes as Argus, I should not fear him.

May. This is a special stick of wood, I find.——A benefit ticket, adod. [*Aside*

Quix. I see the reason of your apprehension; you have heard of my ill success in my last adventure—— that was not my fault! [*Sighing.*

May. I see he has been thrown out at some place already.——I don't in the least, Sir, apprehend it was your fault; but there is nothing to be done without bleeding freely on these occasions.

Quix. Ha! do you think I fear to bleed?

May. Be not so passionate, Sir; this I assure you, you will do your business with less than any other. I suppose, Sir, it may lie in your power to do some services to this town.

Quix. Be assured it does. I will, for your sake, preserve it for ever from any insults. No armies shall ever do you any harm.

May. I assure you, Sir, that will recommend you very much: if you can keep soldiers from quartering upon us, we shall make very little difficulty in the affair; but I hope your honour will consider that the town is very poor, Sir; a little circulation of money amongst us would——

Quix. Sir, you make me concern'd that it is not now in my power to give whatever you desire; but rest secure of this, there is not one whom you shall recommend that shall not within this twelvemonth be governor of an island.

May. This is a courtier, I find, by his promises. [*Aside.*

Quix. But who is this knight whom I am to encounter? Is he now in the castle?

May. Yes, Sir, he is now at Loveland castle, a seat of his about ten miles off. He was here the very day before your honour came to town, randying for a knight of his acquaintance, with no less than six hundred freeholders at his heels.

Quix. Hump! those are a sort of soldiers I never heard of in Spain.——How are they arm'd?

May. Arm'd, Sir?

Quix. Ay; with carbines, with muskets, spears, pistols, swords, or how? I ask, that I may choose proper weapons to encounter them.

May. Ha! ha! your honour is pleas'd to be merry: why truly, Sir, they were pretty well arm'd when they went out of town: every man had four or five bottles in his head at least.

Quix. Base-born cowards! who owe their courage to the spirit of their wine! But be easy, Sir, within these two days, not one of them shall be alive.

May. Marry, heaven forbid! some of them are as honest gentlemen as any in the country.

Quix. Ha! honest! and in the train of the knight of the Long-Purse! Do I not know him to be a deflowerer of virgins, a destroyer of orphans, a despoiler of widows, a debaucher of wives——

May. Who, Sir Thomas Loveland, Sir? Why, you don't know him. He's as good-natur'd, civil a gentleman, as a man may say——

Quix. Why then do you petition me against him?

May. Nay, Sir, for that matter, let him be as civil as he pleases, one man's money is as good as another's. You seem to be a civil gentleman too; and if you stand against him, I don't know which would carry it: but this, I believe, you guess already, that he who spends most would not have the least chance.

Quix. Ha! caitiff; dost thou think I would condescend to be the patron of a place so mercenary? If my services cannot procure me the election, dost thou think that my money should make me their knight? What should I get by undertaking the protection of this city and castle, but dangers, difficulties, toils and enchantments? Hence from my sight! or by the peerless Dulcinea's eyes, thy blood shall pay the affront thou hast given my honour.——Was it for this that I was chosen in full senate the patron of la Mancha? Gods! to what will mankind degenerate! where not only the vile necessaries of life, but even honours, which should be the reward of virtue only, are to be bought with money.

SCENE IV. *Another Chamber.*

SQUIRE BADGER, SCUT, *his* HUNTSMAN, *and* GUZZLE.

Badg. That's it, honey's, Oh! that's it.—What, have you no company in the house, landlord? Could not you find out an honest lad, one that could take a hearty pot?

Guz. Faith, noble squire, I wish you had spoke a little sooner; Mr. Permit the officer is just gone out of the house; your worship would have lik'd him hugely; he is rare good company.

Badg. Well, but hang it, hast thou nobody?

Guz. I have not one guest in the house, Sir, but a young lady and her maid, and a madman, and a squire, as he calls himself.

Badg. Squire! Who, pr'ythee?

Guz. Squire——It is a cursed hard name, I never can remember. Squire Pancho Sancho——he calls himself.

Badg. Pr'ythee, what is he, a Whig or a Tory? Hey!

Guz. Sir, I don't know what he is: his master and he have been here in my house this month, and I can't tell what to make of 'em: I wish the devil had 'em before I had seen 'em, the squire and his master both.

Badg. What, has the squire a master?

Guz. I don't know which is master nor which is man, not I; sometimes I think one is master, and then again I think it is t'other.——I am sure I had rather be the squire, for he sleeps most, and eats most; he is as bad as a greyhound in a house; there is no laying down any thing eatable, but, if you turn your back, slap he has it up.——As for the knight, as he calls himself, he has more to pay for breaking windows than eating: would I were well rid of him! He will sit you sometimes in the yard, to guard the castle as he calls it; but I am afraid his design is to rob the house, if he could catch an opportunity. I don't understand one word in ten of what he says; he talks of giants, and castles, and queens, and princesses, and chanters, and magicians, and Dulcineas; he has been a mighty traveller, it seems.

Badg. A comical dog, I fancy; go, give my service to him, and tell him I should be glad of his company; go.

Guz. I am afraid he is not in any of the best humours, for he was most confoundedly drubb'd just now.

Badg. Well, pr'ythee go and call him; here is some of

the best physic for him. Come, Scut, sit down, and sing that song once more.

AIR VII. *Mother, quoth Hodge, &c.*

Scut. The doctor is fee'd for a dangerous draught,
Which cures half a dozen, and kills half a score;
Of all the best drugs the dispensaries taught,
'Twere well could each cure one disease, and no more.
But here's the juice
Of sovereign use,
'Twill cure your distempers, whatever they be:
In body, or spirit,
Wherever you bear it;
Take of this a large dose, and it soon sets you free.

By cunning directors, if trick'd of your pelf,
Your losses a dose of good claret can heal;
Or if you have been a director yourself,
'Twill teach you no loss of your honour to feel:
Stocks fall or rise,
Tell truth or lies,
Your fame and your fortune here remedy find;
If Silvia be cruel,
Take this water-gruel,
'Twill soon cure the fever that burns up your mind.

SCENE V.

DON QUIXOTE, GUZZLE, SCUT, *and* BADGER.

Quix. Most illustrious and mighty knight, I'm proud to kiss your hands.

Badg. Your servant, Sir, your servant—A devilish odd figure this. [*Aside.*

Quix. To meet a person of your distinction, is a happiness I little expected; for I am much mistaken but you are either the knight of the Sun, or of the Black Helmet.

Badg. Or of the Black Cap, Sir, if you please.

Quix. Sir knight of the Black Cap, I rejoice in meeting you in this castle; and I wish the atchievement of this glorious adventure, in which I have been, by the cursed power of enchantment, foil'd, may be reserv'd for you.

Badg. This is honest cousin Tom, faith, as mad as a March-hare. [*Aside.*

Quix. Would you guess, Sir knight of the Black Cap, that this uncourteous person, the lord of this castle, should detain within his walls the most beautiful princess in the universe?

Badg. The devil he does.

Quix. Enchanted; and, if I mistake not, by that enchanter Merlin; I humbly suppose, the delivery of this princess was the design with which you came to this castle.

Badg. Ay, ay, Sir, I'll deliver her I warrant you: but come, Sir,——pray, Sir, may I crave the honour of your name?

Quix. I am known, Sir, in chivalry, by the name of the knight of the Woeful Figure.

Badg. Sir knight of the Woeful Figure, will you please to sit down? Come, Sir, here's to you. Landlord, draw your chair. How long, Sir knight of the Woeful Figure, have you been in these parts?

Quix. It is not, Sir knight of the Black Cap, the business of a knight-errant to number time, like the inferior part of mankind, by the days which he lives, but by the

actions he performs; perhaps you may have sojourn'd longer here than I. Are there many knights in this kingdom?

Badg. Oh! numberless!—There are your knights and baron knights, and knights of the post; and then there are your blue knights, and your red knights, and your green knights.

Quix. Well may this kingdom be said to be happy, when so many knights conspire for its safety.

Badg. Come, let us be merry: we'll have a hunting song.——Sir knight, I should be glad to see you at my country seat. Come, Scut, sing away:

AIR VIII. *There was a Jovial Beggar.*

Scut. The dusky night rides down the sky,
And ushers in the morn:
The hounds all join in jovial cry,
The huntsman winds his horn:
And a hunting we will go.

The wife around her husband throws
Her arms, and begs his stay;
My dear it rains, and hails, and snows,
You will not hunt to-day.
But a hunting we will go.

A brushing fox in yonder wood
Secure to find we seek;
For why, I carry'd, sound and good,
A cartload there last week.
And a hunting we will go.

Away he goes, he flies the rout,
Their steeds all spur and switch;
Some are thrown in, and some thrown out,
And some thrown in a ditch:
But a hunting we will go.

At length, his strength to faintness worn,
Poor Reynard ceases flight;
Then hungry homeward we return,
To feast away the night:
Then a drinking we will go.

Badg. Ha, ha, ha! Sir knight of the Woeful Figure; this is the life, Sir, of most of our knights in England.

Quix. Hunting is a manly exercise, and therefore a proper recreation. But it is the business of a knight-errant to rid the world of other sorts of animals than foxes.

Badg. Here is, my dear Dorothea, to you, the most beautiful woman in the world.

Quix. Ha, caitiff! dost thou say that in my presence, forgetting that the peerless Dulcinea yet lives? Confess thy fault this instant, and own her inferior to Dulcinea, or I will make thee a dreadful example to all future knights who shall dare dispute the incomparableness of that divine lady.

Badg. Throw by your spit, Sir: throw by your spit, and I don't fear you. 'Sbud! I'll beat your lanthorn jaws into your throat, you rascal.

[Squire Badger *offers to strike* Don Quixote.

Guz. Oh, that this fellow were at the devil! Dear squire, let him alone.

Quix. Ha! have I discover'd thee, impostor? Thanks, most incomparable lady, that hast not suffered thy knight to pollute his hands with the base blood of that impostor squire.

SCENE VI.

DON QUIXOTE, SANCHO, SQUIRE BADGER.

San. Oh, Sir, I have been seeking your honour; I have such news to tell you!

Quix. Sancho, uncase this instant, and handle that squire as he deserves.

San. My lady Dulcinea, Sir——

Quix. Has been abus'd, has been injur'd, by the slanderous tongue of that squire.

San. But, Sir——

Quix. If thou expectest to live a moment, answer me not a word till that caitiff hath felt thy fist.

San. Nay, Sir, with all my heart, as far as a cuff or two goes.—I hate your squire-errants, that carry arms about them.

Badg. I'll box you first with one hand, second with both. Sirrah, I am able to beat a dozen of you——If I don't lamb thee! [*They both strip.*

San. May be not, brother squire, may be not; threatened folks live long; high words break no bones; many walk into a battle, and are carried out on't; one ounce of heart is better than many a stone of flesh; dead men pay no surgeon; safer to dance after a fiddle than a drum, though not so honourable; a wise man would be a soldier in time of peace, and a parson in time of war.

SCENE VII.

MRS. GUZZLE, SQUIRE BADGER, SANCHO.

Mrs. Guz. What in the devil's name is the matter with you? Get you and your master out of my house,

for a couple of pickpockets as you are.—Sir, I hope your worship will not be angry with us.

Badg. Stand away, landlord, stand away.—If I don't lick him!

San. Come along out into the yard, and let me have fair play, and I don't fear you——I don't fear you.

Mrs. Guz. Get you out, you rascal, get you out, or I'll be the death of you; I'll teach you to fight with your betters, you villain you; I'll curry you, sirrah.

SCENE VIII.

FAIRLOVE, SQUIRE BADGER.

Fair. I am sorry to see a gentleman insulted, Sir. What was the occasion of this fray?

Badg. I hope you are no knight-errant, Sir.

Fair. Sir!

Badg. I say, Sir, I hope you are no knight-errant, Sir?

Fair. You are merry, Sir.

Badg. Ay, Sir, and you would have been merry, too, had you seen such a sight as I have. Here is a fellow in this inn, that outdoes all the shows I ever saw. He was going to knock my brains out for drinking my mistress's health.

Fair. Perhaps he is your rival, Sir.

Badg. Odd! that's like enough, now I think on't; who knows but this may be that son of a whore, Fairlove, whom I have been told on?

Fair. Ha!

Badg. As sure as a gun—this is he—Odsbodlikins! Mrs. Dorothea, you have a very strange sort of a taste, I can tell you that.

Fair. Do you travel towards London, Sir? because I shall be glad of your company.

Badg. No, Sir; I have not above fifteen short miles to go, and quite across the country.

Fair. Perhaps you are going to Sir Thomas Loveland's.

Badg. Do you know Sir Thomas then, Sir?

Fair. Very intimately well, Sir.

Badg. Give me your hand, Sir.—You are an honest cock, I warrant you.—Why, Sir, I am going to fall in love with Sir Thomas's daughter.

Fair. You can't avoid that, Sir, if you see her; for she is the most agreeable woman in the world.

Badg. And then she sings like a nightingale! Now that is a very fine quality in a wife; for you know the more she sings, the less she'll talk. Some folks like women for their wit; Odsbodlikins! it is a sign they have none of their own; there is nothing a man of good sense dreads so much in a wife, as her having more sense than himself.

AIR IX. *Lillibulero.*

Like gold to a miser, the wit of a lass
More trouble than joy to her husband may bring.

Fair. The fault's in the miser, and not in the mass;
He knows not to use so precious a thing.

Badg. Wit teaches how
To arm your brow;
A price for that treasure some husbands have paid.

Fair. But wit will conceal it;
And if you don't feel it,
A horn's but a pimple scarce seen on your head.

SCENE IX.

FAIRLOVE, SQUIRE BADGER, JOHN.

John. Sir, Sir!

Fair. Well, what now?

John. [*Whispers.*]

Fair. How! here?

John. I saw her, Sir, upon my honour.

Fair. I am the happiest of mankind. [*Aside.*] Brother traveller, farewell.

Badg. What, shan't we drink together?

Fair. Another time, Sir; I am in a little haste at present——[*Aside.*] Harkye, John, I leave you with my rival: I need say no more.—Dear Dorothea, ten thousand raptures are in the dear name. [*Exit.*

SCENE X.

JOHN, SQUIRE BADGER, DON QUIXOTE.

Badg. Harkye, mister; what is your master's name, pray?

John. Master, Sir?

Badg. I say, your master's name.

John. What do you see in me that should make you ask my master's name? I suppose you would take it very ill of me, if I were to ask you what your master's name is. Do I look so little like a gentleman as to stand in need of a master?

Badg. Oh, Sir, I ask your pardon, your dress, Sir, was the occasion of my mistake.

John. Probable enough; among you country gentlemen, and really in town, gentlemen and footmen

dress so very like one another, that it is somewhat difficult to know which is which.

Badg. May be, Sir, then you are only an acquaintance of this gentleman's.

John. A travelling acquaintance.

Badg. May I crave his name, Sir?

John. Oh, Sir, his name, his name, Sir, is Sir Gregory Nebuchaddonnezzar. He is a very rich Jew, an Italian by birth, born in the city of Cork. He is a going into Cornwall to take possession of a small estate of twenty thousand pounds a year, left him the other day by a certain Dutch merchant's mistress, with whom he had an intrigue. He is a gentleman, Sir, universally esteem'd in the beau monde.

Badg. Beau monde! Pray, what's that?

John. Beau monde, Sir, is as much as to say, a man of figure; when you say, he is a man of the beau monde, you mean just such another person as I am.

Badg. You will pardon the ignorance of a country gentleman.

John. Oh, Sir! we of the beau monde are never offended at ignorance.

Quix. [*Within.*] Avaunt, caitiffs!——Think not, thou most accursed giant, ever to enter within this castle, to bring any more captive princesses hither.

Badg. Heyday! what's the matter now?

Coachman. [*Within.*] Open the gates, will you? Are you mad?

Quix. You, my lord of the castle, suffer them to be open'd at your peril.

John. One might think, by this noise, that we were at the outside of the Opera-house at a ridotto.

SCENE XI.

MRS. GUZZLE, JOHN, SQUIRE BADGER.

Mrs. Guz. For Heaven's sake, gentlemen, come and assist us; this man Don Quixote will ruin my house: he won't suffer the stage coach to come into the yard. Dear, good gentlemen, come and speak to him.——Oh! that ever I should live to see him!

John. I am too much a gentleman not to assist a lady in distress——Come, Sir.

Badg. After you, Sir; I am not quite unbred.

John. O, dear Sir.

SCENE XII. *A Yard.*

DON QUIXOTE, *arm'd cap-a-pie, his lance in his hand;* SANCHO, GUZZLE, SQUIRE BADGER, JOHN, MRS. GUZZLE.

Coachman. [*Within.*] If you don't open the gates this instant, I'll go to another inn.

Brief. [*Within.*] Sir, I'll have your house indicted; I'll have your sign taken down.

Guz. Gentlemen, here is a madman in the yard. ——Will you let me open the gates, or no, Sir?

Quix. Open them, and I will shew thee that I want no walls to secure me.—Open them, I say.——You shall see the force of one single knight.

Mrs. Guz. Dear gentlemen, will nobody knock his brains out?

John. This is the most comical dog I ever saw in my life. [*Aside.*

Badg. If I have any thing to say to him while he

has that thing in his hand, may I have it in my guts that moment.

Guz. There, the gates are open.

Quix. Now, thou peerless princess, Dulcinea. [*Exit.*

Coachman. Gee, gee, boys, hup!

[*Exeunt* Sancho, &c.

SCENE XIII.

MRS. GUZZLE, MR. BRIEF, DR. DRENCH, MR. SNEAK, MRS. SNEAK, MISS SNEAK; *maid with candles.*

Mrs. Sneak. Don't be fright'ned, my dear, there is no danger now.

Mr. Sneak. That's owing to me, my dear; if we had not got out of the coach, as I advis'd, we had been in a fine condition.

Brief. Who is this fellow, woman, that has caus'd all this rout?

Mrs. Guz. Oh! dear Mr. Counsellor, I am almost fright'ned out of my wits: he is the devil, I think. I can't get him out of my house.

Brief. What, have you no justice of the peace near you? You should apply to a justice of peace. The law provides a very good remedy for these sort of people; I'll take your affairs into my hands. Dr. Drench, do you know no neighbouring justice?

Drench. What, do you talk of a justice? The man is mad, and physic is properer for him than law. I'll take him in hand myself, after supper.

Mrs. Sneak. I wish, Mr. Sneak, you would go into the kitchen, and see what we can have for supper.

Mr. Sneak. Yes, my dear. [*Exit.*

Brief. Ay, do; the fresh air of the Downs, I protest, has got me an appetite.——Ladies, how do you do

after your fright? Doctor, I fancy a dram of that cordial you carry in your pocket would do the ladies no harm.

Mrs. Sneak. You are a merry man, Mr. Counsellor. Come, child.

Mrs. Guz. This way, ladies. [*Exeunt Women.*

SCENE XIV.

MR. BRIEF, DR. DRENCH, DON QUIXOTE, SANCHO, SQUIRE BADGER, JOHN.

Badg. Huzza! Hark! hark!——Agad, he has routed the coach and horses bravely! My landlord and the coachman won't overtake them one while, I warrant.

Quix. Most illustrious and high lords, it is with great pleasure that I congratulate you on your delivery, which you owe only to the peerless Dulcinea. I desire therefore no other return, but that you both repair immediately to Toboso, and render yourselves at her feet.

Drench. Poor man! poor man! he must be put to bed. I shall apply some proper remedies. His frenzy is very high; but I hope we shall be able to take it off.

Brief. His frenzy! his roguery. The fellow's a rogue; he is no more mad than I am; and the coachman and landlord both have very good actions at law against him.

Quix. Sancho, do you attend those princes to the richest and most beautiful apartments.—Most illustrious princes, the governor of this castle is an enchanter: but be not alarm'd at it; for all the powers of hell shall not hurt you. I will myself keep on the guard all this night for your safety; and to-morrow I expect you set forward for Toboso.

Drench. Galen calls this phrenzy the phrenabracum.

Brief. My Lord Coke brings these people into the number of common cheats.

Drench. I shall order him bleeding, glistering, vomiting, purging, blistering, cupping.

Brief. He may, besides an action of assault and battery, be indicted in the crown; he may also have an action of damages and trespasses laid on him.——In short, if he be worth five thousand pounds I don't question but to action him out on't——Come, doctor, if you please, we will attend the ladies. [*Exeunt.*

Badg. Why, Mr. Quixote, do you know who these people were you called princes?

Quix. One of them I take to be the prince of Sarmatia, and the other of the Five Mountains.

Badg. One of them is a lawyer, and t'other a physician.

Quix. Monstrous enchantment! what odd shapes this Merlin transforms the greatest people into! But knight errantry will be too hard for him at last. [*Exit.*

John. Ha, ha, ha! a comical dog!

Badg. If you will accept of one bottle of stout, brother traveller, it is at your service.

John. With all my heart, Sir. I'm afraid this fellow has no good champaigne in his house. [*Exeunt.*

San. Hey! is the coast clear'd? Where, in the devil's name, has this mad master of mine disposed himself? for mad he is now, that's certain; this last adventure has put it past all manner of dispute. Ah, poor Sancho, what will become of thee? Would it not be the wisest way to look out for some new master, while thou hast any whole bones in thy skin? And yet I can't find in my heart to forsake my old one, at least till I have got this small island; and then, perhaps, when I have it, I shall lose it again, as I did my former government.——Well, if ever I do lay my fingers on an island more, I'll act like other wise governors, fall to plundering as fast as I

can; and when I have made my fortune, why, let them turn me out if they will.

AIR X. *Black Joke.*

The more we see of human kind,
The more deceits and tricks we find,
  In every land, as well as Spain:
For would he ever hope to thrive,
Upon the mountains he must live;
  For nought but rogues in vales remain.
The miser and the man will trick,
The mistress and the maid will nick.
  For rich and poor
  Are rogue and whore;
There's not one honest man in a score,
Nor woman true in twenty-four.

ACT III.—SCENE I.

SCENE, *a Room.*

FAIRLOVE, DOROTHEA, MRS. GUZZLE.

FAIRLOVE.

DEPEND on it, you shall be made amends for your damage you have sustain'd from this heroic knight and his squire.

Mrs. Guz. You look like a very honourable gentleman, Sir; and I would take your word for a great deal more than he owes me.

Dor. But, pray, Mrs. Guzzle, how came you by this fine dress, in which the lady Dulcinea is to be exhibited?

Mrs. Guz. About a month ago, Madam, there was a company of stage-players here, and they staid for above a fortnight acting their shows: but I don't know how it happen'd, the gentry did not give them much encouragement; so at last they all run away, except the queen, whom I made bold to strip of her finery, which is all that I have to shew for their whole reckoning.

Dor. Ha, ha, ha! poor queen! poor travelling princess!

Mrs. Guz. The devil travel with her to the world's end, so she travel not hither. Send me any thing but stage-players and knight errants. I'm sure fifty pounds won't make me whole again; would your ladyship think it, Madam? beside other articles, she ran in tick twenty shillings for thunder and lightning.

SCENE II.

JEZEBEL, SANCHO, FAIRLOVE, DOROTHEA, MRS. GUZZLE.

Dor. Behold the peerless princess! Ha, ha, ha! Oh, I shall die! Ha, ha, ha!

San. Zooks! she'll put the real Dulcinea out of countenance, for no such gorgeous fine lady have I seen in all Toboso.

Fair. Is the knight appris'd, Mr. Sancho, of the approach of his mistress?

San. Yes, Sir; it had like to have cost me dear, I'm sure; for when I told him of it, he gave me such a hug, that I thought I should never have fetch'd breath any more in this world. I believe he took me for the Lady Dulcinea herself.

Dor. But why booted and spurr'd, Mr. Sancho? Are you going a journey?

San. Yes, Madam; your ladyship knows I was ordered to go for my lady Dulcinea; so what does me? I but

rides into the kitchen, where I whipt and spurr'd about a sirloin of roast-beef for a full half hour. Then slap I return'd to my master, whom I found leaning on his spear, with his eyes lifted up to the stars, calling out upon my Toboso lady, as if the devil were in his guts; as soon as he sees me, Sancho, says he, with a voice like a great gun, wilt thou never have sufficiently stuffed thy wallet? Wilt thou never set out for Toboso? Heavens bless your honour's worship, and keep you in your senses, says I; I am just return'd from thence; I am sure if you felt half the weariness in your bones that I do, you'd think you set out with a vengeance. Truly then, Sancho, thou must have travelled by chantment. I don't know whether I travelled by chantment, but this I know, that about five miles off I met my lady Dulcinea. How! says he, and gave such a spring, I thought he would have leapt over the wall. Ay, says I, sure I know her ladyship. He that has stood in the pillory ought to know what wood it is made of; and a woman, who walks the streets, ought to know whether they are pav'd or no.

Jez. I hope he won't offer to be rude.

San. Your ladyship need not fear that. I dare swear he loves your ladyship so much, he would not take a hundred pound to come within a yard of you; he's one of your high-bred sort of gentry, and knows his distance.

Jez. Should he offer to touch me, I should faint.

San. If your ladyship pleases, I'll convey you to a proper place where you may see my master, and then I'll go and prepare him a little more for your arrival.

Mrs. Guz. I'll go see this show, I am resolv'd; and, faith, I begin to doubt which of my guests is the maddest.

SCENE III.

FAIRLOVE, DOROTHEA.

Dor. Shall we follow to the window and see the sport?

Fair. How can my Dorothea think of trifling at this time?

Dor. Had I found you at my first arrival I should scarce have intended this design; but I cannot see any retardment 'twill be to our purpose.

Fair. Why should we not fly away this instant: who knows but you may be pursued? I shall have no easy moment till you are mine beyond any possibility of losing you.

Dor. The morning will be time enough; for I have taken such measures I shall not be miss'd till then; besides, I think there was something so lucky in your coming hither without having received my letter that I cannot suspect the happy success of our affair. Ah, Fairlove! would I were as sure it would be always in your will, as it will be in your power, to make me happy: but when I reflect on your former life, when I think what a rover you have been, have I not a just occasion then for fear?

Fair. Unkind Dorothea!

AIR XI.

Have you heard of a frolicksome ditty?

Would fortune, the truth to discover
Of him you suspect as a rover,
Bid me be to some princess a lover,
No princess would Billy pursue.

Dor. Would Heaven but grant me the trial,
A monarch should meet my denial;
And while other lovers I'd fly all,
I'd fly, my dear Billy, to you.

Fair. Whole ages my Dolly enjoying,
Is a feast that could never be cloying;
With thee, while I'm kissing and toying,
Kind fortune can give me no more.
Dor. With thee I'm so blest beyond measure,
I laugh at all offers of treasure;
I laugh at all offers of pleasure;
Thou art all my joy and my store.

Both. With thee, &c.

SCENE IV.

SERVANTS *with lights before* SIR THOMAS *and* GUZZLE.

Sir Tho. Landlord, how fares it? You seem to drive a humming trade here.

Guz. Pretty well, considering the hardness of the times, an't please your honour.

Sir Tho. Better times are a coming, a new election is not far off.

Guz. Ay, Sir, if we had but an election once a year, a man might make a shift to pick up a livelihood.

Sir Tho. Once a year! why thou unconscionable rogue! the kingdom would not be able to supply us with malt. But pr'ythee whom hast thou in thy house, any honest fellows? Ha.

Guz. Here's lawyer Brief, Sir, and Dr. Drench; and there's Mr. Sneak and his wife; and there's one Squire Badger of Somersetshire.

Sir Tho. Oho! give my service to him instantly; tell him I should be very glad to see him.

Guz. Yes, an't please your honour. [*Exit.*

Sir Tho. This fellow is not quite of a right kidney, the dog is not sound at the bottom; however, I must keep well with him till after the next election. Now for my son-in-law, that is to be, whom I long mightily to see; I'm sure his estate makes him a very advantageous match for my daughter, if she can but like his person; and if he be described right to me, I don't see how she can fail of doing that.

SCENE V.

SIR THOMAS, SQUIRE BADGER, GUZZLE, JOHN.

Guz. Here's the Squire, an't please your honour.

Sir Tho. Mr. Badger, I am your most humble servant; you're welcome into this country; I've done myself the honour, Sir, to meet you thus far, in order to conduct you to my daughter.

Badg. I suppose, Sir, you may be Sir Thomas Loveland.

Sir Tho. At your service, Sir.

Badg. Then I wish, when you had been about it, you had brought your daughter along with you.

Sir Tho. Ha, ha! you are merry, Sir.

Badg. Ay, Sir, and you would have been merry if you had been in such company as I have been in. My lord. 'Sbud! where's my lord? 'Sbud! Sir Thomas, my Lord Slang is one of the merriest men you ever knew in your life; he has been telling me a parcel of such stories.

John. I protest, Sir, you are so extremely well-bred, you put me out of countenance; Sir Thomas, I am your most obedient humble servant.

Sir Tho. I suppose this lord can't afford to keep a footman, and so he wears his own livery.

Badg. I wish, my lord, you would tell Sir Thomas the story about you and the duchess of what d'ye call her. Odsheart! it is one of the pleasantest stories! about how she met him in the dark at a masquerade, and about how she gave him a letter; and then about how he carried her to a, to a——

John. To a bagnio, to a bagnio.

Badg. Ay, to a bagnio. 'Sbud, Sir, if I was not partly engag'd in honour to court your daughter, I'd go to London along with my lord where women are, it seems, as plenty as rabbits in a warren. Had I known as much of the world before, as I do now, I believe I should scarce have thought of marrying. Who'd marry, when my lord says, here, a man may have your great sort of ladies, only for wearing a broidered coat, telling half a dozen lies, and making a bow.

Sir Tho. I believe, Sir, my daughter won't force ye against your inclination.

Badg. Force me! no; I believe not, icod; I should be glad to see a woman that should force me. If you come to that, Sir, I'm not afraid of you, nor your daughter neither.

Sir Tho. This fellow's a great fool; but his estate must not be lost. [*Aside.*] You misunderstand me, Sir; I believe you will have no incivility to complain of, from either me or my daughter.

Badg. Nay, Sir, for that matter, when people are civil to me, I know how to be civil to them again; come, father-in-law of mine, that is to be, what say you to a

cherishing cup; and you shall hear some of my lord's stories?

Sir Tho. As far as one bottle, squire, but you must not exceed.

Badg. Nay, nay, you may e'en sneak off when you please: my lord and I here, are very good company by ourselves. Pray, my lord, go first; I'd have you think I have got some manners. [*Exeunt.*

Sir Tho. A very hopeful spark this. But he has a great estate; and I have no notion of refusing an estate, let the man be what he will.

SCENE VI. *The Yard.*

DON QUIXOTE, SANCHO.

Quix. How far do you think the advanc'd guards are yet from the castle?

San. Sir!

Quix. But, perhaps, she may choose to travel *incognita*, and may, for the greater expedition, have left those curs'd, useless, heavy troops, her horseguards, to follow a month or two hence. How many coaches didst thou number?

San. Truly, Sir, they were so many, I could not number them. I dare say there were a good round baker's dozen, at least.

Quix. Sancho, thou wilt never leave debasing the greatest things in thy vile phrases. Wilt thou eternally put my patience to the test? Take heed, unworthy squire, when thou art talking of this incomparable and peerless princess, thou dost it not in any of thy low ribaldry; for if thou dost, by all the powers of this invincible arm——

San. Oh, spare me, spare me!——And if ever I

offend your worship any more, if ever I crack a jest on my lady Dulcinea——

Quix. Proceed! What knights attend her presence?

San. They make such a glittering, Sir, 'tis impossible to know one from the other; they look for all the world at a distance, like a flock of sheep.

Quix. Ha! again!

San. Nay, Sir, if your worship won't let a man talk in his own language, he must e'en hold his tongue. Every man is not bred at a varsity; who looks for a courtier's tongue between the teeth of a clown? An ill phrase may come from a good heart. Many men, many minds; many minds, many mouths; many mouths, many tongues; many tongues, many words.

Quix. Cease thy torrent of impertinence, and tell me, is not the knight of the Black Eagle there!

San. Ay, marry is he, Sir; and he of the Black Ram too. On they trot, Sir, cheek by jole, Sir, for all the world like two butter-women to market; then comes my lady Dulcinea all rampant in her coach, with half a score dozen maids of honour; 'twould have done your heart good to see her, she looks e'en just like——

Quix. Like a milk-white dove amongst a flight of crows.

San. To all the world, like a new half crown piece amongst a heap of old brass farthings.

SCENE VII.

DRAWER *with a light*, BRIEF, DON QUIXOTE, SANCHO.

Draw. This way, Sir, take care how you tread.

Quix. Ha! she approaches! the torches are already arrived at the gate; the great Fulgoran is alighted. O thou most welcome of all knights, let me embrace thee.

Brief. Let me alone, pr'ythee, fellow, or I shall have you laid by the heels; what do you mean to rob me, hey?

Quix. Is it possible, the mighty Fulgoran should not know me?

Brief. Know ye! 'tis not to your advantage, I believe, to be known. Let me tell you, sirrah, you may be try'd on the black act for going about disguis'd in this manner; and, but that I shall go a better way to work with you, as good an indictment would lie on that act——

Quix. Behold, Sir, my lady Dulcinea herself.

Brief. Light on, boy, the next justice ought to be indicted for not putting the laws in execution against such fellows.

SCENE VIII.

DON QUIXOTE, SANCHO, JEZEBEL.

Quix. O most illustrious and most mighty princess, with what look shall I behold you? With what words shall I thank you for this infinite goodness to your unworthy knight?

Jez. Rise, Sir.

Quix. Do not overwhelm me with too much goodness; though to see you be inexpressible happiness, yet to see you here gives me some uneasiness: for, O most adorable princess, this castle is enchanted, giants and captive ladies inhabit only here.

Jez. Could I but be assured of your constancy, I should have no fear; but, alas! there are so many instances of perjur'd men.

AIR XII. *Cold and Raw, &c.*

A virgin once was walking alone,
In the sweet month of July,
Blooming, beautiful and young,
She met with a swain unruly;
Within his arms the nymph he caught
And swore he'd love her truly;
The maid remember'd, the man forgot,
What past in the month of July.

Quix. Eternal curses light on all such perjur'd wretches!

Jez. But though you may be constant at first, when we have been married a great while, and have had several children, you may leave me, and then I should break my heart.

Quix. Rather may the universal frame of nature be dissolv'd; perish first, all honesty, honour, virtue, nay, knight-errantry itself, that quintessence of all.

Jez. Could I always remain young as I am now, but, alack a-day, I shall grow old, and then you will forsake me for some younger maiden; I know it is the way of all you men, you all love young flesh. You all sing,

AIR XIII. *Giminianis' minuet.*

Sweet's the little maid,
That has not learnt her trade,
Fears, yet languishes to be taught;
Though she's shy and coy,
Still she'll give you joy,
When she's once to compliance brought.
Women full of skill
Sooner grant your will;
But often purchas'd are good for nought.
Sweet's the little maid, &c.

Quix. Oh, most divine princess! whose voice is infinitely sweeter than the nightingale: Oh, charm my ears no more with such transporting melody, lest I find my joy too exquisite for sense to bear.

SCENE IX.

DON QUIXOTE, SANCHO, FAIRLOVE, DOROTHEA, JEZEBEL.

Dor. Pity, illustrious knight; oh, pity an unhappy princess, who has no hopes of safety, but from your victorious arm. This instant I am pursu'd by a mighty giant.

Quix. Oh, most adorable Dulcinea! unless some affair of your own forbid, permit your knight to undertake this adventure.

Jez. You can't oblige me more.

San. Nor me less; Oh! the devil take all giant adventures; now shall I have my bones broke; I'd give an arm or two to secure the rest, with all my heart; I'll e'en sneak off if I can, and preserve the whole.

Quix. Sancho, come here! Stand thou in the front, and receive the first onset of the enemy, that so I may wait a proper opportunity, while the giant is aiming at thy head, to strike off his.

San. Ah, Sir, I have been a squire-erranting to some purpose truly, if I don't know better than to stand before my master. Besides, Sir, every man in his way. I am the worst man in the world at the beginning of the battle, but a very devil at the end of it.

SCENE X.

JOHN, FAIRLOVE, DON QUIXOTE, DOROTHEA, JEZEBEL.

John. Oh, Sir, undone, ruin'd! Sir Thomas himself is in the inn; you are discover'd, and here he comes with an hundred and fifty people, to fetch away Madam Dorothea.

Fair. We know it, we know it.

Quix. And were he to bring as many thousand—I'll shew him one single knight may be too many for them all.

Fair. Ten thousand thanks, great knight; by Heavens! I'll die by your side, before I'll lose her.

Quix. Now, thou most adorable princess Dulcinea del Toboso, now shine with all thy influence upon me.

Sir Tho. [*Within.*] Where is my daughter, villains? where is my daughter?

Quix. Oh, thou cursed giant Tergilicombo, too well I know thy voice; have at thee, caitiff.

Dor. Dear Jezebel, I am frighten'd out of my wits; my father, or Mr. Fairlove, will be destroy'd. I am resolv'd I'll rush into the middle of them, and with my own danger put an end to the fray.

Jez. Do so; and in the mean time I'll into the closet, and put an end to a small bottle I have there; I protest I am horribly frighten'd myself.

SCENE XI.

SANCHO, *solus.*

There they are at it pell-mell; who will be knock'd on the head I know not; I think I'm pretty sure it won't

be Sancho. I have made a shift to escape this bout, but I shall never get out of this fighting country again as safe as I came into it. I shall leave some pounds of poor Sancho behind me; if this be the effect of English beef and pudding, would I were in Spain again. I begin to think this house or castle is chanted; nay, I fancy the devil lives in it, for we have had nothing but battles since we have been here. My bones are not the bones they were a fortnight ago, nor are they in the same places. As to my skin, the rainbow is a fool to it for colours; it is like——what is it like? Ecod, 'tis like nothing but my master's. Well, master of mine, if you do get the day, you deserve it, I'll say that for you; and if you get well drubb'd, why, you deserve that too. What had we to do with the princess, and be hang'd to her? Besides, I verily believe she's no more a princess than I am. No good ever comes of minding other men's matters. I seldom see any meat got by winding up another man's jack. I'll e'en take this opportunity, and while all the rest are knocking one another on the head, I'll into the pantry, and stuff both guts and wallet as long as they'll hold.

SCENE XII.

SIR THOMAS, DOROTHEA.

Sir Tho. See, ungracious girl, see what your cursed inclinations have occasion'd!

Dor. I'm sure they are the cause of my misery; if Fairlove be destroy'd, I never shall enjoy a moment's quiet more.

Sir Tho. Perhaps it were better for him if he were; I shall handle him in such a manner, that the rest of his life shall not be much worth wishing for.

Dor. Thus on my knees, Sir, I entreat you, by all the tenderness you ever profess'd to me! by all the joy you have so often said I gave you! by all the pain I now endure! do not attempt to injure Fairlove. You can inflict no punishment upon him but I must feel much more than half. Is it not enough to pull me, tear me bleeding from his heart? Is it not enough to rob my eyes of what they love more than light or than themselves? to hinder me from all those scenes of bliss I'd painted to myself? Oh, hear me, Sir, or kill me, and do not make this life you gave a curse.

Sir Tho. Away, you're no child of mine.

Dor. Would you keep me from him, try to make him happy; that thought would be some comfort in his absence.—I might perhaps bear to be no partaker of his happiness, but not so of his sufferings! were he in a palace, you might keep me wretched alone; but were he in a prison, not all the powers on earth should keep me from him.

SCENE XIII.

GUZZLE, MRS. GUZZLE, SIR THOMAS, CONSTABLE, DON QUIXOTE, FAIRLOVE, JOHN.

Guz. We have made a shift, an't please your worship, to secure this mad fellow at last; but he has done us more mischief than ever it will be in his power to make us reparation for.

Mrs. Guz. Our house is ruin'd for ever; there is not one whole window in it; the stage-coachman swears he'll never bring company to it again. There's Miss Sneak above in fits; and Mr. Sneak, poor man, is crying; and Madam Sneak, she's a swearing and stamping like a dragoon.

Sir Tho. Mr. Fairlove, you shall answer for this.—As for that poor fellow there, I suppose you have hired him. Harkye, fellow, what did this gentleman give you to do all this mischief?

Quix. It is your time now, and you may use it. I perceive this adventure is not reserved for me, therefore I must submit to the enchantment.

Sir Tho. Do you banter me, you rascal?

Quix. Poor wretch! I scorn to retort thy injurious words.

Sir Tho. I'll make you know who I am presently, I will so.

Quix. Dost thou then think I know thee not to be the giant Tergilicombo?—Yet, think not, because I submit to my fortune, that I fear thee; no, the time will come when I shall see thee the prey of some more happy knight.

Sir Tho. I'll knight you, you dog, I will.

Mrs. Guz. Do you hear, husband? I suppose you won't doubt whether he be mad any longer or no; he makes no more of his worship than if he were talking to a fidler.

Guz. I wish your worship would send him to gaol, he seems to look most cursedly mischievous. I shall never think myself safe till he is under lock and key.

Fair. Sir Thomas, I do not deserve this usage at your hands; and though my love to your daughter hath made me hitherto passive, do not carry the thing too far; for be assur'd if you do you shall answer for it.

Sir Tho. Ay, ay, Sir, we are not afraid of that.

SCENE XIV.

SQUIRE BADGER, SIR THOMAS, DOROTHEA, FAIRLOVE, DON QUIXOTE, MRS. GUZZLE.

Badg. Oons! what's the matter with you all? Is the devil in the inn, that you won't let a man sleep? I was as fast on the table, as if I had been in a feather bed. —'Sbud, what's the matter? Where's my Lord Slang?

Sir Tho. Dear squire, let me entreat you would go to bed; you are a little heated with wine.

Badg. Oons, Sir, do you say that I am drunk? I say, Sir, that I am as sober as a judge; and if any man says that I am drunk, Sir, he's a liar, and a son of a whore. My dear, ain't I——sober now?

Dor. O nauseous, filthy wretch!

Badg. 'Fore George, a good pretty wench; I'll have a kiss; I'll warrant she's twice as handsome as my wife, that is to be.

Sir Tho. Hold, dear Sir, this is my daughter.

Badg. Sir, I don't care whose daughter she is.

Dor. For heaven's sake, somebody defend me from him.

Fair. Let me go, dogs!—Villain! thou hadst better eat thy fingers than lay 'em rudely on that lady.

Sir Tho. Dear Mr. Badger, this is my daughter, the young lady to whom you intended your addresses.

Badg. Well, Sir, and ain't I making addresses to her, Sir, hey?

Sir Tho. Let me beseech you, Sir, to attack her in no rude manner.

Badg. Pr'ythee, dost thou know who I am? I fancy

if thou didst know who I was, thou would'st not talk to me so: if thou dost any more, I shall lend thee a knock. Come, Madam, since I have promis'd to marry you, since I can't be off with honour, as they say, why, the sooner it's done the better; let us send for a parson and be married, now I'm in the humour. 'Sbodlikins! I find there's nothing in making love when a man's but once got well into't. I never made a word of love before in my life; and yet it is as natural, seemingly, as if I had been bound 'prentice to it.

Quix. Sir, one word with you, if you please: I suppose you look upon yourself as a reasonable sort of a person?

Sir Tho. What?

Quix. That you are capable of managing your affairs; that they don't stand in need of a governor.

Sir Tho. Hey!

Quix. And if this be true of you, is it possible you can prefer that wretch, who is a scandal to his very species, to this gentleman, whose person and parts would be an honour to the greatest of it?

Sir Tho. Has he made you his advocate? Tell him, I can prefer three thousand to one.

Quix. The usual madness of mankind! Do you marry your daughter for her sake or your own? If for her's, sure 'tis something whimsical, to make her miserable in order to make her happy. Money is a thing well worth considering in these affairs; but parents always regard it too much, and lovers too little. No match can be happy which love and fortune do not conspire to make so. The greatest addition of either illy supplies the entire absence of the other; nor would millions a year make that beast, in your daughter's eye, preferable to this youth with a thousand.

Sir Tho. What have we here? A philosophical pimp!

I can't help saying but this fellow has some truth on his side.

Dor. You are my eternal aversion.

Badg. Lookye, Madam, I can take a joke, or so; but if you are in earnest——

Dor. Indeed I am; I hate and despise you in the most serious earnest.

Badg. Do you? Then you may kiss——'Sbud, I can hate as well as you. Your daughter has affronted me here, Sir what's-your-name, and I'll have satisfaction.

Quix. Oh, that I were disenchanted for thy sake!

Badg. Sir, I'll have satisfaction.

Sir Tho. My daughter, Sir——

Badg. Sir, your daughter, Sir, is a son of a whore, Sir. 'Sbud, I'll go find my Lord Slang. A fig for you and your daughter too; I'll have satisfaction. [*Exit.*

Quix. A Turk would scarce marry a Christian slave to such a husband!

Sir Tho. How this man was misrepresented to me! Fellows, let go your prisoner. Mr. Fairlove, can you forgive me? Can I make you any reparation for the injustice I have shewn you, on this wretch's account?

Fair. } Ha!
Dor. }

Sir Tho. If the immediate executing all my former promises to you can make you forget my having broken them; and if, as I have no reason to doubt, your love for my daughter will continue, you have my consent to consummate as soon as you please; hers, I believe, you have already.

Fair. Oh transport! Oh blest moment!

Dor. No consent of mine can ever be wanting to make him happy.

AIR XIV.

Fair. Thus the merchant, who with pleasure,
Long adventur'd on the main,
Hugging fast his darling treasure,
Gaily smiles
On past toils,
Well repaid for all his pain.

Dor. Thus the nymph, whom death affrighting,
With her lover's death alarms,
Wakes with transports all delighting;
Madly blest,
When carest
In his warm entwining arms.

Mrs. Guz. Lard bless 'em! Who could have parted them that hadn't a heart of oak!

Quix. Here are the fruits of knight-errantry for you. This is an instance of what admirable service we are to mankind.—I find some adventures are reserved for Don Quixote de la Mancha.

Sir Tho. Don Quixote de la Mancha! Is it possible that you can be the real Don Quixote de la Mancha?

Quix. Truly, Sir, I have had so much to do with enchanters, that I dare not affirm whether I am really myself or no.

Sir Tho. Sir, I honour you much. I have heard of your great atchievements in Spain. What brought you to England, noble Don?

Quix. A search of adventures, Sir; no place abounds more with them. I was told there was a plenteous stock of monsters; nor have I found one less than I expected.

SCENE XV.

DON QUIXOTE, SIR THOMAS, FAIRLOVE, DOROTHEA, GUZZLE, MRS. GUZZLE, BRIEF, DR. DRENCH.

Brief. I'll have satisfaction; I won't be us'd after this manner for nothing, while there is either law, or judge, or justice, or jury, or crown office, or actions of damages, or on the case; or trespasses, or assaults, and batteries.

Sir Tho. What's the matter, Mr. Counsellor?

Brief. Oh, Sir Thomas! I am abus'd, beaten, hurt, maimed, disfigur'd, defaced, dismember'd, kill'd, massacred, and murder'd, by this rogue, robber, rascal, villain. I shan't be able to appear at Westminster-hall the whole term. It will be as good a three hundred pounds out of my pocket as ever was taken.

Drench. If this madman be not blooded, cupped, sweated, blister'd, vomited, purg'd, this instant, he will be incurable. I am well acquainted with this sort of frenzy; his next paroxysm will be six times as strong as the former.

Brief. Pshaw! the man is no more mad than I am. ——I should be finely off if he could be proved non compos mentis; 'tis an easy thing for a man to pretend madness, ex post facto.

Drench. Pretend madness! Give me leave to tell you, Mr. Brief, I am not to be pretended with; I judge by symptoms, Sir.

Brief. Symptoms! Gad, here are symptoms for you, if you come to that.

Drench. Very plain symptoms, of madness, I think.

Brief. Very fine, indeed; very fine doctrine! very fine, indeed! A man's beating another is a proof of

madness. So that if a man be indicted, he has nothing to do but to plead non compos mentis, and he's acquitted of course: so there's an end of all actions of assaults and battery at once.

SCENE *the last.*

SIR THOMAS, COOK, DON QUIXOTE, SANCHO, FAIRLOVE, DR. DRENCH, SERVANTS *hauling in* SANCHO.

Sir Tho. Heyday! what's the matter now?

Cook. Bring him along, bring him along! Ah, master, no wonder you have complain'd so long of missing your victuals; for all the time we were out in the yard this rogue has been stuffing his guts in the pantry. Nay, he has not only done that, but every thing he could not eat he has cram'd into that great sack there, which he calls a wallet.

Quix. Thou scandal to the name of squire! wilt thou eternally bring shame on thy master by these little pilfering tricks?

San. Nay, nay, you have no reason to talk, good master of mine; the receiver's as bad as the thief: and you'd have been glad, let me tell you, after some of your adventures, to see the inside of the wallet, as well as I. What a pox! are these your errantry tricks, to leave your friends in the lurch?

Quix. Slave! caitiff!

Sir Tho. Dear knight, be not angry with the trusty Sancho: you know, by the laws of knight-errantry, stuffing the wallet has still been the privilege of the squire.

San. If this gentleman be a knight-errant, I wish he would make me his squire.

Quix. I'm pacified.

Fair. Landlord, be easy; whatever you may have suffer'd by Mr. Sancho, or his illustrious master, I'll see you paid.

Sir Tho. If you will honour my house, noble knight, and be present at my daughter's wedding with this gentleman, we will do the best in our power for your entertainment.

Quix. Sir, I accept your offer; and unless any immediate adventure of moment should intervene, will attend you.

San. Oh rare Sancho! this is brave news i'faith! Give me your wedding-adventures, the devil take all the rest.

Drench. Sure, Sir Thomas, you will not take a madman home with you to your house.

Quix. I have heard thee, thou ignorant wretch, throw that word in my face, with patience. For alas! could it be prov'd, what were it more than almost all mankind in some degree deserve? Who would doubt the noisy boist'rous squire, who was here just now, to be mad? Must not this noble knight here have been mad, to think of marrying his daughter to such a wretch? You, doctor, are mad too, though not so mad as your patients. The lawyer here is mad, or he would not have gone into a scuffle, when it is the business of men of his profession to set other men by the ears, and keep clear themselves.

Sir Tho. Ha, ha, ha! I don't know whether this knight, by and by, may not prove us all to be more mad than himself.

Fair. Perhaps, Sir Thomas, that is no such difficult point.

AIR XV. *Country Bumpkin.*

All mankind are mad, 'tis plain;
Some for places,
Some embraces;
Some are mad to keep up gain,
And others mad to spend it.
Courtiers we may madmen rate,
Poor believers
In deceivers;
Some are mad to hurt the state,
And others mad to mend it.

Dor. Lawyers are for bedlam fit,
Or they never
Could endeavour
Half the rogueries to commit
Which we're so mad to let 'em.
Poets madmen are no doubt,
With projectors,
And directors;
Fair. Women are all mad throughout
And we more mad to get 'em.

Since your madness is so plain,
Each spectator
Of good-nature,
With applause will entertain
His brother of La Mancha:
With applause will entertain
Don Quixote and squire Sancho.

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AN

OLD MAN TAUGHT WISDOM;

OR

THE VIRGIN UNMASK'D.

A FARCE:

AS IT WAS PERFORMED AT

THE THEATRE-ROYAL,

BY HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANTS,

1784.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Goodwill, ...	MR. SHEPARD.
Lucy, his Daughter, ...	MRS. CLIVE.
Blister, an Apothecary, ...	MR. HARPER.
Coupee, a Dancing-master, ...	MR. LAGUERRE.
Quaver, a Singing-master, ...	MR. SALWAY.
Wormwood, a Lawyer, ...	MR. MACKLIN.
Mr. Thomas, a Footman, ...	MR. ESTE.

SCENE, A HALL IN GOODWILL'S HOUSE IN THE COUNTRY.

AN

OLD MAN TAUGHT WISDOM.

SCENE, *a Hall in* MR. GOODWILL'S *House.*

GOODWILL, *solus.*

WELL! it is to me surprising, that out of the multitudes who feel a pleasure in getting an estate, few or none should taste a satisfaction in bestowing it. Doubtless, a good man must have vast delight in rewarding merit, nor will I believe it so difficult to be found. I am at present, I thank Heaven, and my own industry, worth a good ten thousand pound, and an only daughter, both of which I have determin'd to give to the most worthy of my poor relations. The transport I feel from the hope of making some honest man happy, makes me amends for the many weary days and sleepless nights my riches have cost me. I have sent to summon them. The girl I have bred up under my own eye; she has seen nothing, knows nothing, and consequently no will but mine. I have no reason to doubt her consent to whatever choice I shall make.——How happily must my old age slide away, between the affection of an innocent and dutiful child, and the grateful return I may expect from a so much obliged son-in-law! I am certainly the happiest man on earth. Here she comes.

Enter LUCY.

Lucy. Did you send for me, papa?

Good. Yes, come hither, child. I have sent for you to mention an affair to you, which you, I believe, have not yet thought of.

Lucy. I hope it is not to send me to a boarding-school, papa.

Good. I hope my indulgence to you has been such, that you have reason to regard me as the best of fathers. I am sure I have never deny'd you any thing but for your own good: indeed I have consulted nothing else. It is that for which I have been toiling these many years; for which I have deny'd myself every comfort in life; and from which I have, from renting a farm of five hundred a year, amassed the sum of ten thousand pounds.

Lucy. I am afraid you are angry with me, papa.

Good. Be not frighten'd, my dear child, you have done nothing to offend me. But answer me one question ——What does my little dear think of a husband?

Lucy. A husband, papa! O la!

Good. Come, it is a question a girl in her sixteenth year may answer. Should you like to have a husband, Lucy?

Lucy. And am I to have a coach?

Good. No, no: what has that to do with a husband?

Lucy. Why you know, papa, Sir John Wealthy's daughter was carry'd away in a coach by her husband; and I have been told by several of our neighbours, that I was to have a coach when I was marry'd. Indeed I have dreamt of it a hundred times. I never dreamt of a husband in my whole life that I did not dream of a coach. I have rid about in one all night in my sleep, and methought it was the purest thing!—

Good. Lock up a girl as you will, I find you cannot keep her from evil counsellors. [*Aside.*]—I tell you, child, you must have no coach with a husband.

Lucy. Then let me have a coach without a husband.

Good. What, had you rather have a coach than a husband?

Lucy. Hum——I don't know that.—But, if you'll get me a coach, let me alone, I'll warrant I'll get me a husband.

AIR I. *Thomas, I cannot.*

Do you, papa, but find a coach,
And leave the other to me, Sir;
For that will make the lover approach,
And I warrant we shan't disagree, Sir;
No sparks will talk
To girls that walk,
I've heard it, and I confide in't:
Do you then fix
My coach and six,
I warrant I get one to ride in't, to ride in't.
I warrant, &c.

Good. The girl is out of her wits, sure. Hussy! who put these thoughts into your head? You shall have a good sober husband, that will teach you better things.

Lucy. Ay, but I won't though, if I can help it; for Miss Jenny Flant-it says a sober husband is the worst sort of husband in the world.

Good. I have a mind to sound the girl's inclinations. Come hither, Lucy; tell me now, of all the men you ever saw, whom should you like best for a husband?

Lucy. O fie, papa, I must not tell.

Good. Yes, you may your father.

Lucy. No, Miss Jenny says I must not tell my mind to any man whatever. She never tells a word of truth to her father.

Good. Miss Jenny is a wicked girl, and you must not regard her. Come, tell me the truth, or I shall be angry.

Lucy. Why then, of all the men I ever saw in my whole life-time, I like Mr. Thomas, my Lord Pounce's footman, the best, a hundred thousand times.

Good. Oh, fie upon you! like a footman?

Lucy. A footman! he looks a thousand times more like a gentleman than either squire Foxchase or squire Tankard, and talks more like one, aye, and smells more like one too. His head is so prettily drest, done all down upon the top with sugar, like a frosted cake, with three little curls on each side, that you may see his ears as plain! and then his hair is done up behind just like a fine lady's, with a little hat, and a pair of charming white stockings, as neat and as fine as any white-legg'd fowl; and he always carries a great swinging stick in his hand, as big as himself, that he would knock any dog down with, who was to offer to bite me. A footman, indeed! why Miss Jenny likes him as well as I do; and she says, all the fine young gentlemen that the ladies in London are so fond of, are just such persons as he is.—Icod, I should have had him before now, but that folks told me I should have a man with a coach, and that methinks I had rather have a great deal.

Good. I am amaz'd! but I abhor the mercenary temper in the girl, worse than all.—What, child, would you have any one with a coach! would you have Mr. Achum?

Lucy. Yes indeed would I, for a coach.

Good. Why, he is a cripple, and can scarce walk across the room.

Lucy. What signifies that?

AIR II. *Wully Honey.*

When he in a coach can be carry'd,
What need has a man to go?
That women for coaches are marry'd,
I'm not such a child but I know.
But if the poor crippled elf
In coach be not able to roam,
Why then I may go by myself,
And he may e'en stay at home.

Enter BLISTER.

Blist. Mr. Goodwill, your humble servant. I have rid twelve long miles in little more than an hour. I am glad to see you so well; I was afraid by your message——

Good. That I had wanted your advice, I suppose; truly, coz, I sent for you on a better account.—— Lucy, this is a relation of yours, you have not seen a great while, my cousin Blister, the apothecary.

Lucy. O la! I hope that great huge man is not to be my husband.

Blist. My cousin is well grown, and looks healthy. What apothecary do you employ? He deals in good drugs, I warrant him.

Good. Plain wholesome food and exercise are what she deals in.

Blist. Plain wholesome food is very proper at some time of the year, with gentle physic between whiles.

Good. Leave us a little, my dear Lucy, I must talk with your cousin.

Lucy. Yes, papa, with all my heart.——I hope I shall never see that great thing again. [*Exit.*

Good. I believe you begin to wonder at my message,

and will, perhaps, more, when you know the occasion of it. In short, without more preface, I begin to find myself going out of the world, and my daughter very eager to come into it. I have therefore resolv'd to see her settled without farther delay. I am far from thinking vast wealth necessary to happiness: wherefore, as I can give her a sufficient competency, I have determined to marry her to one of my own relations. It will please me, that the fruits of my labour should not go out of the family. I have sent to several of my kinsmen, of whom she shall take her choice; and as you are the first here, if you like my proposal, you shall make the first application.

Blist. With all my heart, cousin; and I am very much oblig'd to you. Your daughter seems an agreeable young woman, and I have no aversion to marriage. But pray why do you think yourself going out of the world? Proper care might continue you in it a considerable while. Let me feel your pulse.

Good. To oblige you; though I am in very good health.

Blist. A little feverish.——I would advise you to lose a little blood, and take an emulsion, with a gentle emetic and cathartic.

Good. No, no, I will send my daughter to you; but pray keep your physic to yourself, dear cousin. [*Exit.*

Blist. This man is near seventy, and I have heard, never took any physic in his life; and yet he looks as well as if he had been under the doctor's hands all his life-time. 'Tis strange; but if I marry his daughter, the sooner he dies, the better. It is an odd whim of his to marry her in this manner; but he is very rich, and so, so much the better.—What a strange dowdy 'tis! No matter, her fortune is never the worse.

AIR III. *Round, round the Mill.*

In women we beauty or wit may admire;
Sing, Trol, lerol:
But sure as we have them, as surely they'll tire;
Oh ho, will they so?

Abroad for these dainties the wise therefore roam,
Sing, Trol, lerol:
And frugally keep but a plain dish at home;
Oh ho, do they so?

Who marries a beauty must hate her when old;
Sing Trol, lerol:
But the older it grows, the more precious the gold.
Oh ho, is it so?

Enter LUCY.

Oh, here comes my mistress: what a pox shall I say to her? I never made love in my life.

Lucy. Papa has sent me hither; but if it was not for fear of a boarding-school, I am sure I would not have come: but they say I shall be whipt there, and a husband can't whip me, let me do what I will; that's one good thing.

Blist. Won't you please to sit down, cousin?

Lucy. Yes, thank you, Sir.——Since I must stay with you, I may as well sit down as not. [*Aside.*

Blist. Pray, cousin, how do you find yourself?

Lucy. Find myself?

Blist. Yes, how do you do? Let me feel your pulse. How do you sleep o' nights?

Lucy. How? why, upon my back, generally.

Blist. But I mean, do you sleep without interruption? Are you restless?

Lucy. I tumble and toss a good deal sometimes.

Blist. Hum! Pray how long do you usually sleep?

Lucy. About ten or eleven hours.

Blist. Is your stomach good? Do you eat with an appetite? How often do you find in a day any inclination to eat?

Lucy. Why, a good many times; but I don't eat a great deal, unless it be at breakfast, dinner, and supper, and afternoon's lunchion.

Blist. Hum! I find you have at present no absolute need of an apothecary.

Lucy. I am glad to hear that; I wish he was gone with all my heart.

Blist. I suppose, cousin, your father has mentioned to you the affair I am come upon; may I hope you will comply with him, in making me the happiest man upon earth?

Lucy. You need not ask me; you know I must do what he bids me.

Blist. May I then hope you will make me your husband?

Lucy. I must do what he'll have me.

Blist. What makes you cry, Miss? Pray tell me what is the matter?

Lucy. No, you will be angry with me, if I tell you.

Blist. I angry! it is not in my power, I can't be angry with you; I am to be afraid of your anger, not you of mine; I must not be angry with you, whatever you do.

Lucy. What must not you be angry, let me do what I will?

Blist. No, my dear.

Lucy. Why then, by goles! I will tell you—I hate you, and I can't abide you.

Blist. What have I done to deserve your hate?

Lucy. You have done nothing; but you are such a great ugly thing, I can't bear to look at you; and if papa was to lock me up for a twelvemonth I should hate you still.

Blist. Did not you tell me just now, you would make me your husband?

Lucy. Yes, so I will for all that.

AIR IV. *Now ponder well, &c.*

Ah, be not angry, good dear Sir,
Nor do not tell papa;
For though I can't abide you, Sir,
I'll marry you——O la!

Blist. Well, my dear, if you can't abide me I can't help that, nor you can't help it; and if you will not tell your father, I assure you I will not; besides, my dear, as for liking me, do not give yourself any trouble about that, it is the very best reason for marrying me; no lady now marries any one but whom she hates; hating one another is the chief end of matrimony. It is what most couples do before they are married, and all after it. I fancy you have not a right notion of a marry'd life. I suppose you imagine we are to be fond, and hug one another as long as we live.

Lucy. Why, an't we?

Blist. Ha, ha, ha! an't we? no! How ignorant it is! [*Aside.*] Marrying is nothing but living in the same house together, and going by the same name; while I am following my business, you will be following your pleasure; so that we shall rarely meet at meals, and then we are to sit at opposite ends of the table, and make faces at each other.

Lucy. I shall like that prodigiously.——Ah, but there is one thing though——an't we to lie together?

Blist. A fortnight, no longer.

Lucy. A fortnight! that's a long time: but it will be over.

Blist. Ay, and then you may have any one else.

Lucy. May I? then I'll have Mr. Thomas, by goles! why, this is pure; la! they told me other stories. I thought when I had been married, I must never have liked any one but my husband, and that if I should he would kill me; but I thought one thing though with myself, that I could like another man without letting him know it, and then a fig for him.

Blist. Ay, ay, they tell children strange stories; I warrant they have told you, you must be govern'd by your husband.

Lucy. My papa tells me so.

Blist. But all the married women in England will tell you another story.

Lucy. So they have already, for they say I must not be govern'd by a husband; and they say another thing too, that you will tell me one story before marriage, and another afterwards, for that marriage alters a man prodigiously.

Blist. No, child, I shall be just the same creature I am now, unless in one circumstance; I shall have a huge pair of horns upon my head.

Lucy. Shall you! that's pure, ha, ha, what a comical figure you will make! but how will you make 'em grow?

Blist. It is you that will make 'em grow.

Lucy. Shall I? by goles! then I'll do't as soon as ever I can; for I long to see 'em! do tell me how I shall do it.

Blist. Every other man you kiss, I shall have a pair of horns grow.

Lucy. By goles, then, you shall have horns enough; but I fancy you are joking now.

AIR V. *Buff-Coat.*

Ah, Sir! I guess
You are a fibbing creature.
Blist. Because, dear Miss,
You know not human nature.
Lucy. Marry'd men, I'll be sworn,
I have seen without horn.
Blist. Ah child; you want art to unlock it:
The secret here lies,
Men now are so wise,
To carry their horns in their pocket.

Lucy. But you shall wear yours on your head, for I shall like 'em better than any other thing about you.

Blist. Well then, Miss, I may depend upon you?

Lucy. And may I depend upon you?

Blist. Yes, my dear.

Lucy. Ah, but don't call me so; I hate you should call me so.

Blist. Oh, child, all marry'd people call one another My dear, let 'em hate one another as much as they will.

Lucy. Do they? Well then, my dear——Hum, I think there is not any great matter in the word, neither.

Blist. Why, amongst your fine gentry, there is scarce any meaning in anything they say. Well, I'll go to your papa, and tell him we have agreed upon matters, and have the wedding instantly.

Lucy. The sooner the better.

Blist. Your servant, my pretty dear. [*Exit.*

Lucy. Your servant, my dear. Nasty, greasy, ugly fellow. Well, marriage is a charming thing though, I long to be married more than ever I did for any thing in my life; since I am to govern, I'll warrant I'll do it purely. By goles, I'll make him know who is at home.

——Let me see, I'll practise a little. Suppose that chair was my husband; and ecod! by all I can find, a chair is as proper for a husband as any thing else; now says my husband to me, "How do you do, my dear?" Lard! my dear, I don't know how I do! not the better for you. "Pray, my dear, let us dine early to-day." Indeed, my dear, I can't. "Do you intend to go abroad to-day?" No, my dear! "Then you will stay at home?" No, my dear! "Shall we ride out?" No, my dear. "Shall we go a visiting?" No, my dear.——I will never do any thing I am bid, that I am resolv'd; and then, Mr. Thomas, O good! I am out of my wits.

AIR VI. *Bessy Bell.*

La! what swinging lies some people will tell!
I thought when another I'd wedded,
I must have bid poor Mr. Thomas farewell,
And none but my husband have bedded.
But I find I'm deceiv'd, for as Michaelmas day
Is still the fore-runner of Lammas,
So wedding another is but the right way
To come at my dear Mr. Thomas.

Enter COUPEE.

Heyday! what fine gentleman is this?

Coup. Cousin, your most obedient and devoted humble servant.

Lucy. I find this is one of your fine gentry, by his not having any meaning in his words.

Coup. I have not the honour to be known to you, cousin: but your father has been so kind to give me admission to your fair hands.

Lucy. O Gemini Cancer! what a fine charming man this is!

Coup. My name, Madam, is Coupee, and I have the honour to be a dancing-master.

Lucy. And are you come to teach me to dance?

Coup. Yes, my dear, I am come to teach you a very pretty dance; did you never learn to dance?

Lucy. No, Sir, not I; only Mr. Thomas taught me one, two, three.

Coup. That is a very great fault in your education, and it will be a great happiness for you to amend it by having a dancing-master for your husband.

Lucy. Yes, Sir, but I am not to have a dancing-master; my papa says I am to have a nasty stinking apothecary.

Coup. Your papa says! What signifies what your papa says?

Lucy. What, must I not mind what my papa says?

Coup. No, no, you are to follow your own inclinations.—I think if she has any eyes, I may venture to trust 'em. [*Aside.*] Your father is a very comical, queer old fellow, a very odd kind of silly fellow, and you ought to laugh at him. I ask pardon though for my freedom.

Lucy. You need not ask my pardon, for I am not at all angry; for, between you and I, I think him as odd, queer a fellow as you can do for your life. I hope you won't tell him what I say.

Coup. I tell him! I hate him for his barbarous usage of you; to lock up a young lady of beauty, wit, and spirit, without ever suffering her to learn to dance! Why, Madam, not learning to dance is absolute ruin to a young lady. I suppose he took care enough you should learn to read.

Lucy. Yes, I can read very well, and spell too.

Coup. Ay, there it is; why now, that's more than I can do. All parents take care to instruct their children

in low mechanical things, while the genteel sciences are neglected. Forgive me, Madam, at least, if I throw myself at your feet, and vow never to rise till lifted up with the elevating fire of your smiles.

Lucy. Lard, Sir! I don't know what to say to these fine things.——He's a pure man. [*Aside.*

Coup. Might I hope to obtain the least spark of your love, the least spark, Madam, would blow up a flame in me that nothing ever could quench. O hide those lovely eyes, nor dart their fiery rays upon me, lest I am consumed.—Shall I hope you will think of me?

Lucy. I shall think of you more than I will let you know. [*Aside.*

Coup. Will you not answer me?

Lucy. La! you make me blush so, I know not what to say.

Coup. Ay, that is from not having learnt to dance; a dancing-master would have cur'd you of that. Let me teach you what to say, that I may hope you will condescend to make me your husband.

Lucy. No, I won't say that; but——

AIR VII. *Tweed side.*

O press me not, Sir, to be wife
To a man whom I never can hate;
So sweet a fine gentleman's life,
Should ne'er be sour'd with that fate.

But soon as I married have been,
Ungrateful I will not be nam'd;
O stay but a fortnight, and then,
And then you shall——Oh, I'm asham'd.

Coup. A fortnight! bid me to live to the age of—— of——Mr. What's-his-name, the oldest man that ever

liv'd: live a fortnight after you are marry'd! No, unless you resolve to have me, I will resolve to put an end to myself.

Lucy. O do not do that. But indeed I can never hate you; and the apothecary says no woman marries any man she does not hate.

Coup. Ha, ha, ha! Such mean fellows as those every fine lady must hate; but when they marry fine gentlemen, they love them as long as they live.

Lucy. O but I would not have you think I love you. I assure you I don't love you: I have been told I must not tell any man I love him. I don't love you; indeed I don't.

Coup. But may I not hope you will?

Lucy. Lard, Sir, I can't help what you hope; it is equal to me what you hope. Miss Jenny says I must always give myself airs to a man I like. [*Aside.*

Coup. Hope, Madam, at least you may allow me; the cruellest of your sex, the greatest tyrants deny not hope.

Lucy. No, I won't give you the least crumb of hope. ——Hope, indeed! what do you take me for? I'll assure you! No, I would not give you the least bit of hope, though I was to see you die before my face.——It is a pure thing to give one's self airs. [*Aside.*

Coup. Since nothing but my death will content you, you shall be satisfied, even at that price. [*Pulls out his kitt.*] Ha! cursed fate! I have no other instrument of death about me than a sword, which won't draw. But I have thought of a way: within the orchard there is an apple-tree; there, there, Madam! you shall see me hanging by the neck.

There shall you see your dancing-master die;
As Bateman hang'd for love——e'en so will I.

Lucy. O stay!——La, Sir! you're so hasty.——Must I

tell you the first time I see you? Miss Jenny Flant-it has been courted these two years by half a dozen men, and nobody knows which she'll have yet: and must not I be courted at all? I will be courted, indeed so I will.

Coup. And so you shall; I will court you after we are married.

Lucy. But will you indeed?

Coup. Yes, indeed; but if I should not, there are others enough that would.

Lucy. But I did not think married women had ever been courted, though.

Coup. That's all owing to your not learning to dance. Why, there are abundance of women who marry for no other reason; as there are several men who never court any but married women.

Lucy. Well, then, I don't much care if I do marry you. But hold; there is one thing, but that does not much signify.

Coup. What is it, my dear?

Lucy. Only I promis'd the apothecary just now; that's all.

Coup. Well, shall I fly then, and put every thing in readiness?

Lucy. Ay, do; I'm ready.

Coup. One kiss before I go, my dearest angel! And now one, two, three, and away. [*Exit.*

Lucy. Oh, dear sweet man! He's as handsome as an angel, and as fine as a lord. He is handsomer than Mr. Thomas, and i'cod, almost as well drest. I see now why my father would never let me learn to dance. For, by goles, if all dancing-masters be such fine men as this, I wonder every woman does not dance away with one. O la! now I think on't he pull'd out his fiddling thing, and I did not ask him to play a tune upon't.——But when we are married, I'll make him play upon't; i'cod,

he shall teach me to dance too——He shall play, and I'll dance; that will be pure. O la! what's here? Another beau?

Enter QUAVER.

Quav. Madam, your servant. I suppose my cousin Goodwill has told you of the happiness he designs me.

Lucy. No, Sir, my papa has not told me any thing about you. Who are you, pray?

Quav. I have the honour of being a distant relation of yours, and I hope to be a nearer one. My name is Quaver, Madam: I have the honour to teach some of the first quality to sing.

Lucy. And are you come to teach me to sing?

Quav. I like her desire to learn to sing: it is a proof of an excellent understanding. [*Aside.*] Yes, Madam, I will be proud to teach you any thing in my power; and do believe I shall not yield to any one in the science of singing.

Lucy. Well, and I shall be glad to learn; for I have been told I have a tolerable voice, only I don't know the notes.

Quav. That, Madam, may be acquired; a voice cannot. A voice must be the gift of nature; and it is the greatest gift nature can bestow. All other perfections, without a voice, are nothing at all. Music is allow'd by all wise men to be the noblest of the sciences: whoever knows music knows every thing.

Lucy. Come then, begin to teach me; for I long to learn.

Quav. Hereafter I shall have time enough. But at present I have something of a different nature to say to you.

Lucy. What have you to say?

AIR VIII. *Diemi Caro.*

Quav. Dearest charmer!
Will you then bid me tell
What you discern so well,
By my expiring sighs,
My doating eyes,
My doating eyes?
Look through th' instructive grove,
Each object prompts to love;
See how the turtles play;
Each object prompts to love:
All nature tells you what I'd say.

Lucy. O charming! delightful!
Quav. May I hope you'll grant——
Lucy. Another song, and I'll do any thing.

Quav. Dearest creature,
Pride of nature!
All your glances
Give me trances.
Dearest, &c.

Lucy. Oh, I melt, I faint, I swoon, I die!
Quav. May I hope you'll be mine?
Lucy. Will you charm me so every day?
Quav. And every night too, my angel.

Enter COUPEE.

Coup. Heyday! what do I see? my mistress in another man's arms? Sir, will you do me the favour to tell me what business you have with that lady?

Quav. Pray, Sir, be so good as to tell me what business you have to ask?

Coup. Sir!
Quav. Sir!
Coup. Sir, this lady is my mistress.
Quav. I beg to be excus'd for that, Sir.
Coup. Sir!
Quav. Sir!

AIR IX. *Of all the simple, &c.*

Coup. Excuse me, Sir; zounds, what d'ye mean?
I hope you don't give me the lie.
Quav. Sir, you mistake me quite and clean;
Indeed, good Sir, not I.
Coup. Zounds, Sir, if you had, I'd been mad;
But I'm very glad that you don't.
Quav. Do you challenge me, Sir?
Coup. Not I, indeed, Sir.
Quav Indeed, Sir, I'm very glad on't.

Lucy. Pray, gentlemen, what's the matter? I beseech you, speak to me one of you.

Coup. Have I not reason? Did I not find you in his arms?

Quav. And have I not reason? Did he not say you was his mistress, to my face?

AIR X. *Molly Mog.*

Lucy. Did mortal e'er see two such fools?
For nothing they're going to fight;
I begin to find men are but tools,
And both with a whisper I'll bite.
With you I am ready to go, Sir;
I'll give t'other fool a rebuff.
[*To* Coupee.
Stay you but a fortnight, or so, Sir,
I warrant I'll grant you enough.
[*To* Quaver.

Quav. Damnation!

Coup. Hell and confusion!

[*They draw*; Lucy *runs out.*

Enter BLISTER.

Blist. For Heaven's sake, gentlemen, what's the matter? I profess I am afraid you are both disorder'd. Pray, Sir, give me leave to feel your pulse: I wish you are not light-headed!

Coup. What is it to you, Sir, what I am?

Quav. How dare you interfere between gentlemen, sirrah?

Coup. I have a great mind to break my sword about your head, you dog!

Quav. I have a great mind to run you through the body, you rascal!

Coup. Do you know who we are?

Quav. Ay, ay, do you know whom you have to do with?

Blist. Dear gentlemen; pray, gentlemen.——I wish I had nothing to do with you: I meant no harm.

Coup. So much the worse, sirrah; so much the worse.

Quav. Do you know what it is to anger gentlemen?

Enter GOODWILL.

Good. Heyday! what are you fencing here, gentlemen?

Blist. Fencing, quotha? They have almost fenced me out of my senses, I am sure.

Coup. I shall take another time.

Quav. And so shall I.

Good. I hope there is no anger between you! You are nearer relations than you imagine to each other.—

Mr. Quaver, you was sent out of England young; and you, Mr. Coupee, have liv'd all your life-time in London; but I assure you, you are Cousin-Germans. Let me introduce you to each other.

Coup. Dear cousin Quaver.

Quav. Dear cousin Coupee.

Blist. It's but a blow and a kiss with these sparks, I find.

Coup. I thought there was something about him I could not hurt.

Good. Here is another relation, too, whom you do not know. This is Mr. Blister, son to your uncle Blister, the apothecary.

Coup. I hope you will excuse our ignorance.

Blist. Yes, cousin, with all my heart, since there is no harm come on't; but if you will take my advice, you shall both immediately lose some blood, and I will order each of you a gentle purge.

Enter WORMWOOD.

Worm. Your servant, cousin Goodwill. How do you do, Master Coupee? How do you do, Master Blister? The roads are very dirty; but I obey your summons, you see.

Good. Mr. Quaver, this is your cousin Wormwood, the attorney.

Worm. I am very glad to see you, Sir. I suppose by so many of our relations being assembled, this is a family law-suit I am come upon. I shall be glad to have my instructions as soon as possible; for I must carry away some of your neighbours' goods with executions by and by.

Good. I sent for you on the account of no law-suit this time. In short, I have resolv'd to dispose of my

daughter to one of my relations: if you like her, cousin Wormwood, with ten thousands pounds, and you should happen to be her choice——

Blist. That's impossible; for she has promis'd me already.

Coup. And me.

Quav. And me.

Worm. How! has she promised three of you? Why then the two that miss her will have very good actions against him that has her.

Good. Her own choice must determine; and if that fall on you, Mr. Blister, I must insist on your leaving off your trade, and living here with me.

Blist. No, Sir, I cannot consent to leave off my trade.

Good. Pray, gentlemen, is not the request reasonable.

All. Oh, certainly, certainly.

Coup. Ten thousand pounds to an apothecary, indeed!

Quav. Not leave off his trade!

Coup. If I had been an apothecary, I believe I should not have made many words.

Good. I dare swear you will not, cousin, if she should make choice of you.

Coup. There is some difference though between us: mine is a genteel profession, and I shall not leave it off on any account.

Good. I'll be judged by Mr. Quaver here, who has been abroad and seen the world.

Quav. Very reasonable, very reasonable.—This man, I see, has excellent sense, and can distinguish between arts and sciences.

Good. I am confident it would not be easy to prevail on you to continue the ridiculous art of teaching people to sing.

Quav. Ridiculous art of teaching to sing! Do you call music an art, which is the noblest of all sciences? I thought you a man of sense, but I find——

Coup. And I find too.

Blist. And so do I.

Worm. Well, it is surprising that men should be such fools, that they should hesitate at leaving off their professions for ten thousand pounds.

Good. Cousin Wormwood, you will leave off your practice, I am sure.

Worm. Indeed, Sir, but I will not. I hope you don't put me upon a footing with fiddlers and dancing-masters. No man need be asham'd of marrying his daughter to a practitioner of the law. What would you do without lawyers? Who'd know his own property?

Blist. Or without physicians, who'd know when he was well?

Coup. If it was not for dancing-masters, men might as well walk upon their heads as their heels.

Quav. And if it was not for singing-masters, they might as well have been all born dumb.

Good. Ha! confusion! what do I see! my daughter in the hands of that fellow!

Enter LUCY *and* MR. THOMAS.

Lucy. Pray, papa, give me your blessing; I hope you won't be angry with me, but I am married to Mr. Thomas.

Good. Oh, Lucy! Lucy! is this the return you make to my fatherly fondness?

Lucy. Dear papa, forgive me, I won't do so any more.—Indeed I should have been perjured if I had not had him.—And I had not had him neither, but

that he met me when I was frighten'd, and did not know what I did.

Good. To marry a footman!

Tho. Why, look ye, Sir, I am a footman, 'tis true, but I have a good acquaintance in life. I have kept very good company at the hazard-table; and when I have other clothes on, and money in my pocket, they will be very glad to see me again.

Worm. Harkye, Mr. Goodwill, your daughter is an heiress. I'll put you in a way to prosecute this fellow.

Blist. Did you not promise me, Madam?

Coup. Ay, did not you promise me, Madam?

Quav. And me too?

Lucy. You have none of you any reason to complain; if I did promise you all, I promis'd him first.

Worm. Look ye, gentlemen, if any of you will employ me, I'll undertake we shall recover part of her fortune.

Quav. If you had given your daughter a good education, and let her learn music, it would have put softer things into her head.

Blist. This comes of your contempt of physic. If she had been kept in a diet, with a little gentle bleeding, and purging, and vomiting, and blistering, this had never happened.

Worm. You should have sent her to town a term or two, and taken lodgings for her near the Temple, that she might have conversed with the young gentlemen of the law, and seen the world.

AIR XI. *Bush of Boon.*

Lucy. Oh, dear papa! don't look so grum;
Forgive me, and be good:
For though he's not so great as some,
He still is flesh and blood.

What though he's not so fine as beaus,
In gold and silver gay:
Yet he, perhaps, without their clothes,
May have more charms than they.

Tho. Your daughter has marry'd a man of some learning, and one who has seen a little of the world, and who by his love to her, and obedience to you, will try to deserve your favours. As for my having worn a livery let not that grieve you; as I have liv'd in a great family, I have seen that no one is respected for what he is, but for what he has; the world pays no regard at present to any thing but money; and if my own industry should add to your fortune, so as to entitle any of my posterity to grandeur, it will be no reason against making my son, or grandson, a lord, that his father, or grandfather was a footman.

Good. Ha! thou talk'st like a pretty sensible fellow, and I don't know whether my daughter has not made a better choice than she could have done among her booby relations. I shall suspend my judgment at present, and pass it hereafter, according to your behaviour.

Tho. I will try to deserve it should be in my favour.

Worm. I hope, cousin, you don't expect I should lose my time. I expect six and eight-pence for my journey.

Good. Thy profession, I see, has made a knave of whom nature meant a fool. Well, I am now convinc'd 'tis less difficult to raise a fortune than to find one worthy to inherit it.

AIR XII. *The Yorkshire Ballad.*

Blist. Had your daughter been physic'd well, Sir, as
she ought,
With bleeding and blist'ring, and vomit and draught,
This footman had never been once in her thought,
With his Down, down, &c.

Coup. Had pretty Miss been at a dancing-school bred,
Had her feet but been taught the right manner to tread,
Gad's curse! 'twould have put better things in her head,
Than his Down, down, &c.

Quav. Had she learnt, like fine ladies, instead of her prayers,
To languish and die at Italian soft airs,
A footman had never thus tickled her ears,
With his Down, down, &c.

Lucy. You may physic, and music, and dancing enhance,
In one I have got them all three by good chance,
My doctor he'll be, and he'll teach me to dance,
With his Down, down, &c.

And though soft Italians the ladies control,
He swears he can charm a fine lady, by gole!
More than an Italian can do for his soul,
With a Down, down, &c.

My fate, then, spectators, hangs on your decree;
I have brought kind papa here at last to agree;
If you'll pardon the poet, he will pardon me,
With my Down, down, &c.

Let not a poor farce then nice critics pursue,
But like honest-hearted good-natur'd men do,
And clap to please us, who have sweat to please you,
With our Down, down, &c.

CHORUS.

Let not a poor farce then, &c.

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THE

UNIVERSAL GALLANT;

OR, THE

DIFFERENT HUSBANDS.

A COMEDY,

FIRST ACTED IN 1734.

Infœlix habitum temporis hujus habe. OVID.

TO HIS GRACE

CHARLES, DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

MY LORD,

THE unhappy fate which these scenes have met with may to some make my presumption in offering them to your protection appear extravagant; but distress puts on a different face in your Grace's eye, with whom I know it will plead in their favour, that though they do not merit so great a patron, they at least want him.

To join the torrent of success, to smile with fortune, and applaud with the world, are within the limits of an inferior name, and narrower capacity. It has been the glory of a duke of Marlborough to support the falling, to protect the distrest, to raise a sinking cause, and (I will venture on the expression), to direct fortune, instead of being directed by her.

But these are laurels, my Lord, which will to latest ages flourish in the historian, and the epic poet. Comedy looks no farther than private life, where we see you acting with the same spirit of humanity that fired your noble ancestor in public. Poverty has imposed chains on mankind equal with tyranny; and your Grace has shown as great an eagerness to deliver men from the former, as your illustrious grandfather did to rescue them from the latter.

Those who are happier than myself in your intimacy will celebrate your other virtues; the fame of your humanity, my Lord, reaches at a distance, and it is a virtue which never reigns alone; nay, which seldom enters into a breast that is not rich in all other.

I am sure I give a convincing proof in how high a degree I am persuaded you possess this virtue, when I hope your pardon for this presumption. But I will trespass no farther on it, than to assure you that I am, with great respect,

My Lord,

Your Grace's most obedient,

Most devoted humble Servant,

HENRY FIELDING.

Buckingham Street,
February 12.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE cruel usage this poor play hath met with, may justly surprise the Author, who in his whole life never did an injury to any one person living. What could incense a number of people to attack it with such an inveterate prejudice, it is not easy to determine; for prejudice must be allowed, be the play good or bad, when it is condemned unheard.

I have heard that there are some young gentlemen about this town, who make a jest of damning plays—— but did they seriously consider the cruelty they are guilty of by such a practice, I believe it would prevent them. Every man who produces a play on the stage must propose to himself some acquisition either of pleasure, reputation, or profit, in its success: for though perhaps he may receive some pleasure from the first indulgence of the itch of scribbling, yet the labour and trouble he must undergo before his play comes on the stage, must set the prospect of some future reward before him, or I believe he would decline the undertaking. If pleasure or reputation be the reward he proposes, it is sure an inexcusable barbarity in any uninjured or unprovoked person to defeat the happiness of another: but if his views be of the last kind, if he be so unfortunate to depend on the success of his labours for his bread, he must be an inhuman creature, indeed, who would out of sport and wantonness prevent a man from getting

a livelihood in an honest and inoffensive way, and make a jest of starving him and his family.

Authors, whose works have been rejected at the theatres, are of all persons, they say, the most inveterate; but of all persons, I am the last they should attack, as I have often endeavoured to procure the success of others, but never assisted at the condemnation of any one.

PROLOGUE:

SPOKEN BY MR. QUIN.

Bold is th' attempt in this nice-judging age,
To try at fame, by pleasing on the stage.
So eager to condemn as you are grown,
Writing seems war declar'd against the town.
Which ever way the Poet seeks applause,
The Critic's ready still to damn his cause.
If for new characters he hunts abroad,
And boldly deviates from the beaten road,
In monsters then unnatural he deals;
If they are known and common, then he steals.
If wit he aims at, you the traps can shew;
If serious, he is dull; if humorous, low.
Some would maintain one laugh throughout a play,
Some would be grave, and bear fine things away.
How is it possible at once to please
Tastes so directly opposite as these?
Nor be offended with us if we fear,
From us——some seek not entertainment here.
'Tis not the Poet's wit affords the jest,
But who can catcall, hiss, or whistle best!
Can then another's anguish give you joy?
Or is it such a triumph to destroy?
We, like the fabled frogs consider thus:
This may be sport to you, but it is death to us.

If any base ill-nature we disclose,
If private characters these scenes expose,
Then we expect—for then we merit foes.
But if our strokes be general and nice,
If tenderly we laugh you out of vice,
Do not your native entertainments leave;
Let us, at least, our share of smiles receive,
Nor, while you censure us, keep all your boons
For soft ITALIAN airs, and FRENCH buffoons.

THE

UNIVERSAL GALLANT,

&c.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Mr. Mondish, ...	MR. QUIN.
Mr. Gaylove, ...	MR. W. MILLS.
Captain Spark, ...	MR. CIBBER.
Sir Simon Raffler, ...	MR. GRIFFIN.
Colonel Raffler, ...	MR. HARPER.

WOMEN.

Lady Raffler.	MRS. BUTLER.
Mrs. Raffler, ...	MRS. HERON.
Clarinda, ...	MISS HOLLIDAY.

SCENE, LONDON.

THE

UNIVERSAL GALLANT;

OR, THE

DIFFERENT HUSBANDS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, MR. MONDISH'S *Apartment.*

MR. MONDISH, *with a letter in his hand, speaking to a* SERVANT.

MONDISH.

HERE, carry this letter to Mrs. Raffler.

Serv. Must I bring an answer, Sir?

Mon. Yes, Sir, if you receive any—— [*Exit* Servant. And now let me read thee again, thou picture of womankind. [*Reads.*

'SIR,

'I suppose you will be surprised that a woman, who 'hath been guilty of so imprudent a passion, should 'so suddenly and calmly reclaim it — but I am at 'length happily convinc'd, that you are the falsest of 'mankind. Be assur'd, it is not in your power to 'persuade me any longer to the contrary—wherefore I

'desire that henceforth all familiarity may cease be-
'tween us.—And as you know me sensible how good
'a friend you are to Mrs. Raffler, you may easily
'believe the fewest visits in the world, at this house,
'will be welcome to me. Farewel for ever.'

This coldness is not the resentment of an incensed mistress, but the slight of an indifferent one.—I am supplanted by some other in her favour. —— Rare women, faith! the sex grow so purely inconstant, that a gallant will shortly be as little able to keep a woman to himself as a husband.

Enter another SERVANT.

Serv. Sir, Colonel Raffler has sent to know whether you are at home.

Mon. Yes, yes,—his visit is opportune enough.—I may likely learn from him who this successful rival is, by knowing who has visited his wife most lately; nay, or by finding who is his chief favourite,——for he is one of those wise men, to whose friendship you must have his wife's recommendation; and so far from being jealous of your lying with her, that he is always suspicious you don't like her.

Enter COLONEL RAFFLER.

Dear Colonel, good-morrow.

Col. Raf. Oh, you're a fine gentleman; a very fine gentleman, indeed! when we had sent after you all over the town, not to leave your bottle for a party at quadrille with the ladies —— you have a rare reputation among 'em, I assure you; there is an irreconcileable quarrel with my wife. I have strict orders never to mention your name to her.

Mon. Ha, ha, ha! that is pleasant enough, Colonel;

your wife's orders to you, who have the most obedient wife in Christendom.

Col. Raf. Yes, I thank heaven, I am master of my own house.

Mon. Then I hope you will lay your commands on her to forgive me.

Col. Raf. Well, well, I don't know but I may, since you ask it.——I am glad I have brought you to that. ——I believe I have made up an hundred quarrels between you, and could never bring you to it before.

Mon. And yet I had reason on my side; had you been with us yourself, you would not have left us for cards.

Col. Raf. No, I hate 'em of all things in the world ——that's half my quarrel to you, for I was forc'd to supply your place.

Mon. I pity you heartily.

Col. Raf. Ay, and with my wife.

Mon. True, a wife often makes one's pleasure distasteful! what is in itself disagreeable she must make very damnable indeed. But I wonder you, who are master of your own house, Colonel, don't banish cards out of it, since you dislike 'em so much.

Col. Raf. Why, that I have attempted to do, but then it puts my wife so plaguily out of humour, and that I can't bear——besides, Mr. Mondish, let me tell you a matrimonial secret—Let a man be never so much the master of his house, if his wife be continually in an ill humour, he leads but an uneasy life in't.

Mon. But methinks so good a lady as yours should now and then give in to the sentiments of her husband.

Col. Raf. Oh, no one readier; but then, you know, she can't help her temper: and if she complies against her will, you know it is the more obliging in her; and then you know, if her complaisance makes her unhappy, and out of humour, and in the vapours, a man must be

the greatest of brutes to persist.——Besides, my wife is the most unfortunate person in the world: for though she loves me of all things, and knows that seeing her in the vapours makes me miserable, yet I never deny'd her any one thing in the world but, slap, it immediately threw her into 'em——If it was not for those cursed vapours we should be the happiest couple living.

Mon. Nay, faith, I believe you are.

Col. Raf. Truly, I believe we may; at least we have such a picture of the contrary before our eyes.

Mon. Who, Sir Simon, and his lady?

Col. Raf. Ay, Sir Simon; call him any thing but my brother, he's not a-kin to me, I am sure: for next to mine, he has the best wife in the world; and yet he never suffers her to have an easy hour from his cursed jealousy. I intend to part families, for there is no possibility of living together any longer.——He affronted a gentleman t'other day, for taking up his lady's glove; and it was no longer ago than yesterday that my wife and she were gone only to an auction, (where, by the by, they did not go to throw away their money neither, for they bought nothing) when this cursed brother of mine finds 'em out, exposes 'em both, and forc'd 'em away home.——My house is an arrant garrison in time of war, no one enters or goes out, without being search'd; and if a lac'd coat passes by the window, his eye is never off him, till he is out of the street.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Sir Simon Raffler, Sir.

Col. Raf. Oh, the devil! I'll be gone.

Mon. No, Colonel, that's unkind.

Enter SIR SIMON.

Sir Simon, your most obedient servant.

Sir Sim. Mr. Mondish, good-morrow! Oh, brother, are you here?

Col. Raf. How do you, brother? I hope your lady's well this morning?

Sir Sim. Must you always ask impertinent questions? A husband is a proper person indeed to enquire of about his wife.——If you ask your own, when you see her next, she will inform you, for I suppose they are gadding together.

Col. Raf. Sir Simon, you may behave to your own lady as you please; but I desire you not to reflect on mine.

Sir Sim. And you may let your wife behave as she pleases; but I desire she may be no pattern to mine. I think one enough in a family.

Col. Raf. One! I don't know what you mean, I don't understand you.

Mon. Oh, dear gentlemen, let me beg there may be none of this misunderstanding in my house. You are both too hot, indeed.

Col. Raf. I am appeas'd——But let me tell you, brother——

Mon. Dear Colonel, no more.—Well, Sir Simon, what news have you in town?

Sir Sim. Nothing but cuckoldom, Sir;——Cuckoldom every where. Women run away from their husbands. ——Actions brought in Westminster-hall. I expect, shortly, to see it made an article in the newspapers, and 'cuckolds since our last list,' as regularly inserted as bankrupts are now.

Col. Raf. Oh lud, oh lud! poor man! poor man! You make me sick, brother, indeed you do.

Sir Sim. And you'll make me mad, brother, indeed you will.

Mon. Come, come, gentlemen, let me reconcile this

thing between you.——Colonel, you know the excessive jealousy of Sir Simon's temper, and I wonder a man of your excellent sense will think it worth your while to argue with him. [*Aside to* Colonel Raffler.

Col. Raf. Mondish is certainly a fellow of the best sense in the world. [*Aside.*

Mon. Sir Simon, you know the colonel's easy temper so well, that I am surpris'd one of your good understanding will reason with a man, who will defend his wife's running about this town every day.

[*Aside to* Sir Simon.

Sir Sim. This man has a most excellent understanding. [*Aside.*

Mon. Come, come, gentlemen, shake hands and be friends, and let us have no more animosities.

Col. Raf. With all my heart.

Sir Sim. And mine.—And now, gentlemen, we are amongst ourselves, I believe I have my honour, I am sure of it, I don't suspect I have it not, but I think it ought to be valued.

Mon. Doubtless, doubtless, Sir Simon.

Sir Sim. I am not one of those jealous people that are afraid of every wind that blows. A woman may sit by a man once at a play, without any design, and once a year may go to court, or an assembly, nay, and may speak to one of her husbands's he-friends there: if he be a relation, indeed, I should like it better. But why all those curtesies to every fellow she knows? Why always running to that church where the youngest parson is?

Mon. Why fond of operas, masquerades?

Sir Sim. I almost swoon at the name.

Col. Raf. I shall I'm sure, if I stay any longer——so your servant.

Mon. Then that cursed rendezvous of the sexes, which are called auctions.

Sir Sim. I thank heaven there are none to-day; I have search'd all the advertisements.

Mon. But there are shops, shops, Sir Simon.

Sir Sim. I wish they were shut up with all my heart! especially those brothels the milliner's shops, in which cuckoldom is the chief trade that is carry'd on.

Mon. Heyday! is the colonel gone?

Sir Sim. I am glad of it, for truly I take no pleasure in his company. Mr. Mondish, you are a man of honour, and my friend, and as you are intimate in the family, must, I dare swear, have observed, with concern, the multitude of idle young fellows that swarm at our house. There is one particularly, who almost lives there continually, and has, no doubt, behav'd before this like a thorough fine gentleman, and a man of gallantry.

Mon. Who is he, pray?

Sir Sim. Oh, a fellow, who is never out of lace and embroidery—a tall, strapping, well-looking, ill-looking, rascal; whom I would as soon admit into my family, as a wolf into a sheep fold.

Mon. What is his name?

Sir Sim. Gaylove, I think they call him——my blood runs cold when I think of him.

Mon. Sir Simon, you need be under no apprehension: for my Lady Raffler is a woman of that prudence and discretion—

Sir Sim. Yes, Sir: but very prudent and discreet women have made very odd monsters of their husbands. I had rather trust to my own prudence than hers, I thank you.

Mon. Was I married to that woman, I should be the most contented man alive; for, on my honour! I think she surpasses the rest of womankind as much in virtue as beauty.

Sir Sim. Ha! what!

Mon. Nay more, in my opinion—for, to tell you a truth, (which I know you will excuse me for) I do not think her so handsome as the rest of the world think her.

Sir Sim. Nor I, neither—I am glad to hear you don't ——I began to be in a heat——But, dear Mondish, though my wife be, as you say, a virtuous woman, and I know she is, I'm sure of it; and was never jealous of her in my life: yet I take virtue to be that sort of gold in a wife, which the less it is tried, the brighter it shines; besides, you know there is a trouble in resisting temptation, and I am willing to spare my wife all the trouble I can.

Enter a SERVANT.

Servant. Sir, Captain Spark to wait you.

Sir Sim. Who is he, pray?

Mon. A relation of mine, a courtier, and so fine a gentleman, that (if you will believe him) he has had all the fine women in town.

Enter CAPTAIN SPARK.

Capt. Spark. Dear cousin Mondish, your very humble servant, I only call to ask you how you do—for I can't stay ten minutes with you—I have just left some ladies, whom I have promised to meet in the park—— Harkye. [*Whispers* Mondish.

Sir Sim. I hope my wife is not one of 'em—a very impudent-looking fellow, this courtier, and has, I warrant, as many cuckolds in the city, as that has debtors at court.

Capt. Spark. The devil take me if it is not the very woman! but pray take her, I dangled after her long enough too. You must know the last time I saw her was at an assembly.

Sir Sim. That is another name for a bawdy-house.

[*Aside.*

Capt. Spark. And there I piqued her most confoundedly, so that she vow'd she'd never speak to me again; and indeed she kept her word, till yesterday I met her at an auction—there was another lady with her ——at first she put on an air of indifference. O ho! thinks I, you are at that sport? I'll fit you, I warrant. So, Sir, I goes up to the other lady, who happened to be her sister, and an intimate acquaintance of mine—But I ask pardon, this is a dull entertainment to you, Sir.

[*To* Sir Simon.

Sir Sim. Far from it, Sir; but I beg I may not be thought impertinent, if I ask whether this lady was short or tall.

Capt. Spark. A short woman, Sir.

Sir Sim. Then I am safe [*Aside.*]——But perhaps some people think her tall.

Capt. Spark. Yes, Sir; I know several who think her so.

Sir Sim. I am on the rack [*Aside.*]——Sir, I ask ten thousand pardons; but was she a brown or a fair woman?

Capt. Spark. Oh, Sir! no harm——She was a brown woman, Sir.

Sir Sim. Rather inclining to fair.

Capt. Spark. Yes, a good deal inclining to fair.

Sir Sim. I am undone! if I was to ask her name, I should hear my own——I will go tear her eyes out. ——Mr. Mondish, your servant! your servant!

Mon. Be not in such a hurry, Sir Simon.

Sir Sim. I am in a great hurry, Sir, your humble servant. [*Exit.*

Capt. Spark. Pr'ythee, dear coz., what queer fellow is that? Gad, I began to think he suspected me with some relation of his.

Mon. Faith, probable enough——for he would suspect a more unlikely man than you.

Capt. Spark. Ha, ha! George, I believe I am suspected in town——I believe there are women——I say no more, but I believe there are women, I say no more.

Mon. And upon my soul, I believe thou can'st say no more on thy own knowledge. [*Aside.*

Capt. Spark. Here, here, you must not ask to see the name. [*Pulls out several letters.*] May I be curst if this be not from a woman of the first distinction—— Nay, if he is here, I must put it up again.

Enter GAYLOVE.

Gay. Good morrow, George! Ha! Monsieur L'Spark!

Capt. Spark. My dear Gaylove, how long hast thou been in town?

Gay. About a fortnight, Sir.

Capt. Spark. Mondish, this is the best friend I have in the world; if it had not been for him, I had died of the spleen in country quarters—I made his house my own.

Gay. Upon my honour he did, and so entirely, that if he had not been order'd away, I believe I should shortly have given it him.

Capt. Spark. Thou art a pleasant fellow! but pr'ythee how do all the girls? How do Miss Flirt, and Miss Flareit, Miss Caper, Miss Lisp, and my dear Jenny Thump-floor?

Gay. All at your service, Sir; but methinks you should have ask'd after your dear Clarinda.

Capt. Spark. O! ay, Clarinda! how does she do? upon my soul I was fond of that wench; but she grew so fond again, that the world began to take notice of

us, and yet if ever any thing pass'd between us, at least any thing that ought not, may I be——But what signifies swearing——Come, I know you are a suspicious rogue.

Gay. Far from it—I have always defended you both. For as I am confident she would not grant any thing dishonourable, so I am confident thou wou'dst not take it.

Mon. And if you will be evidence for the lady, I will for the gentleman.

Capt. Spark. Your servant, your servant, my dear friends; you have made me a compliment at a cheap rate: I shall not risk your consciences; yet in my sense of the word dishonourable, you might swear it; for I positively think nothing dishonourable can pass between man and woman.

Mon. Excellent doctrine indeed!

Gay. I am not of your opinion: for I think it very dishonourable in a fine gentleman to solicit favours from a lady, and refuse accepting 'em when she would grant 'em.

Capt. Spark. O! a sad dog! ha, ha, ha!

Mon. Unless it be not in his power to accept 'em, Gaylove. The bravest fellow may be beaten, you know, without loss of honour.

Capt. Spark. Well, well; you may suspect what you please.—You poor devils that never had any thing above a sempstress, make such a rout about the reputation of a woman a little above the ordinary rank; you make as much noise in town about a man's having a woman of quality, as they would in the country if one had run away with a justice of peace's eldest daughter—Now, to me, women of quality are like other women.

Gay. Thou know'st no difference, I dare swear.

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. Sir, my Lady Fop-hunter's coach is at the door.

Capt. Spark. She has sent it for me; I am to call on her at Lady Sightly's—damn her! I wish she had forgot the appointment—Gaylove, will you go with me?

Gay. No, excuse me.

Capt. Spark. Well, gentlemen, I hope you will excuse me too—so, I'm your very humble servant. [*Exit.*

Mon. I wish thou hadst been here sooner, I have had some rare diversion this morning: here have been Sir Simon and the Colonel, and have quarrel'd about their wives. But what is better still, the noble captain just now departed, hath sent Sir Simon away fully persuaded that he has an affair with his wife.

Gay. Then we shall have it in the afternoon at Mrs. Raffler's tea-table.

Mon. I think you live there, Gaylove.

Gay. I have pretty much lately; for to let you into a secret, George, I have a mistress there.

Mon. What has the captain infected you, that you are so open hearted? or is this a particular mark of your confidence in me?

Gay. Neither. It is impossible it should be a secret long, and I am not asham'd of having an honourable passion for a woman, from which I hope to reap better fruits than the captain usually proposes from his amours.

Mon. I rather fear thou wilt find worse. These sort of gentlemen are the only persons who engage with women without danger. The reputation of an amour is what they propose, and what they generally effect: for, as they indulge their vanity at the price of all that is dear to a woman, the world is good-natur'd

enough to make one person ridiculously happy, at the expense of making another seriously miserable.

Gay. Hang 'em! I believe they screen more reputations than they hurt——I fancy women, by an affected intimacy with these fellows, have diverted the world from discovering a good substantial amour in another place.

Mon. Do you think so? then I would advise you to introduce my kinsman here to Mrs. Raffler.

Gay. Are there reputations there, then, that want cloaks?

Mon. Ha, ha, ha!

Gay. Nay, pr'ythee tell me seriously, for the deuce take me, if these two years' retirement hath not made me such a stranger to the town——

Mon. Then, seriously, I think there is no cloak wanted; for a fond, credulous husband is the best cloak in the world. And if a man will put his horns in his pocket, none will ever pick his pocket of 'em——If he will be so good as to be very easy under being a cuckold, the good-natur'd world will suffer his wife to be easy under making him one.

Gay. A word to the wise, George—But, faith! thou hast inform'd me of what I did not expect before.

Mon. The wise do not want a word to inform them of what they knew before.

Gay. What dost thou mean?

Mon. Then in a word, my close friend, this mighty secret, which you have discover'd to me, I knew some time before. Nay, and I can tell you another thing—the world knows it.

Gay. Let 'em know it. I am so far from being asham'd of my passion, that I'm vain of my choice.

Mon. Ha, ha, ha! this is excellent in a fellow of thy sense! I shall begin shortly to look on the captain as no extraordinary character——Vain of your choice!

Ha, ha, ha! now am I vain of my good-nature——for I could so reduce that vanity of yours!

Gay. I suppose thou art prepar'd with some cool lecture of modern economy. I know thee to be one of those who are afraid to be happy out of the road of right wisdom: I tell thee, George, let the world say what they will, there is more true happiness in the folly of love than in all the wisdom of philosophy.

Mon. Ha, ha, ha!

Gay. It is the fashion of the world to laugh at a man who owns his passion, and thou art a true follower of the world.

Mon. Thou art a follower of the world, I am sure. You must be modest, indeed, to be asham'd of your passion, since you have such multitudes to keep you in countenance.

Gay. So much the better. Rivals keep a man's passion up; it gives continual new pleasure in the arms of a mistress to think half the coxcombs in the town are sighing for what you are in possession of.

Mon. Ay, faith, and the gallant has a pleasure sometimes to think the husband is in possession of what he is weary of.

Gay. How the happy man triumphs in his heart, when he sees his woman walking through a crowd of fellows in the mall, or a drawing-room, some sighing, some ogling; all envying him: and retiring immediately to toast her at the next tavern.

Mon. When he wishes himself, as heartily as they do themselves, with her, which perhaps some of them are in their turn. And I would not have you too sure, that may not be your case.

Gay. Pugh! you have heard Spark talk of her, I suppose; or heard her talk'd of for Spark——I should be no more jealous of her with him, than with one

of her own sex. Now, in my opinion, a squirrel is a more dangerous rival than a beau; for he is more liable to share her heart, and——

Mon. Why, this is a good credulous marriageable opinion, and would sit well on a husband.

Gay. Well! and I see no terrors in that name.

Mon. Nor I neither. I think it a good, harmless name. Besides, the Colonel is a rare instance of the contrary. If a man can be happy in marriage, I dare swear he is: his wife is young, handsome, witty, and constant—in his opinion.

Gay. And that is the same as if she were so in reality; for if a man be happy in his own opinion, I see little reason why he should trouble himself about the world's.

Mon. Or suppose she were inconstant, if she is fond of you while you are with her, why should you like her the less? I don't see why he is not as selfish who would love by himself, as he who would drink by himself. Sure he is a nice and a dull sot, who quarrels with his wine, because another drinks out of the same cask. Nay, perhaps, it were better to have two or three companions in both, and would prevent the glass coming round too fast.

Gay. Thou art in a strange whimsical humour to-day. I fancy something has disturb'd you.

Mon. No, faith! though something has happen'd which might have disturbed another—I have been discarded this morning. Here's my discharge, do you know the hand? [*Giving the letter.*

Gay. Hum——*I suppose you will be surpris'd——woman——imprudent——a passion——convinc'd—falsest of mankind*——

Mon. His countenance does not alter—He does not know her hand, sure. [*Aside.*

Gay. [*Reading*] *Friend you are to Mrs. Raffler*—the devil.

Mon. What think you now?

Gay. Think! that thou art a happy man.

Mon. I hope, then, you will not interfere with my happiness.

Gay. Not I, upon my honour.

Mon. Thou art an obliging, good-natur'd fellow; and now I will wait on you where you please to dinner.

Gay. I have a short visit to make, but will meet you any where at three.

Mon. At the Key and Garter, if you please.

Gay. I will be there, adieu. [*Exit.*

Mon. This cool reception of my letter ill agrees with the warm professions he made before. Nor did he shew a sufficient surprise——she certainly had acquainted him with it: it is natural to suppose, her fear, that I might discover it to him, might set her on trying to be beforehand. And yet this behaviour in Gaylove is not agreeable to his nature, which I know to be rather too open. I will find the bottom of this out—I will see her in the afternoon myself—damn her! I was weary of the affair, and she has found out the only way to renew my eagerness—the whole pleasure of life is pursuit:

> Our game though we are eager to embrace,
> The pleasure's always over with the chase.

ACT II.—SCENE I.

SCENE, SIR SIMON'S *House.*

Enter LADY RAFFLER, *and* MRS. RAFFLER.

LADY RAFFLER.

NEVER tell me, sister, it is notorious that a woman of my virtue, and discretion, and prudence, should be eternally tormented with the suspicions of a jealous-pated husband.

Mrs. Raf. I own it, but I only propose to you the best method to quiet them. You cannot alter his nature, and if you would condescend to flatter it a little, you would make your life much easier.

Lady Raf. I flatter it! I assure you, I shan't. If my virtue be not clear enough of itself, I shall use no art to make it so.—Must I give a husband an account of all my words and actions? must I satisfy his groundless fears? I am no such poor-spirited wretch; and I solemnly declare, if I knew any one thing that would make him more jealous than another, I would do it.

Mrs. Raf. Then you would do wrong, my dear, and only revenge your husband's jealousy on yourself.

Lady Raf. Sister, sister, don't preach up any of your maxims to me. If the Colonel was of Sir Simon's temper, you would lead a worse life than I do.

Mrs. Raf. Indeed, you are mistaken; if my husband was as jealous, and as cunning as the devil, I would engage to make an arrant ass of him.

Lady Raf. You would make another sort of a beast of him.

Mrs. Raf. I don't tell you that. But if I should he had better be so than suspect it; his horns would hurt him less on his forehead than in his eyes.

Lady Raf. I wonder you can talk such stuff to me, I can't bear to hear it; the very name of whore makes me swoon; if any set of words could ever raise the devil, that single word would do more than all.

Mrs. Raf. Dear sister, don't be so outrageously virtuous.

Lady Raf. It would be well for you if the Colonel had a little of Sir Simon's temper. I can't help telling you there are some actions of your life which I am far from approving.

Mrs. Raf. Come, don't be censorious. I never refused giving my husband an account of any of my actions, when he desires it; and that is more than you can say.

Lady Raf. My actions give an account of themselves, I am not afraid of the world's looking into 'em.

Mrs. Raf. Take my word for it, child, pure nature won't do, the world will easily see your faults, but your virtues must be shewn artfully, or they will not be discover'd. Art goes beyond nature; and a woman who has only virtue in her face will pass much better through the world than she who has it only in her heart.

Lady Raf. I don't know what you mean, Madam, I am sure my conduct has been always careful of appearances; but as for the suspicions of my husband, I despise; and neither can nor will give myself any trouble about 'em.

Mrs. Raf. Soh! here he comes, and I suppose we shall have the usual dialogue.

Enter SIR SIMON.

Sir Sim. Your servant, ladies! why, you are at home

early to-day. What, could you find no diversions in town? is there no opera-rehearsal, no auctions, no mall?

Lady Raf. No, none: besides, my sister had a mind to be at home.

Sir Sim. You need not have said that, my dear, I should not have suspected you.

Lady Raf. I think, I seldom give you reason of suspecting my fondness for my own house.

Sir Sim. No, nor of anything else. I am not jealous of you, my dear.

Lady Raf. It would give me no uneasiness, if you was.

Sir Sim. I am not jealous even of Captain Spark.

Lady Raf. Captain Spark? who is he?

Sir Sim. Though he is a very pretty gentleman, and is very agreeable company.

Lady Raf. I long to see him mightily. Won't you invite him hither, my dear?

Sir Sim. Why should I invite him, when you can meet him at an auction as well?—Besides, it seems, he is not proper company for me, or you would not have shuffled him away yesterday when I came. You need not have taken such care to hide him, I should not have been jealous of him, my dear.

Mrs. Raf. This must be some strange chimera of his own: no such person was with us. [*Aside.*

Lady Raf. No, my dear, I know you would not, though he is a very pretty fellow.

Sir Sim. The devil take all such pretty fellows; with all my heart and soul. [*Aside.*

Lady Raf. Don't you know, sister, he is the most witty, most entertaining creature in the world?

Mrs. Raf. Think whom so?

Lady Raf. Oh, the captain,—captain,—what's his name?

Sir Sim. Captain Spark, Madam. I'll assist you.

Lady Raf. Ay, Captain Spark.

Mrs. Raf. I know no Captain Spark, nor was any such person with us yesterday.

Lady Raf. Don't believe her, my dear.

Sir Sim. No, my dear, I shall not, I assure you. But do you think this right, my dear?

Lady Raf. What right?

Sir Sim. Why being particular with an idle, rakehelly young fellow.

Lady Raf. Sir Simon, I shall not have my company prescribed to me by any one. I will keep what company I please, I shall answer to the world for my actions.

Sir Sim. Yes, Madam, I am to answer to the world for your actions too—I am most concern'd to see that you act right, since I must bear the greater part of the shame, if you don't.

Lady Raf. Sir, this is a usage I can't bear, nor I won't bear! trouble not me with your base, groundless suspicions: I believe the whole world is sensible how unworthy you are of a woman of my virtue; but, henceforth, whenever any of these chimeras are rais'd in your head, I shall leave you to lay them at your leisure. [*Exit.*

Sir Sim. Is not this intolerable? is not this insufferable? this is the comfortable state that a man is wish'd joy of by his friends; and yet no man wishes a man joy of being condemn'd, or of getting the plague. But when a man is married, Give you joy, Sir, cries one fool, I wish you joy, says another; and thus the wretch is usher'd into the gallies, with the same triumph as he could be exalted with to the empire of the Great Mogul.

Mrs. Raf. You yourself make it so, brother; if you had less jealousy in your temper, or Lady Raffler more

complaisance, you might be very happy—You torment yourself with groundless fears, and she depends on her own innocence, and will not quiet them. This was the case just now: for whatever put this Captain Spark into your head, I will take my oath she spoke to no such man at the auction.

Sir Sim. You are a trusty confidante, I find—but I had it from his own mouth.

Mrs. Raf. What had you from his own mouth?

Sir Sim. What! why, that my wife was a tall woman.

Mrs. Raf. Ha, ha, ha! a very good reason to be jealous, indeed.

Sir Sim. Yes, Madam, and that she was a fair woman.

Mrs. Raf. Well, and—Ha, ha, ha!

Sir Sim. Look ye, sister, if he had told me this at first, I should not have regarded it; but I pumpt it out of him. He is a very close fellow, and proper to be trusted with a secret, I can tell you; for he told me just the contrary; but truth will out, sister; besides, did you not hear my wife confess it?

Mrs. Raf. That was only in revenge, to plague you.

Sir Sim. A very charitable good sort of a lady, truly.

Mrs. Raf. I wish she was of my temper, brother, and would give you satisfaction in everything—For my part, I own, if I was your wife, your jealousy would give me no pain, and I should take a pleasure in quieting it: I should never be uneasy at your enquiring into any of my actions—I should rather take it for a proof of your love, and be the fonder of you for it.

Sir Sim. Yes, Madam, but I do not desire my wife should be like you, neither.

Mrs. Raf. Why so, brother? what do you dislike in me?

Sir Sim. Truly, Madam, that rendezvous of fellows you continually keep at your house, and which, if your husband was of my mind——

Mrs. Raf. He would be jealous of, I suppose?

Sir Sim. Particularly that tall fellow, who breakfasts here, dines here, sups here, and I believe lies here, or will lie here very shortly.

Mrs. Raf. Hold, brother, I desire you would not grow scurrilous; no wonder my sister can't bear with this cursed temper of yours.

Sir Sim. What can a marry'd woman mean by an intimacy with any other but her husband?

Mrs. Raf. What's that to you, brother? who made you the inquisitor of my actions? Do you think to call me to an account, as you do your wife? Oh! if I was married to such a jealous—If I did not give him enough of his jealousy in one week, if I did not make him heartily weary on't——

Sir Sim. Oh rare! this is the woman that would take a pleasure in satisfying her husband's doubts.

Mrs. Raf. Look ye, Sir Simon, your temper is so intolerable, that you are the by-word of every one; the whole town compassionates my sister's case, and if I was she, if a virtuous woman could not content you, you should have your content another way—if you would have an account of every thing I did, I would do something worth giving you an account of.

Sir Sim. I believe it, I easily believe it. It is very plain who is my wife's counsellor—But I shall take care to get some better advice; for I will not be a cuckold if I can help it, Madam.

Enter CLARINDA.

Cla. There's my poor Lady Raffler within in the most terrible way——She has taken a whole bottle of harts-

horn to keep up her spirits. It has thrown me into the vapours to see her in such a condition, and she won't tell me what's the matter with her.

Mrs. Raf. Can you have liv'd a fortnight in the house, and want to know it? Sir Simon has abus'd her in the most barbarous manner. You are a wicked man.

Cla. I am sure she is one of the best of women in the world.

Mrs. Raf. Any one but a brute might be happy with such a wife.

Cla. He that can't, I am sure can be happy with no woman.

Mrs. Raf. Oh! that I had but a jealous husband for one month.

Cla. Heav'n forbid I should ever have one.

Sir Sim. So the enemy is reinforced, and bravery can hold out no longer.

Cla. Dear uncle, you shall go and comfort her, and ask her pardon.

Mrs. Raf. She is too good if she forgives such base suspicions.

Cla. I am sure she never gave you any reason for them. I don't believe she would do any thing to bring her conduct into question for the world.

Mrs. Raf. She is too cautious. If I was in her case, I'd make the house too hot for him.

Sir Sim. So it is already. Who's there? bring my chariot this instant, or if that be not ready, get me a chair, get me any thing, that will convey me away.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Madam, Mr. Gaylove desires to know if you are at home.

Mrs. Raf. Yes, I shall be glad to see him.

Sir Sim. Heav'n be prais'd, my wife is not in a condition to see company. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Raf. Here's a picture of matrimony for you, dear Clarinda: what say you now to a coach and six with such a husband?

Cla. That I had rather walk on foot all the days of my life.

Mrs. Raf. What difference is there between Mr. Gaylove's temper, and your uncle's! how happy would a woman be with him!

Cla. I am not sure of that—Men often appear before marriage different creatures from what they are after it ——Besides, there is something in him so——something so—In short, something in him I don't like, and of all women in the world I shall never envy Mrs. Gaylove.

Mrs. Raf. That's a lie, I am sure [*Aside*]. Nay, the man is agreeable enough, he is genteel.

Cla. I don't think so.

Mrs. Raf. He has a great deal of wit.

Cla. Then he has wisdom enough to keep it to himself.

Mrs. Raf. And the best-natur'd creature in the world.

Cla. It is very good-natur'd in you to think him so.

Mrs. Raf. Ha, ha, ha! Indeed and so it would. For I have been only telling you the opinion of the world. In my own, he has none of these qualities: and I wonder how the world came ever to give them to him.

Cla. So do I, if he does not deserve them; for the world seldom errs on that side the question.

Mrs. Raf. And yet it does in him. For to me he is the most disagreeable creature on earth.

Cla. Well, I cannot be of your opinion—there is somewhat in his countenance, when he smiles, so extremely good-humoured; I love dearly to see him smile

——and his eyes laugh so comically, and have so much sweetness in them. Then he is the most entertaining creature upon earth, and I have heard some very good-natured actions of his too. The world, I dare swear, does not think one whit better of him than he deserves.

Mrs. Raf. Oh, say you so, Madam?

Enter GAYLOVE *and* MONDISH.

Oh! here he is—Are you there too?

Gay. Ladies, your servant—To find Mrs. Raffler at home, and without company at this high visiting season, is so surprising.

Mrs. Raf. Lard, I suppose you think us like those country ladies you have lately conversed with, who never owe a visit at the week's-end to any of their husbands' tenants' wives——Do you think we have nothing else to do in this sweet town, but to ride about the streets to see if the knockers of the people's doors are fast?——Indeed you have here and there a country-gentlewoman (her husband being sent up to parliament for the sake of his country, and the destruction of his family) who drives regularly round the town to see the streets, and her acquaintance and relations, that she may know when she may be sure of meeting some one to curtsy to at the drawing-room. And once a week very charitably gives her horses rest at the expense of her wax-candles; when she sits in her own dining-room, chair-woman of a committee of fools, to criticise on fashions, and register the weather.

Gay. But, I think, it is a pity so good a custom is left off; if it were only for the better propagation of scandal.

Mrs. Raf. What signifies scandal, when no one is asham'd of doing what they have a mind to?

Gay. Yes, there is some pleasure in spreading it, when it is not true. For though no one is asham'd of doing what they have a mind to, they may be asham'd of being suppos'd to do what they have no mind to.

Mrs. Raf. I know very few people who are asham'd of any thing.

Mon. I believe, Madam, none of your acquaintance have any reason for that passion.

Mrs. Raf. Are you sure of that?

Mon. None who have at present that honour at least ——For I have that good opinion of you, that such a discovery would soon banish them from it.

Mrs. Raf. That, I believe, you have seen a very late instance of.

Cla. Well, since you are so solicitous about the song, if you will go with me to the spinnet, you shall hear it. My playing, Madam, I am sure, is not worth your hearing. But since this creature will not let me be at quiet——

Mrs. Raf. Lard, child, I believe you do not want so much entreaty. I think one can never be at quiet for you, and your music.

Cla. Madam, I ask your pardon. Come, Mr. Gaylove. [*Exeunt*

Mon. I receiv'd a letter from you this morning, Madam, but of a nature so different from some I have had from you, that I could wish your hand had been counterfeited.

Mrs. Raf. To save you the trouble of a long speech, I sent you a letter, and the last I ever intend to send you; since I find it has not the effect I desir'd, which was to prevent my ever seeing your face again.

Mon. So cruel a banishment, so sudden, and so unexpected, ought surely to have some reasons given for it.

Mrs. Raf. Ask your own heart, that can suggest 'em to you.

Mon. My heart is conscious of no other than what is too often a reason to your sex for exercising all manner of tyranny over us: too much fondness——

Mrs. Raf. Fondness! impudence! to pretend fondness to a woman, after a week's neglect——Did I not meet you at an assembly, where you made me a bow as distant as if we had been scarce acquainted, or rather, as if we were weary of our acquaintance?

Mon. Was not that hundred-eyed monster of jealousy, Sir Simon, with you? Do you object my care of your reputation to want of fondness?

Mrs. Raf. The old excuse for indifference. I wonder men have not contrived to make it scandalous for their wives to be seen with 'em, that they might have an excuse to them too! 'Tis likely indeed that you should have more care of my reputation than I myself! It was not the jealousy of my husband, but my rival you was aware of; and yet you was not so tender of her reputation, but that I discover'd her.

Mon. Excellent justice! for since I am to be punish'd for your falsehood, it is but just I should be convicted of it. My sweet! what would I give to believe what you are endeavouring to persuade me—— Come, I will assist you with all my force of credulity; for was your opinion of my falsehood real, I would give you such convincing proofs to the contrary—But your love to another is no more a secret to me than it is that I owe to that your slights, your letter, and your cruel, unjust accusation.

Mrs. Raf. Insupportable insolence! A husband may plead a title to be jealous; our love is his due—but a wretch who owes his happiness to our free gift—

Mon. Faith, I think otherwise. Love to a husband is a tradesman's debt, the law gives him the security of your person for it; but love to a gallant is a debt of honour, which every gentlewoman is oblig'd to pay—It would be a treasure indeed finely bestow'd on such a husband as yours.

Mrs. Raf. I am henceforth resolv'd to give it to no other. I am so much oblig'd to his good opinion, I should hate myself if I did not try to deserve it—and by thinking me honest, he shall keep me so.

Mon. He must know less than I who is so impos'd on. But you shall not keep my rival a secret from me, be assur'd you shall not—I'll haunt you with that constant assiduity, you shall not speak to a man without my knowledge——You shall find that the jealousy of twenty husbands is not equal to that of one abus'd gallant.

Mrs. Raf. Villain! was it not you that ruin'd me, that deceiv'd me, that robb'd me of my virtue?

Mon. How have I robb'd you? How deceiv'd you? Have I not paid you the price of your virtue, eternal constancy? Have I not met your passion still with fresh desires? Has not each stolen meeting been a scene of joy, which eager bridegrooms might envy? What have I done to disoblige you; or what has another done to oblige you more? Have I been outbid in fondness? Has some fresh lover burnt with warmer passion? Has some beau drest himself into your heart, or some wit talk'd himself into it? Be generous, and confess what has ruin'd me in that dear bosom, and do not cruelly throw it on a poor harmless husband.

Mrs. Raf. Good-manners should oblige you to mention him with more civility to me.

Mon. And after what has pass'd between us, I think

you should mention him to me with less. Besides, I think you have sometimes been of my opinion.

Mrs. Raf. Women, you know, are subject to change, and I may think better of him, as well as worse of you.

Mon. This is trifling with my passion, the cruelest insult you can put upon it.——But I will find out my rival, and will be reveng'd.

Mrs. Raf. Reveng'd! ha! ha!

Enter COLONEL RAFFLER.

Mon. Death and torments!

Col. Raf. Heyday! What, are they acting a tragedy?

Mrs. Raf. And how will you be reveng'd, sweet Sir, if you should find him out——or why should you desire it? The man acts like a man, and does by you, as you have done by another.

Mon. This usage would justify any thing. My own honour secures me, Madam.

Mrs. Raf. I hope you would not tell my husband ——but he would not believe it if you did.

Mon. Harkye, Madam, the town will—

Col. Raf. Hold, hold, I must interpose—If you will quarrel, let it be at a distance—What will I not believe? I'll tell you what I believe; that you are in the wrong.

Mrs. Raf. Ay, ay, you will take his part, to be sure.

Col. Raf. Mr. Mondish is a friend of mine, and it is strange that you are eternally quarreling with all my friends.

Mrs. Raf. I desire then, Sir, you would keep your friends to yourself, for I shall not endure their impertinence; so I'll leave you together——But I must tell your friend one thing before I go, that I desire I may never see his face again—— [*Exit.*

Col. Raf. All this a man must bear that is marry'd.

Mon. Ay, and a great deal more than this too.

Col. Raf. Why, it is true——and yet have a good wife——I have the best wife in the world, but women have humours.

Mon. Pox take their humours! let their husbands bear 'em. Must we pay the price of another's folly? ——In short, Colonel, I am the most unfit person in the world for that gentle office you have assign'd me, of entertaining your lady in your absence. Besides, I'll tell you a secret——It is impossible to be very intimate and well with a woman, without making love to her.

Col. Raf. Well; and why don't you make love to her? Ha, ha! make love to her, indeed! she'd love you, I believe, she'd give you enough of making love.

Mon. Why, do you think no one has made love to her, then?

Col. Raf. I think nothing, I am sure no one ever has, for I am sure if they had, she would have told me. Perhaps that's a secret you don't know, that she never kept one secret from me in her life. I am certain, if it were possible for her to make me a cuckold, she would tell me on't; and it is an excellent thing to have such a security that one is not one——dear Mondish do——make love to my wife, I beseech you.

Mon. Excuse me, dear Colonel——but I'll do as well, I'll recommend one to you that shall.

Col. Raf. Ay, who is he?

Mon. What think you of Mr. Gaylove? Beside, I believe it will please your lady better.

Col. Raf. Ha, ha, ha! I could die with laughing, ha, ha, ha; this is the man now that knows the world, and mankind, and womankind. You have happen'd to

name the very man whom she detests of all men breathing. She told me so this very morning.

Mon. Then I am satisfy'd. Damnation and hell! Now can I scarce forbear telling this fellow he is a cuckold to his face——'sdeath I have hit of a way. [*Aside.*] Harkye, Colonel, you have put a very pleasant conceit into my head. I think I have heard you say you have great pleasure in seeing the disdain your lady shews to all mankind——now I have the same pleasure——suppose therefore it was possible to work up Gaylove to make his addresses to her, and you and I could convey ourselves where we might see her treat him as he deserves.

Col. Raf. I like it vastly: how I shall hug myself all the while, I know exactly how she will behave to him. I shall certainly die with pleasure; let me tell you, my dear Sir, let me tell you, there is a great deal of pride in having a virtuous wife.

Mon. If brilliants were not scarce they would not be valuable: And virtue in a wife perhaps may be valu'd for the same reason.

Col. Raf. But do you think he can be brought to it?

Mon. I warrant him, he has vanity enough to be easily persuaded that a woman may be fond of him, and gallantry enough not to let her fondness be thrown away.

Col. Raf. I am charm'd with the contrivance. But he must never know that I knew any thing of the matter. I shan't know how to behave to him if he should.

Mon. You may learn from half your acquaintance. How many husbands do we see caressing men, whose intrigues with their wives they must be blinder than darkness itself not to see! It is a civil communicative age we live in, Colonel. And it is no more a breach of friendship to make use of your wife than of your chariot.

Col. Raf. It is a devilish cuckolding age, that's the truth on't, and heaven be prais'd I am out of fashion.

Mon. Ay, there's the glory; wealth, power, ev'ry thing is known by comparison; were all women virtuous, you would not taste half of your blessing. The joy, the pride, the triumph is to see

The ills a neighbour in a wife endures,
And have a wife as good and chaste as yours.

ACT III.—SCENE I.

SCENE, *a Street.*

MONDISH, GAYLOVE.

GAYLOVE.

And art thou really in earnest? and art thou perfectly sure she has this passion for me?

Mon. Thou art blind thyself, or thou must have discover'd it; all her looks, words, actions, betray it.

Gay. Thou art a nice observer, George, and perhaps in this case, your own passion may heighten your suspicion; I know thy temper is inclin'd to jealousy.

Mon. Far from it; I never doubt the affections of a woman while she is kind, nor ever think any more of 'em when she grows otherwise. Women undoubtedly are blessings to us, if we do not ourselves make 'em otherwise. I have just love enough to assist 'em in giving me pleasure, but not to put it into their power to give me pain; and I could with as much ease see thee in the arms of Mrs. Raffler, as of any woman in town.

Gay. Wouldst thou? she's young, handsome, and witty, and faith! I could almost as soon wish myself there. 'Tis true, I have an honourable engagement; but a man's having settled his whole estate, should not prevent his being charitable, George.

Mon. Especially when what he bestows does not hurt his estate.

Gay. Very true; therefore, if I was sure the lady was in necessity, I don't know how far my good-nature might carry me, for the devil take me if I am not one of the best-natured creatures in the world.

Mon. I think I am acting a very good-natur'd part too; a man is oblig'd in honour to provide for a cast mistress, but I do more, I provide for a mistress who has cast me off.

Gay. I begin to suspect thou hast some design of making me an instrument in your reconciliation; I don't see how my addresses can be of any use to you; but if they can, they are at your service.

Mon. I thank you with all my heart; they serve me at least, so far, as to discover whether you are my innocent rival, or whether I am to seek for him elsewhere: besides, if you are really the person, and don't care to be charitable, as you call it, by playing Captain Spark with her, you may pique her back again to me.

Gay. Ha, ha, ha!

Mon. Prithee what dost thou laugh at?

Gay. To see so cool a lover as thou art, who carest for a woman no longer than she is kind, take such pains to get her again, after she has jilted you.

Mon. Pshaw! that——I——well——

Gay. Ha, ha, ha!

Mon. You are merry, Sir,——But I would not have you think I have any love for her——She has hurt my pride; 'tis that, and not my love that I want to cure

——Damn her! if I had her but in my power; could I but triumph over her, I should have the end of my desires; and then, if her husband, or the town, or the devil had her, it would give me no pain.

Gay. I dare swear thou wilt use thy power very gently. I shall sup there this evening, and if I have an opportunity with her, I'll do thee all the service I can, though I can't promise to behave exactly up to the character of Captain Spark, if she should be very kind.

Mon. Well, make use of your victory as you please.

Gay. But methinks you take a preposterous way. Would it not be better to alarm her with another mistress?

Mon. That, perhaps, I intend too.

Gay. I have overstaid my time with you,—besides I see one coming for whose company I have no great relish—So, your servant. [*Exit.*

Mon. Whom? O, Sir Simon. I'll avoid him too.

Enter SIR SIMON.

Sir Sim. Mr. Mondish, Mr. Mondish—is there any thing frightful in me, that you run away from me? I fancy my horns are out, and people think I shall butt at 'em——As for that handsome gentleman, who sneak'd off so prettily, I shall not go after him; and I wish I may have seen the last of him, with all my heart——Is he an acquaintance of yours, pray? for I saw you speak to him.

Mon. Ay, Sir Simon.

Sir Sim. I am sorry for it; I am sorry you keep such company.

Mon. How so, Sir Simon? he's a man of honour, I hope.

Sir Sim. Oh, a man of very nice honour, I dare answer for him, and one who lies with every man's wife he comes near.

Mon. Indeed I fear he has been guilty of some small offences that way.

Sir Sim. Small offences! and yet to break open a house, and rob on the highway are great offences. A man that robs me of five shillings is a rogue, and to be hang'd; but he that robs me of my wife is a fine gentleman, and a man of honour.

Mon. The laws should be severer on these occasions.

Sir Sim. The laws should give us more power over our wives. If a man was to carry his treasure about openly among thieves, I believe the laws would be very little security to him.

Mon. And as to prevent robbing, they have put down all night-houses, and other places of rendezvous; so to prevent cuckoldom, we should put down all assemblies, balls, operas, plays, in short, all the public places.

Sir Sim. Ay, ay, public places, as they call 'em, are intended only to give people an opportunity of getting acquainted, and appointing to meet in private places.

Mon. An assembly, Sir Simon, is an exchange for cuckoldom, where the traders meet, and make their bargains, and then adjourn to a private room to sign and seal.

Sir Sim. Mr. Mondish, I know you are my friend, there has been a long acquaintance and friendship between our families, I shall tell you, therefore, what I would not tell any other living. I have not the least jealousy in my temper, but I have a wife that would make the devil jealous——Oh, here comes the man I have been looking after.

Mon. Sir Simon, your humble servant.

Sir Sim. Nay, but stay a moment.

Mon. I have business of consequence, and can't possibly—Your humble servant. [*Exit.*

Sir Sim. Well, your servant.

Enter CAPTAIN SPARK.

What in the name of mischief is he reading? A letter from my wife, I suppose.

Capt. Spark. Sir, your most humble servant——I think I had the honour of seeing you at my cousin Mondish's this morning.

Sir Sim. Yes, Sir,—and I should be glad to have the honour of seeing you hang'd this afternoon. [*Aside.*

Capt. Spark. Pray, Sir, what's o'clock? because I have an engagement at six.

Sir Sim. Oh, Sir, it wants considerably of that; but perhaps your engagement is with a lady, and that makes the time longer.

Capt. Spark. Why, faith! to be sincere with you, it is; but I beg you would not mention that to any body; though, if you should, as long as you don't know her name, there's no reputation hurt.

Sir Sim. I suppose, Captain, it is she whom you met at the auction.

Capt. Spark. How the devil came you to guess that? !

Sir Sim. Well, but I have guess'd right.

Capt. Spark. I am not oblig'd to tell—but this I will tell you, Sir, you have a very good knack at guessing. And yet I will shew you her christian name, and lay you a wager you don't find out her sirname.

Sir Sim. Anne, the devil! It is not my wife's hand, but it is her name.

Capt. Spark. Hold, Sir, that is not fair.

Sir Sim. Let me but see the two first letters of her sirname.

Capt. Spark. To oblige you, you shall——but if you should guess afterwards, you are a man of honour.

Sir Sim. Sir, I am satisfied——I am the happiest man

in the world——dear Captain, I give you ten thousand thanks. You have quieted my curiosity. I thought, by your description this morning, you had meant another lady.

Capt. Spark. Whom did you think?

Sir Sim. Really I thought the lady's name was Raffler, whom you describ'd.

Capt. Spark. Mrs. Raffler, indeed, ha, ha!

Sir Sim. Why, do you know Mrs. Raffler?

Capt. Spark. Know her, ay, who the devil does not know her?

Sir Sim. What, what, what do you know of her?

Capt. Spark. Pugh, know of her! ha, ha! Lard help you, know of her indeed——and with a grave face, as if you had never heard any thing of us two.

Sir Sim. My brother is an arrant downright cuckold. I never was better pleas'd with any news in my life.

Capt. Spark. Is she a relation of yours, that you are so anxious?

Sir Sim. No, Sir, no, no relation of mine, upon my honour. I have some acquaintance with a lady of her name, one Lady Raffler.

Capt. Spark. Ay, that's a good one, too.

Sir Sim. What, do you know my Lady Raffler?

Capt. Spark. Yes, I think I do. Ha, ha, ha,—faith, I remember that woman, a very fine woman; nay, she's well enough still, I can't help saying I like her better than her sister.

Sir Sim. I suppose you have had them both.

Capt. Spark. Who I? ha, ha, ha! no, no, neither of 'em; you are the most suspicious person, though I believe the world has talk'd pretty freely. But, ha, ha! the world you know is a censorious world, and yet, pox take the women! they owe more discoveries to their own imprudence. I never had a woman fond of me in my

life, that was able to conceal it; if I had had her, it might have been a secret for me.

Sir Sim. Well, Sir, it is no secret, I assure you—ten thousand devils take 'em both! [*Aside.*

Capt. Spark. I defy any one to say he ever heard me brag of my amours, and yet I have had a few.

Sir Sim. And you have had Lady Raffler then?

Capt. Spark. No, that's too much to own.

Sir Sim. Not at all; no one is asham'd to own their amours now——fine gentlemen talk of women of quality in the same manner as of their laundresses. Besides, it is known already, you may own it, especially to me; for it shall go no farther, I assure you.

Capt. Spark. Well, then, in confidence that you are a man of honour, I will own it to you; yes, yes, I have, I have had her.

Sir Sim. Would the devil had had you. Now if I had the spirit of a worm, I would beat this fellow to death; but I think I have spirit enough to beat my wife. She shall pay for all; and that immediately. Your servant.

Capt. Spark. I hope you won't discover a word, since I place such confidence in you.

Sir Sim. Never fear me, Sir—I am much beholden to your confidence, I am very much beholden to you. Cuckolds! horns! daggers! fires and furies! [*Exit.*

Capt. Spark. The gentleman seems in a passion. Now don't I know what in the world to do with myself—hum, hum, I hear Clarinda's in town, I'll go try if I can't find her out. If I follow her but one fortnight here, the world will give me her for ever. [*Exit.*

Scene changes to SIR SIMON'S *House.*

Enter GAYLOVE, CLARINDA.

Cla. And so you have told Captain Spark I am in town; I am very much oblig'd to you.

Gay. It shews you, at least, I am not of Sir Simon's temper, not inclin'd to jealousy.

Cla. No, people are never jealous of what's indifferent to them.

Gay. Faith, I have no notion of being so at all; for if there can be no jealousy without fondness, I am sure I could never be fond of any woman who would give me reason to be jealous.

Cla. Yes, but some men are jealous without reason.

Gay. And some men are fond without any reason. The lover who can be the one, gives you shrewd cause of suspicion, that he may afterwards prove the other.

Cla. Well, then, I think I may suspect you will one day or other prove the most jealous husband in the universe.

Gay. I'll suffer you to speak what you don't think of yourself, since you just now spoke what you don't think of me, at least, what if I was assur'd you did think of me, I should be the most miserable creature breathing.

Cla. Hum, that may be my case too, I'm afraid.

[*Aside.*

Gay. I hope my actions hitherto have convinced you of the contrary; but if they have not, I desire no greater happiness than to complete your conviction by an undeniable one—nor do I see any reason, if indifference be not on your side, why you any longer deny the opportunity of giving it you.

Cla. I see you have a mind to divert yourself.

Gay. Oh, Clarinda! Diversion is too poor a word for my desires, they aim at such a height of happiness, such transcendent joys, yet none but what this dear breast should be a partaker of.

Enter LADY RAFFLER, *and* MRS. RAFFLER.

Lady Raf. Heyday! what are you at romps, good people? I desire none of these games may be carry'd on in my house—If you have been bred up in the country to suffer these indecent familiarities, I desire you would leave 'em off, now you are under my roof.

Gay. I hope, Madam, I shall under no roof offer any thing which this lady may not justifiably suffer.

Lady Raf. Give me leave, Sir, to be judge what she ought to suffer. There's no good ever comes of romping and palming: I never gave my hand to any man without a glove——except Sir Simon.

Mrs. Raf. I wonder, Gaylove, how you can bear girls' company. Your wit is thrown away upon 'em; but all you creatures are so fond of green fruit.

Gay. So, I think she has giv'n me my cue. [*Aside.*

Cla. Lard, Madam, I know some girls that are as good company as any women in England.

Mrs. Raf. Indeed, Mrs. Pert, are you attempting to shew your wit?

Gay. She shows her bravery, Madam, in attacking the very woman of her sex that has the most.

Mrs. Raf. I fancy, then, she has more bravery than you have, Sir.

Gay. Gad, I am afraid so, too. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Raf. Fy, fy, that a man, celebrated for his wit, should put his wit to a girl.

Cla. I am no such girl, Madam, I don't see why a man should not put his wit to a girl, as well as to any one; as contemptuously as you speak of girls, I have

known some girls that have wit enough to be too hard for most men.

Mrs. Raf. Upon my word, Madam, you seem to come on finely, I don't know but you may be a very good match for him.

Lady Raf. Upon my word, if I mistake not, you come both very finely on—Well, the forwardness of some women! [*Aside.*

Mrs. Raf. Look ye, Sir, I am too generous to insult a man, who already appears to have been vanquish'd; but if you dare meet me another time this will give you instructions where I am to be found.

[*Aside. Giving him a letter.*

Cla. I am astonished at her impudence!——I can't bear it, to take him away from me before my face—I hate him too. He might be rude to her; he must be sure it would have pleased me.

Lady Raf. I desire the conversation may be more general—here's such whispering! Sister, I am surprised at you. This particularity with a young fellow is very indecent.

Enter SIR SIMON.

Sir Sim. Your servant, ladies, your very humble servant. What, but one poor gentleman amongst you all? And he too of our own family, for I think he does us the honour of making this house his own.

Gay. I have indeed, Sir, lately done myself that honour.

Sir Sim. Oh, Sir, you are too obliging—you are too complaisant indeed—you misplace the obligation—We are infinitely beholden to you, that you will take up with such entertainment as this poor house can afford—And I assure you you are very welcome to every thing in it—Every thing.

Gay. Sir, I know not how to return this favour; but I assure you there is that in it that will make me the happiest of mankind.

Sir Sim. That's my wife, I suppose——I shall have him ask her of me in a very little time; and he is a very civil fellow if he does——for most of the rascals, about this town, take our wives without asking us.

Lady Raf. I hope, my dear, you are in a better humour than when you went out to-day.

Sir Sim. Oh, my dear, I am in a pure good humour: I am quite satisfied in my mind.

Enter SERVANT. *Whispers* GAYLOVE.

Gay. Mr. Mondish, say you?

Serv. Yes, Sir.

Mrs. Raf. Mr. Gaylove, you sup here, I hope.

Gay. There's no fear, Madam, of my failing so agreeable an engagement. [*Exit.*

Sir Sim. Yes, my dear, I am so happy, so easy, so satisfied, the Colonel himself does not go beyond me. I have not the least doubt or jealousy, and if I was to see you and your sister in two hackney-coaches with each a young fellow, I should think no more harm than I do now.

Lady Raf. Indeed, my dear, I shall never give you the trial.

Sir Sim. Indeed I believe thee, my dear, thou art too prudent.

Lady Raf. How happy shall I be if this change in your temper continues! But pray what has wrought it so suddenly?

Sir Sim. What satisfies every reasonable man—I am convinced, I have found it out.

Lady Raf. What, my dear?

Sir Sim. Why, my dear, that I am a very honest, sober, fashionable gentleman, very fit to have a handsome wife, and to keep civil company. And that you are a very fine, fashionable, good-humour'd lady, fit to be married to a good honest husband, and mighty proper for any company whatsoever.

Mrs. Raf. This begins to have an ill aspect.

Lady Raf. I don't understand you.

Sir Sim. Nor Captain Spark neither, I dare swear.

Lady Raf. What do you tell me of Captain Spark for?

Sir Sim. You don't know him, I warrant you.

Lady Raf. Perhaps I do, what then?

Sir Sim. Nay, it is but grateful in you, not to deny your acquaintance with a gentleman who is so fond of owning an acquaintance with you.

Lady Raf. I hope I am acquainted with no gentleman who is asham'd of owning it.

Sir Sim. Lookye, Madam, he has told me all that ever past between you.

Lady Raf. Indeed! then he has a much better memory than I have, for he has told you more than I remember.

Mrs. Raf. Brother, this is some cursed suspicion of yours; she has no such acquaintance, I am confident; if she had, I must have known it.

Lady Raf. There is no occasion for your denying it, sister; I think Captain Spark a very civil, well-behaved man, and I shall converse with him, in spite of any jealous husband in England. (Though I never saw this fellow in my life, I am resolv'd not to deny his acquaintance, were I to be hang'd for it.) [*Aside.*

Cla. If all persons have my opinion of him, I think there is not more innocent company upon earth.

Sir Sim. Oh, ho, you are acquainted with him too,

and I dare swear, if I had asked him, he has had you too.

Mrs. Raf. In short, Sir Simon, you are a monster, to abuse the best of wives thus! the town shall ring of you for it.

Sir Sim. And Westminster-hall shall ring too, take my word for it.

Enter COLONEL RAFFLER.

Col. Raf. How now? What's the matter?

Mrs. Raf. The matter! the matter, my dear, is that Sir Simon is a brute, and has abus'd my poor sister for her intimacy with a man whom she never saw.

Sir Sim. Nor you never saw neither!

Mrs. Raf. Never to my knowledge, as I hope to be sav'd.

Sir Sim. You never saw Captain Spark?

Mrs. Raf. No, never.

Col. Raf. Who gives you authority to enquire, pray?

Sir Sim. The care of your honour, Sir,——nay don't look stern at me, Sir, for we are both——

Col. Raf. What! what are we both?

Sir Sim. Captain Spark's very humble servants—— a couple of useful persons which no fine gentleman should be without.

Col. Raf. Who is this Captain Spark, sister, do you know him?

Lady Raf. Lookye, brother, since you ask me, I will do that to satisfy you which he never should have extorted from me. Upon my honour I do not know him.

Mrs. Raf. Nor I, upon mine.

Col. Raf. Now are you not asham'd of yourself? Can you ever look the world in the face again, if this were known in it? If you was not my own brother.

I should know how to deal with you, for your suspicions of my wife. However, I insist on it, you immediately ask her pardon, and if you have any honour, you will do the same to your own.

Sir Sim. I ask their pardon!

Col. Raf. Ay, are you not fully convinced of being in the wrong? Have they not both solemnly attested, that they know no such person?

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Ladies, Captain Spark's below.

Sir Sim. Who? who? who? [*Very eagerly.*

Serv. Captain Spark.

Sir Sim. Tol, lol, lol, brother, your servant—— Ladies, your servant——I ask a thousand pardons—— tol, lol, lol; I believe I am at this moment the merriest cuckold in the universe.

Cla. Pray, desire the captain to walk in.

Sir Sim. Now, brother, I am a jealous-pated fool; I suppose, I am in the wrong, I am convicted, they don't know him. If a woman was to tell me the sun shone at noon day, I would not believe it.

Col. Raf. Well, here's a gentleman come to wait upon my niece, and what of that?

Enter CAPTAIN SPARK.

Sir Sim. 'Tis he, 'tis he, tol, lol, lol.

Capt. Spark. Miss Clarinda, your most obedient servant. Ladies, your most humble servant.—Oh, Sir, I did not expect to meet you here.

Sir Sim. No, I believe you did not. [*Aside.*

Capt. Spark. If I had known you had been in town sooner, Madam, I should have done myself the honour before.

Cla. And now, perhaps, this visit is not to me, but to the ladies.

Capt. Spark. Really, Madam, these ladies I have not the honour to be acquainted with.

Col. Raf. Oh, your servant, brother, I ask your pardon—who is convicted now?

Lady Raf. Unless at an auction, Captain; I have seen you there.

Capt. Spark. Madam, you do me too much honour; yes, Madam, I have indeed had the happiness—though the devil take me if I know when or where.

Sir Sim. Oh, I thought they would know one another by and by.

Lady Raf. I think you laid out a great deal of money that morning, Captain—You bid for almost every thing.

Capt. Spark. Yes, Madam, I am a pretty good customer to 'em generally. Either I have a damn'd short memory, or this lady wants a good one.

Mrs. Raf. I think, Captain, I ought to be affronted you don't remember me too, for I was at the same place with my sister.

Capt. Spark. Madam, I ask ten thousand pardons. Your most obedient servant, Madam. Harkye, Sir, will you be so good as to tell me, what these ladies' names are, for I have positively forgot.

Sir Sim. I am surprised at that, Sir; why, Sir, that is my good lady, my Lady Raffler—for your favours to whom, I am very much oblig'd to you; and the other, Sir, is Mrs. Raffler, wife to that gentleman, who is as much obliged to you for your civilities to her.

Capt. Spark. Soh, I'm in a fine way, faith—Oh, curse on my lying tongue! If I get well out of this amour, I will never have another as long as I live.

Sir Sim. Lookye, Sir, as for me, I'm an honest, sober

citizen, and shall take my revenge another way; but my brother here is a fighting man, and will return your favours as fighting men generally do return favours, by cutting your throat. Harkye, brother, you don't deserve it of me, yet I must let you know that this gentleman assur'd me to-day that he had done you the favour with your wife.

Mrs. Raf. With me!

Col. Raf. What favour?

Sir Sim. The favour, the only favour which fine gentlemen do such sort of people as us; but be not dejected, brother, I am your fellow-sufferer, he has had my wife too, he confess'd it to my face.

Capt. Spark. Not I, upon my soul, Sir—a likely thing I should say that I had an amour with a woman that I never saw before, to my knowledge!

Sir Sim. And have you the assurance to deny to my face——

Capt. Spark. I think, Sir, your assurance is greater, to assert a thing to my face, which I never said! I never named either of the ladies in my life.

Sir Sim. What, Sir! did not you mention Mrs. Raffler's name?

Capt. Spark. Mrs. Raffler! Oh, then it is out—What a confusion had the mistake of a name like to have occasioned! Ladies, I am under the greatest concern that I should be even the innocent occasion of the least uneasiness to you. But I believe, Sir, I shall end yours, when I have put myself to the blush, by confessing that it was only a Dutch lady of pleasure, whom I knew in Amsterdam, that caus'd your jealousy.

Sir Sim. What! and did you not name my Lady Raffler too?

Capt. Spark. Yes, sometimes she is call'd Mrs. Raffler, and sometimes my Lady Raffler.

Col. Raf. An impudent jade! ha, ha, ha! ay, it's common enough with 'em to have several names and titles——Come, come, brother, all you have to do is to ask pardon of the gentleman and your wife and mine—Are not you asham'd to put all the company into this confusion, because there is a woman of the town who wears the same name with your own wife?

Sir Sim. A man has some reason for confusion, though, let me tell you, when a gentleman who does not know him tells him to his face that he has lain with a woman, who wears the same name with his wife. And I think he may be excus'd if he thinks she wears the same clothes too.

Col. Raf. Sir, I am very sorry any thing of this nature should happen.

Capt. Spark. Oh, Sir, things of this nature are so usual with me, I beg no apology.

Sir Sim. Please Heav'n! I'll make a voyage to Holland, and search all the bawdy-houses in Amsterdam but I will find out whether there be such a woman or no.

Col. Raf. Come, brother, ask the gentleman's pardon —I am asham'd of you.

Sir Sim. Well, Sir, (I don't know how to do it) if I have injur'd you, I ask your pardon; and yet I can't help thinking still, it was my Lady Raffler you mention'd, and I believe you spoke truth too.

Capt. Spark. Sir, I can easily forgive you suspecting me to be the happiest person upon earth; if you have this lady's pardon, you have mine.

Sir Sim. What, is the rascal making love to her before my face? But I won't give him an opportunity of cutting my throat before her; for I would not willingly give her so much pleasure.

Cla. I believe, Madam, the Captain will make a fourth at quadrille.

Capt. Spark. You honour me too much, Madam; but if you will bear with a very bad player——

Lady Raf. Though I hate cards, I will play with him, if it will be only to torment my husband.

Mrs. Raf. This is opportune enough—I will set 'em together, and shall soon get some one to hold my cards, while I go to a better appointment. Come, if you will follow me, I'll conduct you to the cards. [*Exeunt.*

Manent SIR SIMON, *and* COLONEL RAFFLER.

Sir Sim. This is mighty pretty, mighty fine, truly. This is a rare country, and a rare age we live in, where a man is oblig'd to put his horns in his pocket, whether he will or no.

Col. Raf. Fie upon you, brother, fie upon you! For you, who have one of the most virtuous women in the world to your wife, to be thus tormenting yourself and her, your friends and every one, with those groundless suspicions, such unheard of jealousies!

Sir Sim. Sir, you injure me, if you call me jealous; I have not a grain of jealousy within me. I am not indeed so foolishly blind as you are.

Col. Raf. And you injure me, if you think I am not jealous: I am all over jealousy, and if there was but the least occasion to shew it——

Sir Sim. Occasion! why is not your wife at this very instant at cards with a young fellow?

Col. Raf. Well, Sir, and is not your wife with her?

Sir Sim. Sore against my will, I assure you——what, I suppose, you are one of those wise men, who think one woman is a guard upon another—Now, it is my opinion, that a plurality of women only tend to the making a plurality of cuckolds. Thieves, indeed, discover one another, because the discoverer often saves his life by it; but women do not save their reputation

after the same manner, and therefore every woman keeps her neighbours' secret, in order to have her own kept.

Col. Raf. Pshaw, Sir! I don't rely upon this, nor that, nor t'other, I rely upon my wife's virtue.

Sir Sim. Why truly, Sir, that is not relying upon this, nor that, nor t'other, for it is relying upon nothing at all.

Col. Raf. How, Sir, don't you think my wife virtuous? —Now, Sir, to shew you to your confusion, what an excellent creature this is: I gave her leave once to go to a masquerade, and followed her thither myself, where, though I knew her dress, I did not find her,—and where do you think she was? where do you think this good creature was? but at supper in private with a poor female relation of hers, who keeps a milliner's shop at St. James's.

Sir Sim. O lud! O lud! O lud!——and are you, brother, really wise enough to think she was there? Or if she was there, do you think she was alone with this poor female relation? who is a relation of mine too, I thank Heav'n, and is, I dare swear, as useful a woman as any in the parish of St. James's.

Col. Raf. Brother, you are!

Sir Sim. What am I, brother?

Col. Raf. I can bear this no longer. You are— I need not tell you, you know what you are——

Sir Sim. And I know what you are too, you are a cuckold, and so am I, I dare swear. Notwithstanding this evasion of the Captain's, however, it shall not rest so——If I am what I think, I will make an ample discovery of it; though if I was to find them in one another's arms, the poor husband would always be found in the wrong.

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

SCENE, SIR SIMON'S *House*.

MONDISH, COLONEL RAFFLER.

COLONEL RAFFLER.

Ha, ha, ha! This is excellent, this is delightful; and so the poor dog fell into the trap at once, and is absolutely persuaded my wife is fond of him.

Mon. That he is, I'll be answerable for him.

Col. Raf. How purely she'll use him, I would not be in his coat for a considerable sum; my only fear is that she'll do him a mischief——Lord! Lord! how far the vanity of young men will carry them. Methinks, too, he is not acting the handsomest part by me all this while, I think I ought to cut his throat seriously.

Mon. Oh, fie, Colonel, don't think of any thing of that nature, you know you have drawn him into it, and really Mrs. Raffler is so fine a woman, that such a temptation is not easily resisted.

Col. Raf. That's true, that's true, she is a fine woman, a very fine woman, I am not a little vain of her.

Mon. And so chaste, so constant, and so virtuous a woman, Colonel.

Col. Raf. They are blessings, indeed, very great blessings! I beg this thing may be kept a severe secret. For I should never be able to look her in the face again, if she should discover it; she would never forgive me.

Mon. For my own sake, Colonel, you may depend upon my keeping a secret. [*Looks on his watch.*] Ay,

it is now the hour of appointment, so if you will, we will go round the other way to the closet.

Col. Raf. With all my heart; I can't help hugging myself with the thought.

Mon. You will see more people hugg'd beside yourself, I believe. This is not the most generous action that I am about, but she has piqu'd my pride, and whatever be the consequence, I am resolv'd to be reveng'd of her. [*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to another Apartment in SIR SIMON'S *House.*

Enter GAYLOVE.

Gay. How happy would some men think themselves to have so agreeable an engagement upon their hands! but the deuce take me if I have any great stomach to it; and, considering I have another mistress in the house, I think it is bravely done. Yet I could not find in my heart to refuse the invitation. Well, what pleasure women find in denying I can't imagine; for the devil take me if ever I could deny a fine woman in my life.

Enter MRS. RAFFLER.

Oh, here she comes; now hang me if I know what to say. Whether shall I address her at a distance, or boldly on at once.

Mrs. Raf. So, Sir, you are punctual to the appointment.

Gay. Faith, Madam, I have a strange oddity in my temper that inclines me to be extremely eager after happiness.

Mrs. Raf. If you had proposed any such happiness in

my conversation, I believe you know you might have had it oftener.

Gay. You wrong me, if you impute my fear of disobliging you to want of passion. By those dear eyes, by that dear hand, and all those thousand joys which you can bestow——

Mrs. Raf. Hold, Sir, what do you mean? I am afraid you think otherwise of this assignation than it was meant.

Gay. I think nothing but that I am the happiest of my sex, and you the most charming and best-natured of yours.

Mrs. Raf. Come, Sir, this is no way of shewing your wit, I invited you to make a trial of that which is seldom shewn in compliments; those are foreign to our purpose.

Gay. I think so too, and therefore without any further compliment, my dear lovely angel——

Mrs. Raf. Lud, what do you mean?

Gay. I mean, Madam, to take immediate possession of all the raptures which this lovely person can give me.

Mrs. Raf. O Heav'ns! you will not make any bad use of the confidence I have repos'd in you; if you offer any thing rude, I will never trust myself along with you again.

Gay. Then I must make the best of this opportunity.

Mrs. Raf. I'll die before I consent, I'll——

LADY RAFFLER *at the door.*

Lady Raf. Sister, sister, what, have you lock'd yourself in?

Mrs. Raf. Let me go.—Oh, my dear, is it you? I have ordered this vile lock to be mended—the bolt is so apt to fall down of its own accord.—Is your pool out?

Lady Raf. No, sister, no; I came to see what was the

matter with you—I was afraid you was ill, that you left us—But I see you have company with you.

Mrs. Raf. I was just coming back to you, but——

Gay. I cannot be of opinion that that is an original picture of Hannibal Carraccio. I ask pardon for differing from you——Oh, is your ladyship there? pray, which opinion are you of?

Lady Raf. Don't apply to me, Sir, I am no judge of pictures.

Gay. Most great connoisseurs are shy of owning their skill; but if your ladyship pleases to observe, there is not that boldness. There is, indeed, a great deal of the master——And I never saw more spirit in a copy ——But alas, there is so much difference between a copy and an original,—I hope your ladyship will excuse the freedom I take.

Lady Raf. My sister will excuse your freedom, and that is full as well.

Mrs. Raf. Come, my dear, will you return to the card table?

Lady Raf. I wish this gentleman—would be so kind to hold my cards a few minutes, I have a word or two to speak with you.

Gay. You will have a bad deputy, Madam, but I will do the best I can. [*Exit.*

Lady Raf. Sister, I am ashamed of you, to be lock'd up alone with a young fellow.

Mrs. Raf. Lard, child, can I help it, if the bolt falls down of its own accord?

Lady Raf. But you was not looking at pictures before I came into the room; I saw you closer together, I saw you in his arms, and heard you cry out—This I will swear—

Mrs. Raf. Well, and can I help this?—I own he was a little frolicsome, and offered to kiss me, that's all.

Lady Raf. All! monstrous! that's all! if an odious fellow was to offer to kiss me, I'd tear his eyes out.

Mrs. Raf. Yes, and so would I, if it was an odious fellow.

Lady Raf. The honour of a woman is a very nice thing, and the least breath sullies it.

Mrs. Raf. So it seems, indeed, if it be to be hurt by a kiss.

Lady Raf. The man to whom you give that, will venture to take more.

Mrs. Raf. Well, and it's time enough to cry out, you know, when he does venture to take more.

Lady Raf. I don't like jesting with serious things.

Mrs. Raf. What, is a kiss a serious thing, then? now, on my conscience, you are fonder of it than I am. I believe, my dear, you are very confident I could do nothing contrary to the rules of honour; but I hate being solicitous about trifles.

Lady Raf. Sister, it behoves a garrison to take care of its out-works: for my part, I am resolv'd to stand buff at the first entrance; nor will I ever give an inch of ground to an assailant.—And let me tell you, that the woman and the soldier, who do not defend the first pass, will never defend the last.

Mrs. Raf. Well, well, good dear, military sister, pray defend yourself, and do not come to my assistance till you are called. I thank heav'n, I have no such governor as yours: I should fancy myself besieg'd indeed, had I a continual alarm ringing in my ears.—I have taken a strict resolution to be virtuous, as long as my husband thinks me so. It is a complaisance I owe to his opinion; but you may value yourself upon your virtue as much as you please, Sir Simon every day tells you, you have none; and how can she be a good wife, who is continually giving the lie to her husband?

Lady Raf. Why will you thus rally on a subject I think so serious?

Mrs. Raf. And why will you be so serious on a subject I think so ridiculous?—but if you don't like my raillery, let us go back to our cards, and that will stop both our mouths.

Lady Raf. I wish any odious fellow durst kiss me!

[*Exeunt.*

Enter COLONEL RAFFLER, MONDISH.

Col. Raf. Now, Mr. Mondish, now; what think you now? am not I the happiest man in the world in a wife?

Mon. Ay, faith are you; so happy, that was I possessed of the same talent for happiness, I would marry to-morrow.

Col. Raf. Why, why, don't you, you will have just such a wife as mine, to be sure; oh, they are very plenty—ay, ay, very plenty: you can't miss of just such another: they grow in every garden about town.

Mon. I believe they grow in most houses about town.

Col. Raf. Oh—ay, ay, ay,—here was one here just now; my Lady Raffler is just such another, a damn'd, infamous, suspicious prude, every whit as bad as her husband. If you had not held me, Mondish, I am afraid I could scarce have kept my hands off from her. —But hold, hold; there is one thing which shall go down in my pocket-book—*I have taken a strict resolution to be virtuous as long as my husband thinks me so.*—Then thou shalt be virtuous till doomsday, my sweet angel ——here is a woman for you—who puts her virtue into her husband's keeping——Oh, Mondish! if that Lady Raffler had not come in——

Mon. Ay, if she had not come in, Colonel——

Col. Raf. She would have handled him, we should

have seen him handled, we should have seen handling; Mondish, we should have seen handling.

Mon. Indeed, I believe we should. Deuce take the interruption. [*Aside.*

Col. Raf. But, what an age do we live in though, sincerely, Mr. Mondish! why, we shall have our wives ravish'd shortly in the middle of the streets: an impudent saucy rascal; and when she told him that she would cry out——

Mon. That he should not believe her—But then her art, Colonel, in giving in to his evasion about the pictures—Methinks, there was something so generous in her sudden forgiveness; something so nobly serene, in her resolving herself so soon from a most abandon'd fright into a perfect tranquillity.

Col. Raf. Ay, now, that is your highest sort of virtue, that is high as virtue can go.

Mon. Why should not calm virtue be admir'd in a woman, as well as calm courage in a general, Colonel? Your lady is a perfect heroine, she laid about her most furiously during the attack: but the moment the foe retired, became all gentle and mild again.

Col. Raf. But come, as all things are safe, we will go, my dear Mondish, and drink my wife's health in one bottle of Burgundy—Ah, she's an excellent woman! [*Exeunt.*

Enter SIR SIMON *with a letter.*

Sir Sim. Here it is—the plot is so well laid now, that unless fortune conspire with a thousand devils against me, I shall discover myself to be a rank cuckold. Have I not watch'd her with as much care as ever miser did his gold? and yet I am, I am an arrant, downright—a—as any little sneaking courtier, or subaltern officer in the kingdom; and what an unhappy rascal am I, that have

not been able to find it out——not to convict her fairly in ten long years marriage!——If I could but discover it, it were some satisfaction—Well, this letter will I send to Captain Spark——no hand was ever better counterfeited—if he had seen never so many quires of her writing, he will not be able to find any difference. If after all this I should not discover her, I must be the most miserable dog that ever wore horns. [*Exit.*

Enter LADY RAFFLER *and* CLARINDA.

Lady Raf. I tell you, niece, you have suffer'd too great freedoms from Mr. Gaylove, I can't bear those monstrous indecorums which the young women of this age give in to: the first time a woman's hand should be touch'd is in the church.

Cla. Lud, Madam, I can't conceive any harm in letting any one touch my hand.

Lady Raf. Yes, Madam, but I can. Besides, I think I caught you in one another's arms. I hope you conceive some harm in that.

Cla. I can confide in Mr. Gaylove's honour, and if his passion hurried him—

Lady Raf. His passion! what passion? he has never declar'd any honourable passion for you to your uncle.

Cla. No, I should have hated him if he had.

Lady Raf. Give me leave to tell you, Miss, that is the proper way of applying to you. Then, if his circumstances were found convenient, Sir Simon would have mention'd it to you; and so it would have come properly. A woman of any prudence and decency gives her consent to her relations, not to her husband. For it should be still supposed that you endure matrimony, to be dutiful to them only. I hope you would not appear to have any fondness for a fellow.

Cla. I hope I should have fondness for a fellow I would make a husband of.

Lady Raf. Child, you shock me!

Cla. Why, pray, Madam, had you no fondness for Sir Simon?

Lady Raf. No, I defy the world to say it.

Cla. How came you to marry him then?

Lady Raf. Out of obedience to my father, he thought it a proper match.

Cla. And ought not a woman to be fond of a man after she is married to him?

Lady Raf. No, she ought to have friendship and esteem, but no fondness, it is a nauseous word, and I detest it. A woman must have vile inclinations before she can bring herself to think of it.

Cla. Now, I am resolved never to marry any man whom I have not these vile inclinations for.

Lady Raf. O, monstrous!

Cla. Whom I do not love to such distraction as to place my whole happiness in pleasing him, to which I would give my thoughts up so entirely, that on my ever losing that power, I should become indifferent to every thing else.

Lady Raf. Infamous! I desire you would prepare to return into the country immediately. For I will not live in the house with you any longer: but I will inform you of one thing, that the man you have placed this violent affection on, is a villain, and has designs on your aunt.

Cla. What, on your ladyship?

Lady Raf. On me! on me! I wish I could see the man that dar'd——I thank Heav'n, the awe of my virtue has still protected me.

Cla. I ask your pardon, Madam, on the good Colonel's lady then.——That there have been designs between them, I am not ignorant, though I am not quite so

confident they are on his side——and to say the truth, my aunt is an agreeable woman, and I don't expect a man of his years to be proof against all temptations. But pray, whom do you mean? for I——lud, whom am I defending I know not—somebody—who is it that your ladyship means, for I am sure I should not know him by the marks you set on him?

Lady Raf. Oh! Madam, you seem to want no marks, I think; but if you have a mind to hear his name, 'tis Gaylove.

Cla. Mr. Gaylove!

Lady Raf. Mr. Gaylove! yes, Mr. Gaylove——I'll repeat it to you to oblige you.

Cla. What's Mr. Gaylove to me?

Lady Raf. That you know best——I believe he is, or will be to you, what he should not be.

Cla. If I had any affection for him, I should neither be afraid of his designs upon me, nor jealous of his designs on any other.

Lady Raf. Look ye, child, you may deny your affection for him, if you please; nay, I commend you for it. It is an affection you may well be asham'd of.

Cla. According to your ladyship's opinion, we ought to be asham'd of all affection—but really if one might be indulg'd in any, I think Mr. Gaylove might keep it in countenance as well as another.

Lady Raf. It is easy enough to keep you in countenance, you don't seem to be easily put out of it. [Gaylove *laughs within.*] Oh, that's his laugh—He's coming, I am sure——I'll get out of the way—Niece, I would have you prepare yourself for returning into the country——If you will ruin yourself, I'll not be witness to it——nor will I ever lie in the house with a woman, that can own herself capable of being fond of a fellow.

Cla. Then let me go as soon as I will, I find I am not likely to lose much good company.

Enter CAPTAIN SPARK, GAYLOVE, MRS. RAFFLER.

Capt. Spark. No, that's too much, Gaylove, too much ——I hope you don't believe him, Madam,——pr'ythee, hang it, this is past a jest.

Mrs. Raf. Upon my word, I think so, especially with regard to the reputation of the ladies.

Capt. Spark. Yes, Madam, that's it — upon their account, methinks he should forbear——Deuce take me, you will force me to be serious.

Gay. Nay, pr'ythee, don't affect concealing what is publicly known. Miss Clarinda here shall be my evidence, whether at his last quarters he was not talk'd of for the whole place.

Cla. He was an universal contagion, not one woman escap'd.

Mrs. Raf. This is a conviction, Captain.

Capt. Spark. Gaylove, this is your doing now——all might have been a secret in town, but for you—— country towns, Madam, are censorious; I don't deny indeed but that they had some reason; but when they say all, they mistake, they do indeed—and yet perhaps it was my own fault that I had not all.

Mrs. Raf. I think it is too hard, indeed, to insist on all.

Gay. Well, but confess now, how many—

Capt. Spark. Well, then, I will confess two dozen.

Lady Raf. } Two dozen!
Mrs. Raf. }

Gay. That's pretty fair, and thou art an honest fellow.

Mrs. Raf. He is so happy a one, that I wonder he escapes being destroy'd by the men as a monopolizer.

Cla. No, I think the men are oblig'd to him, for he

has found out more beauties for 'em than I ever heard of there.

Capt. Spark. Pray, let's turn the discourse.

Gay. I am trifling with this fool, when I might employ my time better—Miss Clarinda, you know you was interrupted to-day. You promis'd me the first opportunity.

Cla. I am a strict observer of a promise. Aunt, you are not fond of music, I won't invite you to so dull an entertainment.

Mrs. Raf. I think I am in a humour to hear it—— at least I am not in a humour to leave you alone altogether. [*Exeunt.*

Enter SERVANT *with a letter, whispers* SPARK.

Capt. Spark. Ladies, I'll follow in the twinkling of an eye.—What's here? a woman's hand, by Jupiter? ——some damn'd milliners dun or other,——though I think it will pass for an assignation well enough with the ladies that are just gone——Ha! Raffler! 'Sir, as 'Sir Simon will be abroad this evening, I shall have 'an opportunity of seeing you alone'——hum——'if 'you please, therefore, it shall be in the dining-room at 'nine——there is a couch will hold us both.' The devil there is——'The company will be all assembled in the 'parlour, and you will be very safe with your humble 'servant, Mary Raffler.' Pooh! Pox, what shall I do? I would not give a farthing for her——Ha! can't I contrive to be surpris'd together? That ridiculous dog, Mondish, sups here——If I could but convince him of this amour, he will believe all I ever told him——now if he could but see this letter some way without my shewing it him—Egad, I'll find him out, and drop it before him. By good luck here he is.

Enter MONDISH.

Mon. So, I have made one man extremely happy—— the Colonel is most nobly intoxicated with wine and his wife. This bottle of Burgundy has a little elevated me too——now if I cou'd but find my dear inconstant alone ——Ha, Spark? what the devil art thou dodging after here? In quest of some amour or other, I know thee to be——

Capt. Spark. What do you know me to be? I know thou art a damn'd incredulous fellow, and think'st every woman virtuous, that puts a grave face upon the matter ——Now, George, take my word for it, every woman in England is to be had.

Mon. What hast thou had them all then, that I must take thy word for it?

Capt. Spark. Ha, ha, ha! thou wilt kill me with laughter.

Mon. Then I must leave you to die by yourself.

Capt. Spark. Nay, but dear George—harkye, but stay—— [*Draws* Mondish *over the letter.*

Mon. I am in haste——besides I keep you from some intrigue or other.

Capt. Spark. I might perhaps have visited my Lady Loller——but damn her! I believe e'en you know I am almost tir'd of her——besides, I have a mind to stay with you.

Mon. But I positively neither can or will stay with you.

Capt. Spark. The devil is in it, if he has not seen it by this time. Well, if you have a desire to leave me, I'll disappoint you, for I'll leave you, so your servant.

[*Exit.*

Mon. A letter dropt! To Captain Spark——the rogue counterfeits a woman's hand exceeding well. But he

could not counterfeit her hand so exactly, without having seen letters from her—Why then may not this be from her? Is she not a woman, a prude?—the devil can say no more.

Enter GAYLOVE.

Gay. Mondish, your servant, where have you bestow'd yourself this afternoon?

Mon. Where I fancy I far'd better than you—I have been entertained with Burgundy and the Colonel—while you have been loitering with Sir Simon and the ladies.

Gay. Faith, I'm afraid thou art in the right on't; for to say truth, I grew weary of their company, and have left the gallant Mr. Spark to entertain them.

Mon. Well, what success in your amour?

Gay. Oh, success that would make humility vain——Success that has made me think thy happiness not so extraordinary——In a word, had not my Lady Raffler come in, and rais'd the siege, I believe I should have been able, before now, to have given thee a pretty good account of the citadel——Pox take all virtuous women for me! they are of no other use, but to spoil others' sport.

Mon. Yes, faith! such virtuous women as her ladyship will sometimes condescend to make sport as well as spoil it.—There, read that, and then give me thy opinion, if thou think'st there is one such woman in the world as thou hast mentioned.

Gay. To Captain Spark—Sir Simon—abroad this evening——In the dining-room——couch will hold us both———Ha, ha! The captain improves——Safe with your humble servant——Mary Raffler——Well said, my little spark——Now, from this moment shall I have a very great opinion of thee——thou art a genius——a

hero——to forge a letter from a woman, and drop it in her own house——there is more impudence thrown away on this fellow, than would have made six court pages, and as many attornies——he is an errant walking contagion on women's reputations, and was sent into the world as a judgment on the sex.

Mon. By all that's infamous, 'tis her own hand.

Gay. By all that is not infamous, I would scarce have believ'd my own eyes, had they seen her write it!

Mon. Excellent! thou art as incredulous as the Colonel. What, I suppose you have heard her rail against wicked women——and declaim in praise of chastity——does a good sermon from the pulpit persuade thee that the parson is a saint?——or a charge from the bench that the judge is incorrupt?——if thou wilt believe in professions, thou wilt find scarce one fool that is not wise, one rogue that is not honest, one courtier that is not fit to make a friend, or one whore that is not fit to make a wife.

Gay. But common-sense wou'd preserve her from an affair with a fellow, who, she is sure, will publish it to the whole world.

Mon. I am not sure of that——perhaps she does not know his character, or if she does, she may think herself safe in the world's knowing it—besides, if he is believ'd in the bragging of his amours, I know no man breathing so likely to debauch the whole sex——for amours increase with a man of pleasure, as money does with a man of business; and women are most ready to trust their reputations, as we our cash, with him that has most business.

Gay. It is most natural to suppose he best understands his business. But still this letter of Lady Raffler's staggers me.

Mon. Are you so concern'd for her reputation?

Gay. Hum! I shou'd at least wish well to a family I intend to take a wife out of.

Mon. A wife out of?

Gay. Why, are you surpris'd? did I not tell you this morning, I had a mistress in the house?

Mon. Yes,——but they are two things, I think; heav'n forbid we should be obliged to take a wife out of every house in this town, wherein we have had a mistress.

Gay. You, I think, George, take good care to make that impossible, by making mistresses of other men's wives.

Mon. Why, it is my opinion that in our commerce with the other sex, it will be pretty difficult to avoid either making mistresses of other men's wives, or wives of other men's mistresses, so I choose the former. But when am I to wish you joy, friend? Methinks I long to see thee wedded—I am as impatient on thy behalf, as if I was principally concern'd myself.

Gay. I see thou art planting the battery of railing, so I shall run off before you can hit me. [*Exit.*

Mon. We shall be able to hit your wife, I hope——and that will do as well——Here's another friend's wife will shortly want to be provided for; if my friends marry so fast, I shall be oblig'd to be deficient in a very main point of friendship, and leave them their wives on their own hands. I think my suspicions relating to Mrs. Raffler are now fully clear'd up on his side, and fully fix'd on hers.

Enter MRS. RAFFLER.

Your most humble servant, Madam! he is but just gone.

Mrs. Raf. Who gone?

Mon. Mr. Gaylove.

Mrs. Raf. What's Mr. Gaylove to me?

Mon. Nothing, he is a very good judge of pictures.

Mrs. Raf. Ha! What do you mean?

Mon. Nothing.

Mrs. Raf. I will know.

Mon. You cannot know more of me than you do already, nor I of you——and I hope shortly your knowledge will be as comprehensive in another branch of your favourite science.

Mrs. Raf. I don't understand you.

Mon. I cannot be of opinion that that is an original picture of Hannibal Carraccio; *for if you please to observe there is not that boldness; there is, indeed, a great deal of the master, and I never saw more spirit in a copy: but, alas! there is so much difference between a copy and an original*——

Mrs. Raf. I believe the Colonel bought it as an original.

Mon. The Colonel may be deceived—I wish I knew no more than one instance of it.

Mrs. Raf. Gaylove must be a villain, and have discovered me. [*Aside.*

Mon. It may be, perhaps, some people's interest to wish all persons as easily deceiv'd as the Colonel; what pity 'tis, a gallant should not be as blind as a husband!

Mrs. Raf. Mr. Mondish, I will not bear this: it would be foolish to dissemble understanding you any longer: be as blind or as watchful as you will, it is equal to me ——I will be no slave to your jealousy, for if I have more gallants, be assur'd I will have but one husband.

Mon. Spoken so bravely, that I am at least in love with your spirit still; and to convince you I have that affection and no other, deal sincerely with me, and I will be so far from troubling you any longer with my own passion that I will assist you in the pursuit of another.

Mrs. Raf. Then to deal sincerely with you——Lud, it is a terrible hard thing to do.

Mon. Ay, come struggle a little, a woman must undergo some trouble to be deliver'd of truth.

Mrs. Raf. Then to deal sincerely with you, I am in love with another.

Mon. With Gaylove—I'll assist you—out with it.

Mrs. Raf. Well, ay, perhaps—but now I must insist on truth from you, how came you to suspect him?—and who put the picture into your head?

Mon. I'll tell you some other time.

Mrs. Raf. Resolve me this only, was it he?

Mon. No, upon my honour.

Mrs. Raf. Then it must have been my sister!

Mon. Ha!

Mrs. Raf. Nay, don't hesitate, it is vain to deny it.

Mon. I do not deny it.

Mrs. Raf. Now may the united curses of age, disease, ugliness, vain desire, and infamy overtake her!

Mon. It works rarely.

Mrs. Raf. Revenge, revenge! Mr. Mondish, my reputation is in your hands—I know you to be a man of honour, and am easy——but to have it in the power of a woman, must be an eternal rack. We know one another too well to be easy, when we are in one another's power—against her tongue there is no safeguard.

Mon. Yes, one.

Mrs. Raf. What!

Mon. To have her reputation in your power.

Mrs. Raf. That is impossible to hope——She will take care of her reputation—for it is on that alone she supports her pride, her malice, her ill-nature: these have raised her a train of watchful enemies that would catch her at the first trip—but she has neither warmth nor

generosity enough to make it. Oh! I know her too well—She will keep her virtue, if it be only to enable her to be a continual plague to her husband.

Mon. Well, whatever difficulty there be in the attempt, I have resolution enough under your conduct to begin—Perhaps I am of an opinion which you may excuse, that no woman's virtue is proof against the attacks of a resolute lover.

Mrs. Raf. But her fear, her self-love, her coldness, and her vanity may.

Mon. I can give you more substantial reasons for our hope than you imagine—but may I depend upon your assistance?

Mrs. Raf. If I fail you, may my husband be jealous of me, or may I lose the power or inclination to give him cause.

Mon. That's nobly, generously said; and now, methinks, you and I appear like a man and wife to each other—at least it would be better for the world, if they all acted as wise a part—and instead of lying, and whining, and canting with virtue and constancy, instead of fatiguing an irrecoverable dying passion with jealousies and upbraidings, kindly let it depart from one breast, to be happy in another.

Thus the good mother of the savage brood,
Whose breasts no more afford her infants food,
Leads them abroad, and teaches them to roam,
For what no longer they can find at home.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.—SCENE I.

SCENE, *a Chamber.*

Enter SIR SIMON *and* COLONEL RAFFLER.

I DESIRE but this trial! if I do not convince you I have reason for my jealousy, I will be contented all my life after to wear my horns in my pocket, and be as happy and submissive a husband as any within the sound of Bow bell.

Col. Raf. A good reasonable penalty you will undergo truly, to be the happy husband of a virtuous wife.

Sir Sim. And perhaps penalty enough too—if it was so: a virtuous wife may have it in her power to play very odd tricks with her husband. A virtuous woman may contradict him; may teaze him; may expose him, nay, ruin him; and such virtuous wives, as some people have, may cuckold him into the bargain.

Col. Raf. Well, on condition, that if your suspicions be found to be groundless, you never presume to suspect her or my wife hereafter, but suffer them peaceably to enjoy their innocent freedoms, and on one condition that you give me leave to laugh at you one whole hour, I am content to do what you desire.

Sir Sim. Ay, ay, any thing if my suspicions be found true, brother.

Col. Raf. Why then, brother, you will find yourself to be a cuckold, and may laugh at me twenty hours if you will.

Sir Sim. I think you will be a little confounded.

Col. Raf. Faith! brother, you are a very unhappy fellow, faith! you are.

Sir Sim. Why so, pray?

Col. Raf. To marry a wife that you have not been able to find any fault in, in ten years time——If you had good luck in your choice, you might have been a cuckold in half the time, you might indeed.

Sir Sim. Well, it is your time to laugh now, and I will indulge you.

Col. Raf. But suppose, brother, it should be as you say, suppose you should find out what you have a desire to find, don't you think you are entirely indebted to yourself?

Sir Sim. I don't understand you.

Col. Raf. Why, to your own suspicions, can a wife give so good a reason for going astray, as the suspicions of her husband? They are a terrible thing; and my own wife has told me, she could not have answer'd for herself with a suspicious husband.

Sir Sim. But it wants now a little more than a quarter of eight; so pray away to the closet; we shall have the rascal before his time else, and be disappointed.

Col. Raf. Lo I find you suspect the amour to be but of a short date. [*Exeunt.*

Enter LADY RAFFLER, *and* MRS. RAFFLER.

Lady Raf. Lud, sister, you are grown as great a plague to me, as my husband. I know not whether he teazes me more for doing what I should not, than you for doing what I should.

Mrs. Raf. A woman never acts as she should, but when she acts against her husband. He is a prince who is ever endeavouring to grow absolute, and it should be our constant endeavour to restrain him. You are a member of the commonwealth of women, and when you give way to your husband, you betray the liberty of your sex.

Lady Raf. You are always for turning every thing into ridicule: but I am not that poor-spirited creature you would represent me: nor did I ever give way to my husband in any one thing in my life, contrary to my own opinion. I would not have you think I do not resent his suspicions of me, and I defy you to say I ever submitted to any method of quieting 'em—All that I am solicitous about is, not to give the world an opportunity of suspecting me.

Mrs. Raf. But as the world is a witness of his suspecting you, were I in your case, I think my honour engag'd to let the world be witness of my revenge.

Lady Raf. Then the world would condemn me, as it now does him—Had I a mind to be as ludicrous as you, I might tell you, that a woman who parts with her virtue, makes her husband absolute, and betrays the liberty of her sex. Sister, sister, believe me, it is in the power of one honest woman to be a greater plague to her husband, than all the vile vicious creatures upon earth.

Mrs. Raf. Give me your hand, my dear, for I find we are agreed upon the main point, that is, enmity to a husband. I proceed now to the second point, which every good woman ought to consider, namely, the rewarding a deserving gallant.

Lady Raf. That is a subject on which I am afraid we shall eternally differ.

Mrs. Raf. I hope we shall, my dear; that is, I hope we shall never desire to reward the same.

Lady Raf. I desire we may never discourse more on this head; for I shall be inclin'd to say things which you will not like; and, as I fear they will be of no service to you, I desire to avoid it.

Mrs. Raf. Oh, yes, they will be of great service to me, they will make me laugh immoderately. Come,

confess honestly——I know you suspect me with Gaylove.

Lady Raf. If you put me to it I cannot call your conduct unquestionable. If I should suspect, it would not be without reason.

Mrs. Raf. Nay, if you allow reason, I have reasons to suspect you with not half so pretty a fellow.

Lady Raf. Me! I defy you——pure virtue will confront suspicion.

Mrs. Raf. Pure virtue seems to have a pretty good front, indeed. Let us try the cause fairly between us: you found me and a young fellow alone together, and very comical things may happen, I own, between a man and a woman alone together. But when a lady sends an assignation to a gentleman to meet her in the dark on a couch: then, if nothing comical happens to pure virtue, they must be a comical couple indeed.

Lady Raf. You are such a laughing, giggling creature, I don't know what you drive at.

Mrs. Raf. Read that—and I believe it will explain what both of us drive at——Now I shall see how far a prude can carry it—Not one blush yet; I find blushing is one of the things which pure virtue can't do.

Lady Raf. I am amaz'd and confounded! Where had you this?

Mrs. Raf. From a very good friend of yours, in whose hands your reputation will be safer than in the captain's, where you plac'd it.

Lady Raf. What, do you then believe——

Mrs. Raf. Nothing but my own eyes. You will not deny it is your own hand?

Lady Raf. Some devil has counterfeited it. I beseech you tell me how you came by it?

Mrs. Raf. Mondish gave it me.

Lady Raf. Then he writ it.

Mrs. Raf. Nay, the Captain, by what I hear of him, is a more likely person to have counterfeited it. But it is well done, and sure whoever did it, must have seen your writing.

Lady Raf. I'll search all the depths of hell but I'll find it out. Have I for this had a guard upon ev'ry look, word, and action of my life; for this shunn'd even speaking to any woman in public of the least doubtful character? for this been all my life the forwardest to censure the imprudence of others?—have I defended my reputation in the face of the sun, to have it thus undermin'd in the dark?

Mrs. Raf. Most women's reputations are undermin'd in the dark—you see, child, how foolish it is to take so much care about what is so easily lost; at least, I hope, you will learn to take care of no one's reputation but your own.

Lady Raf. It wants but little of the appointed hour: sister, will you go with me?

Mrs. Raf. Oh! no, two to one will not be fair—If you had appointed him to have brought his second indeed——

Lady Raf. I see you are incorrigible——But I will go find my niece, or my brother, or Sir Simon himself: I will raise the world, and the dead, and the devil, but I will find out the bottom of this affair. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Raf. Hugh! what a terrible combustion is pure virtue in! Now will I convey myself, if possible, into the closet,——and be an humble spectator of the battle —Well, a virtuous wife is a most precious jewel——— but if all jewels were as easily counterfeited, he would be an egregious ass who would venture to lay out his money in them. [*Exit.*

Scene changes to another Room in SIR SIMON'S *House.*

Enter SIR SIMON, *in women's clothes.*

Sir Sim. My evidence is posted, the Colonel is in the closet, and can overhear all——The time of appointment draws near. I am strangely pleased with my stratagem. If I can but counterfeit my wife's voice as well as I have her hand, I may defy him to discover me; for there is not a glimpse of light—I am as much delighted as any young whore-master can be in expectation of meeting another man's wife. And yet I am afraid I shall not discover myself to be what I fear, neither; and if I should not I will hang myself incontinently. Oh! thou damn'd couch! thou art not ten years old, and yet what cuckoldom hast thou been witness of——I will be revenged on thee; for I will burn thee this evening in triumph, please heaven!—Hush, hush, here he comes. [*Lies on a couch.*

Enter MONDISH.

Mon. This is the field of battle. If I know any thing of the Captain, he will not be in haste—and if she comes here before him, I think she will not have the impudence to deny any favour to one who knows as much as I do. It is as dark as hell! let a prude alone for contriving a proper place for an assignation ——Poor Sir Simon, faith! thou hast more cause for thy jealousy than I imagined.

Sir Sim. Ay, or than I imagined either——I am over head and ears in it—I am the arrantest cuckold in town. [*Aside.*

Mon. 'Sdeath! I shall never be able to find this couch out——sure it us'd to be somewhere hereabouts.

It has been the scene of my happiness too often for me to forget it.

Sir Sim. Oh! it has—Oh! thou damn'd villain! I wish thou could'st feel torments, that I might be an age in burning thee. [*Aside.*

Mon. Ha! I hear a door open—it is a woman's tread. I know the dear, dear trip of a soft foot.

Enter MRS. RAFFLER, *who falls into* MONDISH'S *arms.*

Mrs. Raf. In the name of goodness who are you?

Mon. An evil spirit. I find you are us'd to meet them in the dark, by your readiness in speaking to 'em.

Mrs. Raf. Mr. Mondish?

Sir Sim. Here will be rare caterwauling. [*Aside.*

Mon. What do you do here?

Mrs. Raf. Trouble not yourself about that, I will not spoil your sport.

Mon. But tell me, have you seen your sister?

Mrs. Raf. Yes.

Mon. Well, and how?

Mrs. Raf. Oh, she raves like a princess in a tragedy, and swears that some devil has contriv'd it.

Mon. Then she persists in her innocence?

Mrs. Raf. Yes, and will after conviction—nay, even after execution.

Mon. A very harden'd criminal indeed—but pray what is your opinion of my success?

Mrs. Raf. Oh! thou wicked seducer! it would be hard indeed that I should think you not able to succeed, after such a one as you have describ'd the Captain to be, when you prevail'd on my innocent heart, and triumph'd over what I imagin'd an impregnable fortress.

Mon. And was I really thy first seducer?

Mrs. Raf. By heavens! the only one that ever has yet injur'd my husband.

Sir Sim. What do I hear?

Mon. Why do I not still enjoy that happiness singly? What have I done to forfeit one grain of your esteem?

Mrs. Raf. To your fresh game, sportsman; and I wish you a good chace.

Mon. Whither are you going?

Mrs. Raf. Concern not yourself with me: your new mistress will soon be with you. [*Exit.*

Sir Sim. This is better than my hopes! This is killing two birds with one stone. My brother will be rewarded for the pains he takes on my account—Ha! there's a light——I think I shall be secure behind the couch.

Enter LADY RAFFLER *with a candle.*

Lady Raf. I think there is some plot laid against me, the whole family are run out of the house. But virtue will protect her adherents. Ha! who's that?

Mon. Be not startled, Madam; it is one from whom you have nothing to fear.

Lady Raf. I know not that, Sir; I shall always think I have just reason to fear one who lurks privately about in dark corners. Persons who have no ill design never seek hiding places: but, however, you are the person I desired to meet.

Mon. That would make me happy indeed!

Lady Raf. Whence, Sir, had you that letter, which you this day gave my sister, and which was sign'd with my name?

Mon. The letter, Madam?

Lady Raf. Yes, Sir, the letter! with that odious assignation which I detest the apprehension of—my reputation shall be clear'd, and I will know the author of this infamous forgery, whatever be the consequence!

Mon. Be mistress of yourself, Madam, and be assur'd nothing in my power shall be ever left undone to vindicate

your reputation, or detect any calumny against it. The letter was dropt by the person to whom it was directed, dropt on purpose that I should take it up; which I did, and delivered it to your sister. Indeed I even then suspected it a forgery. I thought I knew my Lady Raffler too well, to fear her capable of placing her affections unworthily.

Lady Raf. And you know no more?

Mon. I do not upon my honour.

Lady Raf. Well, Sir, whatever care you shall take of my reputation, Sir Simon shall thank you for it.

Mon. Alas! Madam, could I have any merit in such a service, I should hope to have another rewarder than the very last person on whom I would confer an obligation.

Lady Raf. How, Sir?

Mon. I ask pardon, Madam, I know how tender the subject is to your ears; yet I hope the excess of tenderness which I have for you will plead.

Lady Raf. Tenderness for me? [*Angry.*

Mon. For your reputation, Madam.

[*She looks pleased.*

Lady Raf. That, I think, I may suffer.

Mon. Pardon me, Madam, if that tenderness which I have for———your reputation, Madam, will not permit me to be easy while I see it lavished on a man so worthless, so ungrateful, so insensible—And yet, Madam, can even you, the best, the most reserv'd of wives, can you deny but that his jealousy is plain to you and to the whole world? Could he shew more had he married one of the wanton coquets, who encourage every man who addresses 'em, nay, who are continually throwing out their lures for men who do not? Had he married one of these, nay, had he married a common avow'd prostitute——

Lady Raf. Hold, you shock me.

Mon. And I shall shock myself. But the wounds must be laid open to be cur'd.

Lady Raf. What can I do?

Mon. Hate him.

Lady Raf. That, I think, virtue will allow me to do.

Mon. Justice commands you to do it: nay, more, it commands you to revenge, you ought for example sake ———pardon me, Madam, if the love I have for you ———I should rather say if the friendship I have contracted for your virtue carries me too far: but I will undertake to prove, that it is not only meritorious to fulfil his suspicions, but it would be criminal not to do it. Virtue requires it, the virtue you adore, you possess, requires it; it is not you, it is your virtue he injures; that demands a justification, that obliges you to———

Lady Raf. To hate him, to despise him, that a virtuous woman may do.

Mon. Oh! I admire, I adore a virtuous woman.

Lady Raf. Virtue is her greatest jewel.

Mon. Oh, 'tis a nice, and tender thing, it will not bear suspicion; she would be a poor creature indeed, who could bear to have her virtue suspected without revenge.

Lady Raf. What can she do?

Mon. Every thing: part with it.

Lady Raf. Ha!

Mon. Not from her heart——I hope you don't think I mean that; but true virtue is no more concern'd in punishing a husband, than true mercy in punishing a criminal.

Lady Raf. But I have the comfort to think he is sufficiently punish'd in the torments of his own mind. Oh, I should be the most miserable creature alive, if I could but even suspect he had any easy moment. Mr. Mondish, it would be ridiculous to affect hiding from

you, who are so intimate in the family, my knowledge of his base, unjust suspicions; nor would I have you think me so poor-spirited a wretch not to hate and despise him for them. How unjust they are the whole world can evidence: for no woman upon earth could be more delicate in her conduct. Therefore, for heaven's sake assist me in the discovery of this letter.

Mon. I could not, I am sure, suspect you of so indiscreet a passion, though your hand is excellently forg'd.

Lady Raf. It must be by some one who has seen it, sure it could not be my sister.

Mon. Was it not Sir Simon himself?

Lady Raf. Ha! it cannot be, he could not be such a villain.

Mon. If he were, I think you ought not to forgive him.

Lady Raf. Could I but prove it——

Mon. If I prove it for you——what shall be my reward?

Lady Raf. The greatest——the consciousness of doing good.

Mon. What good shall I do in discovering the criminal, unless you will punish him?

Lady Raf. I will do all in my power to punish him, and to reward you.

Mon. Your power is infinite, as is almost the happiness I now taste. O my fair injur'd creature, had'st thou been the lot of one who had truly known the value of virtue—— [*Kissing her hand.*

Lady Raf. Let me go; if you would preserve my good opinion of you——If you have a regard for me, shew it in immediately vindicating my reputation.

Mon. I'll find out Sir Simon; if he be the forger, I shall get it out of him——One earnest more.

[*Kissing her hand.*

Lady Raf. Away! we shall be overseen, and then I shall hate you for ever. [*Exeunt.*

Sir Simon. Heav'n be prais'd, they are parted this time. I was afraid it would have come to action. Why, if a husband had a hundred thousand eyes, he would have use for them all. A wife is a garrison without walls, while we are running to the defence of one quarter, she is taken at another. But what a rogue is this fellow, who not only attempts to cuckold his friend, but has the impudence to insist on it as a meritorious action! The dog would persuade her that virtue obliges her to it. Why, what a number of ways are there by which a man may be made a cuckold! One goes to work with his purse, and buys my wife; a second brings his title, he is a lord, forsooth, and has a patent to cuckold all mankind. A third shews a garter, a fourth a riband, a fifth a lac'd coat. One rascal has a smooth face, another a smooth tongue; another makes smooth verses: this sings, that dances; one wheedles, another flatters; one applies to her ambition, another to her avarice, another to her vanity, another to her folly. This tickles her eyes, that her ears, another——in short, all her five senses, and five thousand follies have their addressers. And that she may be safe on no side, here's a rascal comes and applies himself to the very thing that should defend her, and tries to make a bawd of her very virtue. He has the impudence to tell her, that she can't be a woman of virtue without cuckolding her husband—Hark! I hear a noise!—The captain, I suppose, or somebody else after my wife.

Enter CAPTAIN SPARK.

Capt. Spark. I am sure Mondish took up the letter, and it is now a full quarter of an hour after the time

appointed. I know him so well, that I could lay a wager he is list'ning somewhere hereabouts. Madam, Madam!

Sir Sim. That is the rascal's voice——Is it you, Captain, tread softly for heaven's sake.

Capt. Spark. Yes, and I wish I may tread surely too; for it is as dark as hell. Where are you, Madam?

Sir Sim. Here, Sir, here on the couch.

Capt. Spark. Quite punctual to the place of assignation, I find. Where the devil can Mondish be? [*Aside.*] There, Madam, there, I am safe now, I thank you—— I don't know, Madam, how to thank you enough, for that kind note your ladyship was so good as to send me.

Sir Sim. O Lard! Sir.

Capt. Spark. I assure you, Madam, I think myself the happiest of mankind. I am, Madam, upon my honour, so in my own opinion. Pray, Madam, was not your ladyship at the last ridotto?

Sir Sim. No, Sir——I find he has had her 'till he is weary of her. [*Aside.*

Capt. Spark. I think you are a great lover of country-dancing.

Sir Sim. Yes, I think it will do very well, when one can have nothing else to entertain one.

Capt. Spark. Very true, Madam; quadrille is very much before it, in my opinion.

Sir Sim. You and I have seen better entertainments than that, before now.

Capt. Spark. Oh, yes, yes, Madam—I am very fond of the entertainments at the New-house. I never go there for any thing else. Pray, which is your ladyship's favourite? Most ladies are fond of Perseus and Andromeda——What the devil has become of Mondish? [*Aside.*] But I think the operas are so far beyond all

those things——Do you go to the drawing-room to-night, Lady Raffler.

Sir Sim. I hope to pass my time better with you, as I have done.

Capt. Spark. I should be proud to make one of a party at quadrille; but, upon my honour, I am the most unfortunate person in the world, for I'm engag'd.

Sir Sim. Engag'd!

Capt. Spark. I know what you think now——If one does but name an engagement, to be sure—I protest, one would think there was but one sort of engagement in the world——and I don't know how it comes to my share to be always suspected. To be sure, I have had some affairs in my life; that I don't deny, that I believe every one knows—and therefore I am not oblig'd to deny——

Sir Sim. But you was not oblig'd to confess it to Sir Simon to-day.

Capt. Spark. Yes, ha! ha! The mistake of a name had like to have occasion'd some confusion; I am heartily sorry for it, upon my word.

Sir Sim. And was it not me that you meant?

Capt. Spark. You are pleas'd to rally. You know it was impossible I should confess what never happen'd.

Sir Sim. What, did nothing ever pass between us?

Capt. Spark. Either you have a mind to be merry with your humble servant, or I shall begin to suspect there is some likeness of mine happier than myself. For your ladyship and sister were both pleas'd to mention something about an auction; and I never care to contradict a lady. Upon my soul, compliments aside, I never had the honour to see your face till this afternoon!

Sir Sim. How, how! did you never see my wife till this afternoon?

Capt. Spark. Your wife!

Sir Sim. Lord! I'm delirious, I think, I know not what I say.

Capt. Spark. I hope you are not subject to fits. I shall be frighten'd out of my senses. For heav'n's sake, let me call somebody—Lights! lights there! help! help!

Sir Sim. Hush! consider my reputation.

Capt. Spark. You had better lose your reputation than your life. Lights! lights! help there! my lady faints.

Sir Sim. What shall I do?

Capt. Spark. Will nobody hear? Help! help!

Enter MONDISH *and* LADY RAFFLER, *with a light.*

Lady Raf. What's the matter here?

Capt. Spark. For heav'n's sake bring some lights hither, somebody; my poor Lady Raffler is fallen into a fit.

Mon. My Lady Raffler.

Lady Raf. What can this mean?

Capt. Spark. Ha! bless me, Madam, are you there? then who the devil is this?

Mon. Sir Simon!

Capt. Spark. Why, there's no masquerade to-night.

Sir Sim. It has happen'd just as I fear'd. There's some damn'd planet which attends all husbands, and will never let them be in the right. [*Aside.*

Lady Raf. Monster! how have you the assurance to look in my injur'd face?

Mon. Death and hell! I hope he did not overhear what pass'd between me and his wife. [*Aside.*

Sir Sim. What injury have I done you, my dear?

Lady Raf. Can you ask it? Have you not laid a plot against my reputation? Have you not counterfeited my hand? Did you not write this letter? look at it.

Sir Sim. No, my dear, no.

Lady Raf. How came it seal'd then with this seal? which was only in your possession. Oh, I have no name bad enough.

Mon. Come, come, Sir Simon, confess all; it is the only amends you can make your lady.

Sir Sim. Oh, Sir, if you will endeavour to get it out of me, it will be in vain to deny——

Enter COLONEL RAFFLER.

Col. Raf. Aye, indeed will it, for I will be evidence against you. Why sure, you would not attempt to hold out any longer. If she forgives you, you have the most merciful, as well as the most virtuous wife in the world. Come, come, in the first place, ask your wife's pardon for having ever suspected her; for having counterfeited an assignation from her, and being the occasion of the confusion which she is at present in. In the second place, ask this gentleman's pardon for having ever suspected him. In the next place——

Sir Sim. Hold, hold, brother, not so fast. I own myself in the wrong! and, Sir, I ask your pardon, I do with all my heart.

Capt. Spark. That is sufficient: though I don't know your offence.

Sir Sim. And, my dear, I ask your pardon; I am convinc'd of your virtue, I am indeed.

Lady Raf. But what amends can you make me for your wicked jealousy? Do you think it is nothing for me, who have ever abhorred the very name, even the very thought of wantonness, to have had my name traduc'd? What devil could tempt you to write an assignation in my name to this gentleman?

Capt. Spark. Ha!

Mon. Even so, faith! Captain, this was the lady who writ to you, ha, ha!

Capt. Spark. How, Sir?

Col. Raf. Nay, Sir, don't put on your angry face, good brother soldier. I do not perceive your expectations have been at all disappointed; and my brother seem'd as proper to carry on the amour with you, as his wife——for in the method you proceeded you would scarce ever have found out the difference.

Capt. Spark. I don't understand.

Mon. Nay, nay, no passion; here is nothing but raillery, no harm meant.

Capt. Spark. Is not there? Oh, 'tis very well if there is not.

Col. Raf. Why, what a ridiculous figure do you make here—ha, ha, ha! You know I am to have my fill of laughing. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir Sim. Nay, nay, I have more reason to laugh than you. For if I am convinc'd of my wife's virtue, I think you may be convinc'd——

Col. Raf. Of what? Come, I'll bring up my *corps de reserve*, and put all your suspicions to flight at once. Come forth, my dear, come forth, and with the brightness of thy virtue dispel those clouds that would eclipse it.

Enter MRS. RAFFLER.

I desire you would throw yourself at this gentleman's feet, and give him a thousand thanks for the hand he has had in your affair.

Sir Sim. He would have had a hand in my affair, I thank him. Yes, I am damnably obliged to him, indeed.

Col. Raf. Yes, Sir, that you are—for he knew you were listening, Sir. And all that love which you over-

heard him make to your wife, Sir, was intended to convince you of her virtue, Sir; it was a plot laid between my wife and him. Was it not, my dear?

Mrs. Raf. Yes, indeed was it.

Mon. Though I am afraid this lady will find some difficulty to forgive me, I am oblig'd to own the truth.

Lady Raf. I can pardon any thing where the intention was good; though, I confess, I do not like such jests.

Col. Raf. Come, come, you shall like 'em, and pardon 'em too; and you shall thank him for them. And then, Sir, you shall ask my pardon.

Sir Sim. For what?

Col. Raf. Why, for being the occasion of my wife's imagining me as jealous-pated a fool as yourself; for you must know, Sir, that she imagin'd that I was in the closet with the same design, with which you disguis'd yourself in that pretty masquerade habit. Perhaps, though, you did not guess that she knew I was in the closet all the time.

Sir Sim. No, upon my word.

Col. Raf. Oh! you did not—But that she did happen to know, Sir; and so did this gentleman too——Mr. Mondish, you are a wag to put your friend into a sweat! but it was kindly meant, and I thank you for it with all my heart.

Sir Sim. And so do I too—for having given me warning to keep my wife out of your clutches. [*Aside.*

Mon. Gentlemen, your humble servant. If I have serv'd my friends, the action carries its reward with it. [*To* Mrs. Raffler *aside.*] Excellent creature! I am now more in love with your wit, than I ever was with your beauty.

Sir Sim. And are you really, brother, wise enough to believe such a notable story as this? and are you thoroughly convinc'd?

Col. Raf. Why, are not you convinc'd?

Sir Sim. Yes, brother, I am.

Col. Raf. Oh! it is well.

Sir Sim. That you are an arrant English cuckold, and our friend an arrant rascal! [*Aside.*

Enter GAYLOVE *and* CLARINDA.

Gay. Your servant, good people!

Lady Raf. Oh! niece, where have you been, pray?

Cla. Nay, that I'll give you a twelvemonth to guess.

Lady Raf. Indeed, Miss, it would have become you better to have told us before you went.

Gay. The resolution was too sudden, Madam; we scarce knew ourselves till we put it in execution: but your niece, Madam, has been in very good company, for we have been at the opera.

Lady Raf. You do well, Madam, to make good use of your time; for, please heaven, you shall go into the country next week.

Cla. That, Madam, you and I both must ask this gentleman's leave for.

Gay. Upon my word, Madam, I have the honour to be this lady's protector, and shall take care henceforward she shall require no leave but her own, for any of her actions——To-morrow, Madam, she has promised to make me the happiest of men, in calling her mine for ever.

Lady Raf. I am glad her indiscretion is come to no worse an end.

Sir Sim. But methinks, Sir, as my niece is under my protection, you should have asked my consent. For now I do not know whether I will give it you or no ——I am sure I do not much care to have you in the family. [*Aside.*

Col. Raf. Indeed, Sir, but you shall give it him, and

so shall your lady, and so shall my wife, and so will I. Mr. Gaylove, I think the family is much honour'd by your alliance. Adod! the girl is happy in her choice.

Gay. I am infinitely obliged to your good opinion, Colonel.

Mon. Be not dismay'd—this will only put back your affair a little, you must only stand out the first game of the pool, that's all.

Col. Raf. Come, come, gentlemen and ladies, I hear the bell ring to supper; let us go all down stairs, and be as merry as——as wit and good humour can make us. I can't help saying my blood ran a little cold at one time, but I now defy appearances, and am convinc'd that jealousy is the foolishest thing in the world; and that it is not in the power of mankind to hurt me with my wife.

Sir Sim. That captain's likeness sticks still in my stomach: if I was sure there was nothing in that, I think I should be a little easy: but that is not to be hop'd. I am convinc'd now, that I am a cuckold, and shall never find it out.

Mon. Sir Simon, here, shall be the merriest of us all. Believe me, Knight, if it be the last day of your jealousy, it is the first of your happiness:—

> You husbands grow from these examples wise,
> View your wives' conduct still with partial eyes.
> If your opinions err, they better stray
> In the good Colonel's than Sir Simon's way.
> At ease still sleeps the credulous husband's breast;
> Spite of his wife, within himself he's blest.
> The jealous their own miseries create,
> And make themselves the very thing they hate.

EPILOGUE:

SPOKEN BY MRS. HERRON.

THE Play being done, according to our laws,
I come to plead with you our Author's cause.
As for our smart gallants, I know they'll say,
'Damn him! There's one sad character in's Play.'
What! on a couch, alone, and in the dark!
Ladies, there's no such fellow as this SPARK.
What can he mean in such an age as this is,
When scarce a beau but keeps a brace of misses?
They keep! why, gentlemen, perhaps, 'tis true,
So do our sweet Italian singers too.
What can one think of all the beaus in town,
When with the ladies such gallants go down?
Th' Italian dames, should this report grow common,
Will surely pity us poor English women.
By the vast sums we pay them for their strains,
They'll think, perhaps, we don't abound in brains.
But should they hear their singers turn gallants;
Beaus faith! they'll think brains not your only wants.
——Now for the wits—but they so nice are grown,
French only with their palates will go down.
French plays applause have, like French dishes, got,
Only because you understand them not.
Happy old England, in those glorious days,
When good plain English food and sense could please:
When men were dress'd like men, nor curl'd their hair,
Instead of charming, to out-charm the fair.

They knew by manly means soft hearts to move,
Nor ask'd an eunuch's voice to melt their nymphs to love.
——Ladies, 'tis yours to reinstate that age,
Do you assist the satire of the stage!
Teach foreign mimics by a generous scorn,
You're not asham'd of being Britons born.
Make it to your eternal honour known,
That men must bear your frowns, whenever shewn
That they prefer all countries to their own.

PASQUIN:

A DRAMATIC SATIRE ON THE TIMES.

BEING

THE REHEARSAL OF TWO PLAYS;

VIZ.

A COMEDY

CALLED

THE ELECTION;

AND

A TRAGEDY,

CALLED

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF COMMON SENSE.

FIRST ACTED IN APRIL, 1736.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Trapwit, *Fustian*,	*Authors*,	MR. ROBERTS. MR. LACY.
Sneerwell, a Critic,		MR. MACHEN.

Several Players and Prompter.

PERSONS IN THE COMEDY.

Lord Place, *Colonel Promise*, *Sir Henry Fox-Chace*, *Squire Tankard*,	*Candidates*,	MRS. CHARKE. MR. FREEMAN. MR. TOPHAM. MR. SMITH.
Mayor,		MR. JONES.

Aldermen, Voters, &c.

WOMEN.

Mrs. Mayoress,	MRS. EGERTON.
Miss Mayoress,	MISS J. JONES.
Miss Stitch,	MISS BURGESS.

Servants, Mob, &c.

PERSONS IN THE TRAGEDY.

Queen Common-Sense,	MRS. EGERTON.
Queen Ignorance,	MR. STRENSHAM.
Firebrand, Priest of the Sun,	MR. ROBERTS.
Law,	MR. YATES.
Physic,	MR. JONES.
Ghost of Tragedy,	MR. PULLEN.
Ghost of Comedy,	MR. JONES.
Third Ghost,	MR. WALLIS.
Harlequin,	MR. PULLEN.
Officer,	MR. PULLEN.
Messenger,	MR. WALLIS.
Drummer,	MR. LOWDER.

Attendants on Ignorance. Maids of Honour, &c.

SCENE, THE PLAY-HOUSE.

PASQUIN.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

SCENE, *the Play-house.*

Enter several PLAYERS.

1*st* PLAYER.

WHEN does the rehearsal begin?

2*d Play.* I suppose we shall hardly rehearse the comedy this morning; for the author was arrested as he was going home from King's coffee-house; and, as I heard, it was for upward of four pound; I suppose he will hardly get bail.

1*st Play.* Where's the tragedy-author then? I have a long part in both, and it's past ten o'clock.

Wom. Play. Ay, I have a part in both too; I wish any one else had them, for they are not seven lengths put together. I think it is very hard a woman of my standing should have a short part put upon her. I suppose Mrs. Merit will have all our principal parts now, but I am resolv'd I'll advertise against her: I'll let the town know how I am injur'd.

1*st Play.* Oh! here comes our tragedy-poet.

Enter FUSTIAN.

Fust. Gentlemen, your servant; ladies, yours. I should have been here sooner, but I have been obliged,

at their own requests, to wait upon some half-dozen persons of the first quality with tickets: upon my soul I have been chid for putting off my play so long: I hope you are all quite perfect; for the town will positively stay for it no longer. I think I may very well put upon the bills, *At the particular desire of several ladies of quality*, the first night.

Enter PROMPTER.

Promp. Mr. Fustian, we must defer the rehearsal of your tragedy, for the gentleman who plays the first ghost is not yet up; and when he is, he has got such a church-yard cough, he will not be heard to the middle of the pit.

1*st Play.* I wish you could cut the ghost out, Sir; for I am terribly afraid he'll be damn'd if you don't.

Fust. Cut him out, Sir! He is one of the most considerable persons in the play.

Promp. Then, Sir, you must give the part to somebody else; for the person is so lame he can hardly walk the stage.

Fust. Then he shall be carried; for no man in England can act a ghost like him: Sir, he was born a ghost; he was made for the part, and the part writ for him.

Promp. Well, Sir, then we hope you will give us leave to rehearse the comedy first.

Fust. Ay, ay, you may rehearse it first, if you please, and act it first too: if it keeps mine back above three nights, I am mistaken. I don't know what friends the author may have——but if ever such stuff, such damn'd, incoherent, senseless stuff, was ever brought on any stage—if the audience suffer it to go through three acts—Oh! he's here.

Enter TRAPWIT.

Dear Mr. Trapwit! your most humble servant, Sir; I read your comedy over last night, and a most excellent one it is; if it runs as long as it deserves, you will engross the whole season to yourself.

Trap. Sir, I am glad it met with your approbation, as there is no man whose taste and judgment I have a better opinion of. But, pray, Sir, why don't they proceed to the rehearsal of your tragedy? I assure you, Sir, I had much difficulty to get hither so early.

2d Play. Yes, faith, I believe you had. [*Aside.*

Fust. Sir, your comedy is to be rehearsed first.

Trap. Excuse me, Sir, I know the deference due to tragedy better.

Fust. Sir, I would not have you think I give up the cause of tragedy; but my ghost being ill, Sir, cannot get up without danger, and I would not risque the life of my ghost on any account.

Trap. You are in the right on't, Sir; for a ghost is the soul of tragedy.

Fust. Ay, Sir, I think it not amiss to remind people of those things which they are, now-a-days, too apt to disbelieve; besides, we have lately had an act against witches, and I don't question but shortly we shall have one against ghosts. But come, Mr. Trapwit, as we are for this once to give the precedence to comedy, e'en let us begin.

Trap. Ay, ay, with all my heart. Come, come, where's the gentleman who speaks the prologue? This prologue, Mr. Fustian, was given me by a friend, who does not care to own it till he tries whether it succeeds or no.

Enter PLAYER *for the Prologue.*

Come, Sir, make a very low bow to the audience; and shew as much concern as possible in your looks.

PROLOGUE:

As crafty lawyers, to acquire applause,
Try various arts to get a doubtful cause;
Or, as a dancing-master in a jig,
With various steps instructs the dancing prig;
Or as a doctor writes you different bills;
Or as a quack prescribes you different pills:
Or as a fiddler plays more tunes than one;
Or as a baker bakes more bread than brown,
Or as a tumbler tumbles up and down,
So does our Author, rummaging his brain,
By various methods try to entertain;
Brings a strange groupe of characters before you,
And shews you here at once both Whig and Tory;
Or court and country party you may call 'em:
But without fear and favour he will maul 'em.
To you, then, mighty sages of the pit——

Trap. Oh! dear Sir, seem a little more affected, I beseech you; advance to the front of the stage, make a low bow, lay your hand upon your heart, fetch a deep sigh, and pull out your handkerchief;

To you, then, mighty sages of the pit——

Prol. To you, then, mighty sages of the pit,
Our Author humbly does his cause submit.
He tries to please——Oh! take it not amiss:
And though it should be dull, Oh! do not hiss;
Laugh—if you can—if you cannot laugh——weep:
When you can wake no longer——fall asleep.

Trap. Very well! very well, Sir! You have affected me, I am sure.

Fust. And so he will the audience, I'll answer for 'em.

Trap. Oh, Sir, you're too good-natur'd——but, Sir, I do assure you I had writ a much better prologue of my own; but, as this came gratis, have reserv'd it for my next play; a prologue saved is a prologue got, brother Fustian. But come, where are your actors? Is Mr. Mayor and the Aldermen at the table?

Promp. Yes, Sir, but they want wine, and we can get none from the quaker's cellar without ready money.

Trap. Rat him! can't he trust till the third night? ——Here, take sixpence, and fetch two pots of porter, put it into bottles, and it will do for wine well enough.

Fust. Ay, faith, and the wine will be as good as the wit, I'll answer for it. [*Aside.*

Trap. Mr. Fustian, you'll observe I do not begin this play like most of our modern comedies, with three or four gentlemen who are brought on only to talk wit; for to tell you the truth, Sir, I have very little, if any, wit in this play: no, Sir, this is a play consisting of humour, nature, and simplicity; it is written, Sir, in the exact and true spirit of Molière: and this I will say for it, that except about a dozen, or a score, or so, there is not one impure joke in it. But come, clear the stage, and draw back the scene: Mr. Fustian, if you please to sit down by me.

MAYOR *and* ALDERMEN *discover'd.*

Fust. Pray, Sir, who are these characters?

Trap. Sir, they are Mr. Mayor of the town and his brethren, consulting about the election.

Fust. Are they all of a side, Sir?

Trap. Yes, Sir, as yet; for you must know, Sir, that all the men in this borough are very sensible people,

and have no party principles, for which they cannot give a good reason; Mr. Mayor, you begin the play.

May. Gentlemen, I have summoned you together to consider of proper representatives for this borough: you know the candidates on the court side are my Lord Place, and Colonel Promise; the country candidates are Sir Henry Fox-chase, and Squire Tankard; all worthy gentlemen, and I wish with all my heart we could choose them all four.

1*st Ald.* But since we cannot, Mr. Mayor, I think we should stand by our neighbours; gentlemen whose honesty we are witnesses of, and whose estates in our own neighbourhood render 'em not liable to be brib'd.

Fust. This gentleman, Mr. Trapwit, does not seem so unbiass'd in his principles as you represented him.

Trap. Pugh, Sir, you must have one fool in a play; beside, I only writ him to set off the rest.

May. Mr. Alderman, you have a narrow way of thinking; honesty is not confined to a country; a man that lives an hundred miles off may be as honest as him who lives but three.

All. Ay, ay, ay, ay. [*Shaking their heads.*

May. Besides, gentlemen, are we not more obliged to a foreigner for the favours he does us, than to one of our own neighbours who has obligations to us? I believe, gentlemen, there is not one of us who does not eat and drink with Sir Harry at least twenty times in a twelvemonth; now, for my part, I never saw or heard of either my Lord or the Colonel till within this fortnight; and yet they are as obliging, and civil, and familiar, as if we had been born and bred together.

1*st Ald.* Nay, they are very civil, well-bred men, that is the truth on't; but won't they bring a standing army upon us?

May. Mr. Alderman, you are deceived; the country

party will bring a standing army upon us; whereas if we choose my Lord and the Colonel, we shan't have a soldier in town. But, mum, here are my Lord and the Colonel.

Enter LORD PLACE *and* COLONEL PROMISE.

Lord Place. Gentlemen, your most humble servant; I have brought the Colonel to take a morning's whet with you.

May. Your Lordship and the Colonel do us great honour; pray, my Lord, be pleas'd to sit down; pray, Colonel, be pleas'd to sit. More wine here.

Fust. I wish, Mr. Trapwit, your actors don't get drunk in the first act.

Trap. Dear Sir, don't interrupt the rehearsal.

Lord Place. Gentlemen, prosperity to the corporation.

Fust. Sir, I am a well-wisher to the corporation, and, if you please, will pledge his lordship: Success to your comedy, Mr. Trapwit. [*Drinks.*

Trap. Give me a glass—Sir, here's to your tragedy.—Now, pray, no more interruption; for this scene is one continual joke, and if you open your lips in it, you will break the thread of the jest.

May. My Lord, we are sensible of your great power to serve this corporation; and we do not doubt but we shall feel the effect on't.

Lord Place. Gentlemen, you may depend on me; I shall do all in my power. I shall do you some services which are not proper at present to mention to you; in the mean time, Mr. Mayor, give me leave to squeeze you by the hand, in assurance of my sincerity.

Trap. You, Mr. that act my Lord, bribe a little more openly, if you please, or the audience will lose that joke, and it is one of the strongest in the whole play.

Lord Place. Sir, I cannot possibly do it better at the table.

Trap. Then get all up, and come forward to the front of the stage. Now you gentlemen that act the Mayor and Aldermen, range yourselves in a line; and you, my Lord, and the Colonel, come to one end and bribe away with right and left.

Fust. Is this wit, Mr. Trapwit?

Trap. Yes, Sir, it is wit; and such wit as will run all over the kingdom.

Fust. But, methinks, Colonel Promise, as you call him, is but ill-named; for he is a man of very few words.

Trap. You'll be of another opinion before the play is over; at present his hands are too full of business; and you may remember, Sir, I before told you this is none of your plays, wherein much is said, and nothing done. Gentlemen, are you all bribed?

Omnes. Yes, Sir.

Trap. Then my Lord, and the Colonel, you must go off, and make room for the other candidates to come on and bribe too.

[*Exeunt* Lord Place *and* Colonel Promise.

Fust. Is there nothing but bribery in this play of yours, Mr. Trapwit?

Trap. Sir, this play is an exact representation of nature; I hope the audience will date the time of action before the bill of bribery and corruption took place; and then I believe it may go down; but now, Mr. Fustian, I shall shew you the art of a writer, which is, to diversify his matter, and to do the same thing several ways. You must know, Sir, I distinguish bribery into two kinds; the direct and the indirect: the first you have seen already; and now, Sir, I shall give you a small specimen of the other. Prompter, call Sir Harry and the Squire. But,

gentlemen, what are you doing? How often shall I tell you that the moment the candidates are gone out you are to retire to the table, and drink and look wise; you, Mr. Mayor, ought to look very wise.

Fust. You'll take care he shall talk foolish enough, I warrant you. [*Aside.*

May. Come, here's a round to my Lord and the Colonel's health; a Place, and a Promise, I say; they may talk of the pride of courtiers, but I am sure I never had a civiller squeeze by the hand in my life.

Trap. Ay, you have squeezed that out pretty well: but shew the gold at these words, Sir, if you please.

May. I have none.

Trap. Pray, Mr. Prompter, take care to get some counters against it is acted.

Fust. Ha, ha, ha! upon my word the courtiers have topt their part; the actor has out-done the author; this bribing with an empty hand is quite in the character of a courtier.

Trap. Come, enter Sir Harry, and the Squire. Where are they?

1*st Play.* Sir, Mr. Soundwell has been regularly summoned, but he has refused to act the part.

Trap. Has he been writ to?

1*st Play.* Yes, Sir, and here's his answer.

Trap. Let both the letters be produc'd before the audience. Pray, Mr. Prompter, who shall we have to act the part?

1*st Play.* Sir, I lik'd the part so well, that I have studied it in hope of some time playing it.

Trap. You are an exceeding pretty young fellow, and I am very glad of the exchange.

Sir Har. Halloo, hark, forwards; hark, honest Ned, good-morrow to you; how dost, master Mayor? What, you are driving it about merrily, this morning? Come,

come, sit down; the Squire and I will take a pot with you. Come, Mr. Mayor, here's liberty and property, and no excise.

May. Sir Harry, your health.

Sir Har. What, won't you pledge me? Won't you drink, no excise?

May. I don't love party healths, Sir Harry.

All Ald. No, no, no party healths, no party healths.

Sir Har. Say ye so, gentlemen? I begin to smoke you; your pulses have been felt I perceive: and will you be bribed to sell your country? Where do you think these courtiers get the money they bribe you with, but from you yourselves? Do you think a man, who will give a bribe, won't take one? If you would be served faithfully, you must choose faithfully; and give your vote on no consideration but merit: for my part, I would as soon suborn an evidence at an assize, as a vote at an election.

May. I do believe you, Sir Harry.

Sir Har. Mr. Mayor, I hope you received those three bucks I sent you, and that they were good.

May. Sir Harry, I thank you for them; but 'tis so long since I eat them, that I have forgot the taste.

Sir Har. We'll try to revive it, I'll order you three more to-morrow morning.

May. You will surfeit us with venison. You will indeed; for it is a dry meat, Sir Harry, a very dry meat.

Sir Har. We'll find a way to moisten it, I'll warrant you, if there be any wine in the town; Mr. Alderman Stitch, your bill is too reasonable, you certainly must lose by it: send me in half a dozen more great-coats, pray; my servants are the dirtiest dogs! Mr. Damask, I believe you are afraid to trust me, by those few yards of silk you sent my wife——she likes the pattern so extremely, she is resolved to hang her rooms with it——

pray let me have a hundred yards of it; I shall want more of you. Mr. Timber——and you Mr. Iron, I shall get into your books too——

Fust. Would not that getting into books have been more in the character of a courtier, Mr. Trapwit?

Trap. Go on, go on, Sir.

Sir Har. That gentleman interrupts one so——Oh, now I remember——Mr. Timber and you Mr. Iron, I shall get into your books too; though if I do, I assure you I won't continue in them long.

Trap. Now, Sir, would it have been more in the character of a courtier? But you are like all our modern critics, who damn a man before they have heard a man out; when if they would but stay till the joke came——

Fust. They would stay to hear your last words, I believe. [*Aside.*

Sir Har. For you must know, gentlemen, that I intend to pull down my old house, and build a new one.

Trap. Pray, gentlemen, observe all to start at the word *house*. Sir Harry, that last speech again, pray.

Sir Har. For you, &c.——Mr. Mayor, I must have all my bricks of you.

May. And do you intend to rebuild your house, Sir Harry?

Sir Har. Positively.

May. Gentlemen, methinks, Sir Harry's toast stands still; will no body drink liberty and property, and no excise? [*They all drink and huzza.*

Sir Har. Give me thy hand, Mayor, I hate bribery and corruption: if this corporation will not suffer itself to be bribed, there shall not be a poor man in it.

May. And he that will deserves to be poor; for my part, the world should not bribe me to vote against my conscience.

Trap. Do you take that joke, Sir?

Fust. No faith, Sir.

1*st Ald.* Come, gentlemen, here's a Fox-chase, and a Tankard!

Omnes. A Fox-chase and a Tankard! Huzza!

Sir Har. Come, let's have one turn in the market-place, and then we'll to dinner.

May. Let's fill the air with our repeated cries,
Of liberty, and property, and no excise.

[*Exeunt* Mayor *and* Aldermen.

Trap. How do you like that couplet, Sir?

Fust. Oh! very fine, Sir.

Trap. This is the end of the first act, Sir.

Fust. I cannot but observe, Mr. Trapwit, how nicely you have opposed Squire Tankard to Colonel Promise; neither of whom have yet utter'd one syllable.

Trap. Why, you would not have every man a speaker, would you? One of a side is sufficient; and let me tell you, Sir, one is full enough to utter all that the party has to say for itself.

Fust. Methinks, Sir, you should let the audience know they can speak, if it were but an *aye* or a *no*.

Trap. Sir, the audience must know that already; for if they could not say *aye* and *no*, they would not be qualified for candidates.

Fust. Oh! your humble servant, I am answer'd: but pray, Sir, what is the action of this play?

Trap. The action, Sir?

Fust. Yes, Sir, the fable, the design?

Trap. Oh! you ask who is to be married! Why, Sir, I have a marriage; I hope you think I understand the laws of comedy better than to write without marrying somebody.

Fust. But is that the main design to which every thing conduces?

Trap. Yes, Sir.

Fust. Faith, Sir, I can't for the soul of me see, how what has hitherto past can conduce at all to that end.

Trap. You can't; indeed, I believe you can't: for that is the whole plot of my play: and do you think I am like your shallow writers of comedy, who publish the banns of marriage between all the couples in their play, in the first act? No, Sir, I defy you to guess my couple till the thing is done, slap all at once; and that too by an incident arising from the main business of the play, and to which every thing conduces.

Fust. That will, indeed, surprise me.

Trap. Sir, you are not the first man my writings have surprised——But what's become of all our players? Here, who begins the second act? Prompter!

Enter 1*st* PLAYER.

1*st Play.* Sir, the Prompter and most of the players are drinking tea in the Green-room.

Trap. Mr. Fustian, shall we drink a dish of tea with them? Come, Sir, as you have a part in my play, you shall drink a dish with us.

1*st Play.* Sir, I dare not go into the Green-room; my salary is not high enough: I shall be forfeited if I go in there.

Trap. Pshaw, come along; your sister has merit enough for herself, and you too; if they forfeit you, I'll warrant she'll take it off again.

ACT II.—SCENE I.

Enter TRAPWIT, FUSTIAN, PROMPTER, LORD PLACE, MRS. MAYORESS *and* MISS.

TRAPWIT.

I AM afraid, Mr. Fustian, you have hitherto suspected that I was a dabbler in low comedy; now, Sir, you shall see some scenes of politeness and fine conversation among the ladies. Come, my Lord, come, begin.

Lord Place. Pray, Mrs. Mayoress, what do you think this lace cost a yard?

Fust. A very pretty beginning of polite conversation, truly.

Trap. Sir, in this play, I keep exactly up to nature, nor is there any thing said in this scene, that I have not heard come out of the mouths of the finest people of the age. Sir, this scene has cost me ten shillings in chair-hire, to keep the best company as it is call'd.

Mrs. May. Indeed, my Lord, I cannot guess it at less than ten pounds a yard.

Lord Place. Pray, Madam, was you at the last ridotto?

Fust. Ridotto! the devil! a country mayoress at a ridotto! Sure, that is out of character, Mr. Trapwit?

Trap. Sir, a conversation of this nature cannot be carried on without these helps; besides, Sir, this country mayoress, as you call her, may be allow'd to know something of the town; for you must know, Sir, that she has been woman to a woman of quality.

Fust. I am glad to hear that.

Mrs. May. Oh! my Lord! mention not those dear ridottos to me, who have been confin'd these twelve long months in the country; where we have no entertainment, but a set of hideous, strolling players; nor have I seen any one human creature, till your lordship came to town; heaven send us a controverted election, then I shall go to that dear delightful place once more.

Miss. Yes, Mamma, and then we shall see Faribelly, the strange man-woman that they say is with child; and the fine pictures of Merlin's cave at the play-houses; and the rope-dancing and the tumbling.

Fust. By Miss's taste I believe she has been bred up under a woman of quality too.

Lord Place. I cannot but with pleasure observe, Madam, the polite taste Miss shews in her choice of entertainments; I dare swear she will be much admired in the *Beau Monde*, and I don't question but will be soon taken into keeping by some man of quality.

Miss. Keeping, my Lord!

Lord Place. Aye, that surprise looks well enough in one so young, that does not know the world; but, Miss, every one now keeps, and is kept; there are no such things as marriages now-a-days, unless merely Smithfield contracts, and that for the support of families; but then the husband and wife both take into keeping within a fortnight.

Mrs. May. My Lord, I would have my girl act like other young ladies; but she does not know any men of quality, who shall introduce her to 'em?

Lord Place. That, Madam, must be your part; you must take a house, and see company; in a little while you may keep an assembly, and play at cards as high as you can; and almost all the money that is won, must be put into the box, which you must call, *paying for the cards;* though it is indeed paying for your candles,

your clothes, your lodgings, and in short every thing you have. I know some persons who make a very considerable figure in town, whose whole estate lies in their card-box.

Mrs. May. And have I been so long contented to be the wife of a poor country tradesman, when I might have had all this happiness!

Fust. How comes this lady, Mr. Trapwit, considering her education, to be so ignorant of all these things?

Trap. 'Gad, that's true; I had forgot her education, faith, when I writ that speech; it's a fault I sometimes fall into——a man ought to have the memory of a devil to remember every little thing; but come, go on, go on—I'll alter it by and by.

Lord Place. Indeed, Madam, it is a miserable state of life; I hope we shall have no such people as tradesmen shortly; I can't see any use they are of; if I am chose, I'll bring in a bill to extirpate all trade out of the nation.

Mrs. May. Yes, my Lord, that would do very well amongst people of quality, who don't want money.

Fust. Again! Sure Mrs. Mayoress knows very little of people of quality, considering she has lived amongst them.

Trap. Lord, Sir, you are so troublesome——then she has not lived amongst people of quality, she has lived where I please; but suppose we should suppose she had been woman to a lady of quality, may we not also suppose she was turn'd away in a fortnight, and then what could she know, Sir?——Go on, go on.

Lord Place. A-lack-a-day, Madam, when I mention trade, I only mean low, dull, mechanic trade; such as the Canaille practise; there are several trades reputable enough, which people of fashion may practise; such are gaming, intriguing, voting, and running in debt.

Trap. Come, enter a servant, and whisper my Lord. [*Enter a* Servant.] Pray, Sir, mind your cue of entrance. [*Exit* Servant.

Lord Place. Ladies, a particular affair obliges me to lose so good company——I am your most obedient servant. [*Exit.*

Mrs. May. He is a prodigious fine gentleman.

Miss. But must I go into keeping, Mamma?

Mrs. May. Child, you must do what's in fashion.

Miss. But I have heard that's a naughty thing.

Mrs. May. That can't be, if your betters do it; people are punish'd for doing naughty things; but people of quality are never punish'd; therefore they never do any naughty things.

Fust. An admirable syllogism, and quite in character.

Trap. Pshaw, dear Sir, don't trouble me with character; it's a good thing; and if it's a good thing, what signifies who says it?——Come, enter the Mayor drunk.

Enter MAYOR.

May. Liberty and property, and no excise, wife.

Mrs. May. Ah! filthy beast, come not near me.

May. But I will though; I am for liberty and property; I'll vote for no courtiers, wife.

Mrs. May. Indeed, but you shall, Sir.

Miss. I hope you won't vote for a nasty stinking tory, papa.

May. What a pox! are you for the courtiers too?

Miss. Yes, I hope I am a friend to my country; I am not for bringing in the pope.

May. No, nor I an't for a standing army.

Mrs. May. But I am for a standing army, Sir; a standing army is a good thing: you pretend to be afraid of your liberties and your properties——You are afraid

of your wives and daughters: I love to see soldiers in the town; and you may say what you will, I know the town loses nothing by 'em.

May. The women don't, I believe.

Mrs. May. And I'll have you know, the women's wants shall be consider'd, as well as yours. I think my Lord and Colonel do you too much honour in offering to represent such a set of clownish, dirty, beggarly animals——Ah! I wish we women were to choose.

May. Ay, we should have a fine set of members, then, indeed.

Mrs. May. Yes, Sir, you would have none but pretty gentlemen——there should not be one man in the House of Commons without a lac'd coat.

Miss. O la! what a delicate, fine, charming sight that would be! Well, I like a lac'd coat; and if ever I am taken into keeping, it shall be by a man in a lac'd coat.

May. What's that you say, Minx? What's that you say?

Mrs. May. What's that to you, Sir?

May. Why, Madam, must not I speak to my own daughter?

Mrs. May. You have the greater obligation to me, Sir, if she is: I am sure, if I had thought you would have endeavour'd to ruin your family, I would have seen you hang'd before you should have had any by me.

May. I ruin my family!

Mrs. May. Yes, I have been making your fortune for you with my Lord! I have got a place for you, but you won't accept on't.

Miss. You shall accept on't.

Mrs. May. You shall vote for my Lord and the Colonel.

Miss. They are the finest men——

Mrs. May. The prettiest men——

Miss. The sweetest men——

Mrs. May. And you shall vote for them.

May. I won't be brib'd——

Mrs. May. A place is no bribe——ask the parson of the parish if a place is a bribe.

May. What is the place?

Mrs. May. I don't know what the place is; nor my Lord does not know what it is, but it is a great swinging place.

May. I will have the place first, I won't take a bribe, I will have the place first; liberty and property! I'll have the place first. [*Exit.*

Mrs. May. Come, my dear, follow me; I'll see whether he shall vote according to his conscience, or mine.

I'll teach mankind, while policy they boast,
They bear the name of power, we rule the roast.

Trap. There ends act the second. [*Exeunt* Mayoress *and* Miss.] Mr. Fustian, I inculcate a particular moral at the end of every act; and therefore might have put a particular motto before every one, as the author of Cæsar in Egypt has done; thus, Sir, my first act sweetly sings, bribe all, bribe all; and the second gives you to understand that we are all under petticoat government; and my third will——but you shall see—Enter my Lord Place, Colonel Promise, and several voters. My Lord, you begin the third act.

Enter LORD PLACE, COLONEL PROMISE, *and several* VOTERS.

Lord Place. Gentlemen, be assured, I will take care of you all; you shall all be provided for as fast as possible; the customs and the excise afford a great number of places.

1*st Voter.* Could not your lordship provide for me at court?

Lord Place. Nothing easier, what sort of a place would you like?

1*st Voter.* Is not there a sort of employment, Sir, call'd——beef-eating?—If your lordship please to make me a beef-eater,——I would have a place fitted for my capacity.

Lord Place. Sir, I will be sure to remember you.

2*d Voter.* My Lord, I should like a place at court too; I don't much care what it is, provided I wear fine clothes, and have something to do in the kitchen, or the cellar; I own I should like the cellar, for I am a devilish lover of sack.

Lord Place. Sack, say you? Odso, you shall be poet-laureat.

2*d Voter.* Poet! no, my Lord, I am no poet, I can't make verses.

Lord Place. No matter for that,——you'll be able to make odes.

2*d Voter.* Odes, my Lord! what are those?

Lord Place. Faith, Sir, I can't tell well what they are; but I know you may be qualified for the place without being a poet.

Trap. Now, my Lord, do you file off, and talk apart with your people; and let the Colonel advance.

Fust. Ay, faith, I think it is high time for the Colonel to be heard.

Col. Depend upon it, Sir; I'll serve you.

Fust. Upon my word the Colonel begins very well; but has not that been said already?

Trap. Ay, and if I was to bring an hundred courtiers into my play, they should all say it——none of them do it.

3*d Voter.* An't please your honour, I have read in a book call'd Fog's Journal, that your honour's men are to be made of wax; now, Sir, I have serv'd my time to a

wax-work maker, and desire to make your honour's regiment.

Col. Sir, you may depend on me.

3*d Voter*. Are your officers to be made of wax too, Sir? because I would prepare a finer sort for them.

Col. No, none but the chaplain.

3*d Voter*. O! I have a most delicate piece of black wax for him.

Trap. You see, Sir, the Colonel can speak when military affairs are on the carpet; hitherto, Mr. Fustian, the play has gone on in great tranquillity; now you shall see a scene of a more turbulent nature. Come, enter the mob of both sides, and cudgel one another off the stage. Colonel, as your business is not to fight at present, I beg you would go off before the battle comes on; you, and your brother candidate, come into the middle of the stage, you voters range yourselves under your several leaders. [*The* Mob *attempt to break in.*] Pray, gentlemen, keep back; mind, the Colonel's going off is the cue for the battle to enter. Now, my Lord, and the Colonel, you are at the head of your parties ——but hold, hold, hold, you Beef-eater, go you behind my Lord, if you please; and you soldier-maker, come you behind the Colonel: now, gentlemen, speak.

Lord Place.
Col. Pro. } Gentlemen, we'll serve you.

[*My* Lord *and the* Colonel *file off at different doors, the parties following.*

Enter Mob *on each side of the stage, crying out promiscuously, Down with the Rump, no Courtiers! no Jacobites! down with the Pope! no Excise! a* Place *and a* Promise! *a* Fox-chase *and a* Tankard! *At last they fall together by the ears, and cudgel one another off the stage.*

Enter SIR HARRY, SQUIRE, *and* MAYOR.

Sir Har. Bravely done, my boys, bravely done; faith, our party has got the day.

May. Ay, Sir Harry, at dry blows we always come off well; if we could but disband the army, I warrant we carried all our points. But faith, Sir, I have fought a hard battle on your account; the other side have secured my wife; my Lord has promised her a place, but I am not to be gull'd in that manner: I may be taken, like a fish in the water, by a bait; but not, like the dog in the water, by a shadow.

Sir Har. I know you are an honest man, and love your country.

May. Faith, that I do, Sir Harry, as well as any man; if my country will but let me live by it, that's all I desire.

Fust. Mr. Mayor seems to have got himself sober very suddenly.

Trap. Yes, so would you too, I believe, if you had been scolded at by your wife as long as he has; but if you think that is not reason enough, he may be drunk still, for any reason I see to the contrary: pray, Sir, act this scene as if you was drunk.

Fust. Nay, I must confess, I think it quite out of character the mayor to be once sober during the whole election.

Squire. [*drunk.*] A man that won't get drunk for his country is a rascal.

May. So he is, noble squire; there's no honesty in a man that won't be drunk——a man that won't drink is an enemy to the trade of the nation.

Sir Har. Those were glorious days when honest English hospitality flourish'd; when a country gentle-

man could afford to make his neighbours drunk, before your damn'd French fashions were brought over; why, Mr. Mayor, would you think it? there are many of these courtiers who have six starved footmen behind a coach, and not half a hogshead of wine in their house; why, how do you think all the money is spent?

May. Faith, I can't tell.

Sir Har. Why, in houses, pictures, lace, embroidery, nick-nacks, Italian singers, and French tumblers; and those who vote for them will never get a dinner of them after the election is over.

May. But there is a thought comes often into my head, which is this; if these courtiers be turn'd out, who shall succeed them?

Sir Har. Who? why we!

Squire. Ay, we!

Sir Har. And then we may provide for our friends; I love my country, but I don't know why I may not get something by it as well as another; at least to reimburse me.—And I do assure you, though I have not bribed a single vote, my election will stand me in a good five thousand pounds.

Squire. Ay, and so will mine me,—but if ever we should get uppermost, Sir Harry, I insist upon immediately paying off the debts of the nation.

Sir Har. Mr. Tankard, that shall be done with all convenient speed.

Squire. I'll have no delay in it, Sir.

May. There spoke the spirit of a true Englishman: ah! I love to hear the Squire speak, he will be a great honour to his country in foreign parts.

Sir Har. Our friends stay for us at the tavern; we'll go and talk more over a bottle.

Squire. With all my heart; but I will pay off the debts of the nation.

May. Come to the tavern then :—

There while brisk wine improves our conversation,
We at our pleasure will reform the nation.

Trap. There ends act the third.

[*Exeunt* Sir Harry, Squire, *and* Mayor.

Fust. Pray, Sir, what's the moral of this act?

Trap. And you really don't know?

Fust. No, really.

Trap. Then I really will not tell you; but come, Sir, since you cannot find that out, I'll try whether you can find out the plot; for now it is just going to begin to open, it will require a very close attention, I assure you; and the devil take me if I give you any assistance.

Fust. Is not the fourth act a little too late to open the plot, Mr. Trapwit?

Trap. Sir, 'tis an error on the right side; I have known a plot open in the first act, and the audience, and the poet too, forget it before the third was over; now, Sir, I am not willing to burden either the audience's memory, or my own; for they may forget all that is hitherto past, and know full as much of the plot as if they remember'd it.

Promp. Call Mr. Mayor, Mrs. Mayoress, and Miss.

Enter MR. MAYOR, MRS. MAYORESS, *and* MISS.

Mrs. May. O! I have found you at last, Sir! I have been hunting for you this hour.

May. Faith, my dear, I wish you had found me sooner, I have been drinking to the good old cause with Sir Harry and the Squire; you would have been heartily welcome to all the company.

Mrs. May. Sir, I shall keep no such company; I shall converse with no clowns, or country squires.

Miss. My Mamma will converse with no Jacobites.

May. But, my dear, I have some news for you; I have got a place for myself now.

Mrs. May. O, ho! then you will vote for my Lord at last?

May. No, my dear, Sir Harry is to give me a place.

Mrs. May. A place in his dog kennel?

May. No, 'tis such a one as you never could have got me from my Lord; I am to be made an ambassador.

Mrs. May. What, is Sir Harry going to change sides then, that he is to have all this interest?

May. No, but the sides are going to be chang'd; and Sir Harry is to be——I don't know what to call him, not I——some very great man; and as soon as he is a very great man, I am to be made an ambassador of.

Mrs. May. Made an ass of! Will you never learn of me, that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush?

May. Yes, but I can't find that you had the bird in hand; if that had been the case, I don't know what I might have done; but I am sure any man's promise is as good as a courtier's.

Mrs. May. Look'e, Mr. Ambassador, that is to be; will you vote as I would have you, or no? I am weary of arguing with a fool any longer; so, Sir, I tell you, you must vote for my Lord and the Colonel, or I'll make the house too hot to hold you; I'll see whether my poor family is to be ruin'd because you have whims.

Miss. I know he is a Jacobite in his heart.

Mrs. May. What signifies what he is in his heart; have not a hundred, whom every body knows to be as great Jacobites as he, acted like very good whigs? What has a man's heart to do with the lips? I don't trouble my head with what he thinks, I only desire him to vote.

Miss. I am sure Mamma is a very reasonable woman.

Mrs. May. Yes, I am too reasonable a woman, and have used gentle methods too long; but I'll try others. [*Goes to a corner of the stage, and takes a stick.*

May. Nay, then, Liberty and property, and no excise! [*Runs off.*

Mrs. May. I'll excise you, you villain! [*Runs after him.*

Miss. Hey ho! I wish somebody were here now; would the man that I love best in the world were here, that I might use him like a dog.

Fust. Is not that a very odd wish, Mr. Trapwit?

Trap. No, Sir; don't all the young ladies in plays use all their lovers so? Should we not lose half the best scenes in our comedies else?

Promp. Pray, gentlemen, don't disturb the rehearsal so; where is this servant? [*Enter* Servant.] Why don't you mind your cue?

Serv. O, ay, dog's my cue.—Madam, here's Miss Stitch, the taylor's daughter, come to wait on you.

Miss. Shew her in. What can the impertinent flirt want with me? She knows I hate her too, for being of the other party: however, I'll be as civil to her as I can.

Enter MISS STITCH.

Dear Miss! your servant; this is an unexpected favour.

Miss Stitch. I am sure, Madam, you have no reason to say so; for though we are of different parties, I have always coveted your acquaintance. I can't see why people may not keep their principles to themselves. [*Aside.*

Miss. Pray, Miss, sit down. Well, have you any news in town?

Miss Stitch. I don't know, my dear; for I have not been out these three days; and I have been employ'd

all that time in reading one of the Craftsmen: 'tis a very pretty one; I have almost got it by heart.

Miss. [*Aside.*] Saucy flirt! she might have spared that to me, when she knows that I hate the paper.

Miss Stitch. But I ask your pardon, my dear, I know you never read it.

Miss. No, Madam, I have enough to do to read the Daily Gazetteer. My father has six of 'em sent him every week, for nothing; they are very pretty papers, and I wish you would read them, Miss.

Miss Stitch. Fie upon you; how can you read what's writ by an old woman?

Miss. An old woman, Miss?

Miss Stitch. Yes, Miss, by Mrs. Osborne.—Nay, it is in vain to deny it to me.

Miss. I desire, Madam, we may discourse no longer on this subject; for we shall never agree on it.

Miss Stitch. Well, then, pray let me ask you seriously —are you thoroughly satisfied with this peace?

Miss. Yes, Madam, and I think you ought to be so too.

Miss Stitch. I should like it well enough, if I were sure the Queen of Spain was to be trusted.

Miss. [*Rising.*] Pray, Miss, none of your insinuations against the Queen of Spain.

Miss Stitch. Don't be in a passion, Madam.

Miss. Yes, Madam, but I will be in a passion, when the interest of my country is at stake.

Miss Stitch. [*Rising.*] Perhaps, Madam, I have a heart as warm in the interest of my country as you can have; though I pay money for the papers I read, Madam, and that's more than you can say.

Miss. Miss, Miss, my papers are paid for too by somebody, though I don't pay for them; I don't suppose the Old Woman, as you call her, sends 'em about at her own expense; but I'd have you to know, Miss, I

value my money as little as you in my country's cause; and rather than have no army, I would part with every farthing of these sixteen shillings to maintain it.

Miss Stitch. And if my sweetheart was to vote for the Colonel, though I like this fan of all the fans I ever saw in my life, I would tear it all to pieces, because it was his Valentine's gift to me——Oh! heavens! I have torn my fan; I would not have torn my fan for the world! Oh! my poor dear fan!—I wish all parties were at the devil, for I am sure I shall never get a fan by them.

Miss. Notwithstanding all you have said, Madam, I should be a brute not to pity you under this calamity; comfort yourself, child, I have a fan the exact fellow to it; if you bring your sweetheart over to vote for the Colonel, you shall have it.

Miss Stitch. And can I sell my country for a fan?—What's my country to me? I shall never get a fan by it.—And will you give it me for nothing?

Miss. I'll make you a free present of it.

Miss Stitch. I am asham'd of your conquest, but I'll take the fan.

Miss. And now, my dear, we'll go and drink a dish of tea together.

And let all parties blame me if they can,
Who're brib'd by honours trifling as a fan.

[*Exeunt* Misses.

Trap. There ends act the fourth. If you want to know the moral of this, the devil must be in you; Faith, this incident of the fan struck me so strongly, that I was once going to call this comedy by the name of the Fan. But, come, now for act the fifth.

Promp. Sir, the player who is to begin it is just stept

aside on some business; he begs you would stay a few minutes for him.

Trap. Come, Fustian, you and I will step into the Green-room, and chat with the actresses mean while.

Fust. But don't you think these girls improper persons to talk of parties?

Trap. Sir, I assure you it is not out of nature: And I have often heard these affairs canvass'd by men, who had not one whit more understanding than these girls.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.—SCENE I.

Enter TRAPWIT, FUSTIAN *and* SNEERWELL.

TRAPWIT.

FIE upon't, fie upon't, make no excuses.

Sneer. Consider, Sir, I am my own enemy.

Trap. I do consider that you might have past your time, perhaps, here as well as in another place.

Sneer. But I hope I have not transgressed much—

Trap. All's over, Sir; all's over; you might as well have stay'd away entirely; the fifth act's beginning, and the plot's at an end.

Sneer. What's the plot at an end before the fifth act is begun?

Trap. No, no, no, no, I don't mean at an end,——but we are so far advanced in it, that it will be impossible for you to comprehend or understand any thing of it.

Fust. You have too mean an opinion of Mr. Sneer-

well's capacity; I'll engage he shall understand as much of it as I, who have heard the other four.

Trap. Sir, I can't help your want of understanding or apprehension; 'tis not my fault if you cannot take a hint, Sir; would you have a catastrophe in every act? Oons and the devil, have not I promised you, you should know all by and by——but you are so impatient.

Fust. I think you have no reason to complain of my want of patience; Mr. Sneerwell, be easy; 'tis but one short act before my tragedy begins; and that I hope will make you amends for what you are to undergo before it. Trapwit, I wish you would begin.

Trap. I wish so too. Come, Prompter! are the members in their chairs?

Promp. Yes, Sir.

Trap. Then carry them over the stage; but hold, hold, hold, where is the woman to strew the flowers? [*The members are carried over the stage.*] Hollow, mob, hollow, hollow; Oons, Mr. Prompter, you must get more mob to hollow, or these gentlemen will never be believed to have had the majority.

Promp. Sir, I can get no more mob, all the rest of the mob are gone to St. James's Park to see the show.

Sneer. Pray, Mr. Trapwit, who are these gentlemen in the chairs?

Trap. Ay, Sir, this is your staying away so long; if you had been here the first four acts, you would have known who they were.

Fust. Dear Sneerwell, ask him no more questions; if you enquire into every absurdity you see, we shall have no tragedy to-day.

Trap. Come, Mr. Mayor and Mrs. Mayoress.

Enter MAYOR *and* MRS. MAYORESS.

May. So, now you have undone yourself your own

way; you have made me vote against my conscience and interest too, and now I have lost both parties.

Mrs. May. How have you lost both parties?

May. Why, my Lord will never remember my voting for him, now he has lost the day; and Sir Harry, who has won it, will never forgive my voting against him: let which side will be uppermost, I shall have no place till the next election.

Mrs. May. It will be your own fault then, Sir; for you have it now in your power to oblige my Lord more than ever; go and return my Lord and the Colonel as duly elected, and I warrant you I do your business with him yet.

May. Return 'em, my dear? Why there was a majority of two or three score against 'em.

Mrs. May. A fig for a majority of two or three score; if there had been a majority of as many hundred, you'll never be called to an account for returning them; and when you have return'd 'em, you'll have done all in your power: How can you expect that great men should do any thing to serve you, if you stick at any thing to serve them?

May. My conscience boggles at this thing——but yet it is impossible I should ever get any thing by the other side.

Mrs. May. Ay, let that satisfy your conscience, that it is the only way to get any thing.

May. Truly, I think it has.

Sneer. I think, Mr. Trapwit, Interest would be a better word there than Conscience.

Trap. Ay, Interest, or Conscience, they are words of the same meaning; but I think Conscience rather politer of the two, and most used at court.

Mrs. May. Besides, it will do a service to your town, for half of them must be carried to London at the candi-

dates' expense: and I dare swear there is not one of them, whatever side he votes of, but would be glad to put the candidate to as much expense as he can in an honest way. [*Exit* Mayor.

Enter MISS *crying.*

Miss. Oh, Mamma, I have grieved myself to death at the court party's losing the day; for if the others should have a majority in the house, what would become of us? alas, we should not go to London!

Mrs. May. Dry up your tears, my dear, all will be well; your father shall return my Lord and the Colonel: and we shall have a controverted election, and we will go to London, my dear.

Miss. Shall we go to London? then I am easy; but if we had staid here, I should have broke my heart for the love of my country.——Since my father returns them, I hope justice will find some friends above, where people have sense enough to know the right side from the left; however, happen what will, there is some consolation in going to London.

Mrs. May. But I hope you have considered well what my Lord told you; that you will not scruple going into keeping: perhaps you will have it in your power to serve your family, and it would be a great sin not to do all you can for your family.

Miss. I have dreamt of nothing but coaches and six, and balls, and treats, and shows, and masquerades ever since.

Fust. Dreamt, Sir, why, I thought the time of your comedy had been confined to the same day, Mr. Trapwit?

Trap. No, Sir, it is not; but suppose it was, might she not have taken an afternoon's nap?

Sneer. Ay, or dreamt waking, as several people do.

Enter LORD PLACE *and* COLONEL PROMISE.

Lord Place. Madam, I am come to take my leave of you; I am very sensible of my many obligations to you, and shall remember them till the next election, when I will wait on you again; nay, I don't question but we shall carry our point yet, though they have given us the trouble of a petition.

Mrs. May. No, no, my Lord, you are not yet reduced to that; I have prevailed on my husband to return you and the Colonel.

Lord Place. To return us, Madam?

Mrs. May. Yes, my Lord, as duly elected; and when we have return'd you so, it will be your own fault if you don't prove yourself so.

Lord Place. Madam, this news has so transported my spirits, that I fear some ill-effect, unless you instantly give me a dram.

Mrs. May. If your lordship please to walk with me into my closet, I'll equip your lordship. [*Exit.*

Trap. How do you like that dram, Sir?

Sneer. Oh! most excellent!

Fust. I can't say so, unless I tasted it.

Trap. Faith, Sir, if it had not been for that dram, my play had been at an end.

Fust. The devil take the dram with all my heart.

Trap. Now, Mr. Fustian, the plot which has hitherto been only carried on by hints, and open'd itself like the infant spring by small and imperceptible degrees to the audience, will display itself, like a ripe matron, in its full summer's bloom; and cannot, I think, fail with its attractive charms, like a loadstone, to catch the admiration of every one like a trap, and raise an applause like thunder, till it makes the whole house like a hurricane. I must desire a strict silence through

this whole scene. Colonel, stand you still on this side of the stage; and, Miss, do you stand on the opposite. ——There, now look at each other.

[*A long silence here.*

Fust. Pray, Mr. Trapwit, is nobody ever to speak again?

Trap. Oh! the devil! You have interrupted the scene; after all my precautions the scene's destroy'd; the best scene of silence that ever was penn'd by man. Come, come, you may speak now; you may speak as fast as you please.

Col. Madam, the army is very much obliged to you for the zeal you shew for it: me it has made your slave for ever; nor can I ever think of being happy unless you consent to marry me.

Miss. Ha! and can you be so generous to forgive all my ill-usage of you?

Fust. What ill-usage, Mr. Trapwit? For if I mistake not, this is the first time these lovers spoke to one another.

Trap. What ill usage, Sir? A great deal, Sir.

Fust. When, Sir? Where, Sir?

Trap. Why, behind the scenes, Sir. What, would you have every thing brought upon the stage? I intend to bring ours to the dignity of the French stage; and I have Horace's advice on my side; we have many things both said and done in our comedies, which might be better perform'd behind the scenes: the French, you know, banish all cruelty from the stage; and I don't see why we should bring on a lady in ours, practising all manner of cruelty upon her lover: besides, Sir, we do not only produce it, but encourage it; for I could name you some comedies, if I would, where a woman is brought in for four acts together, behaving to a worthy man in a manner for which she almost deserves

to be hanged; and in the fifth, forsooth, she is rewarded with him for a husband: now, Sir, as I know this hits some tastes, and am willing to oblige all, I have given every lady a latitude of thinking mine has behaved in whatever manner she would have her.

Sneer. Well said, my little Trap: but pray let us have the scene.

Trap. Go on, Miss, if you please.

Miss. I have struggled with myself to put you to so many trials of your constancy; nay, perhaps have indulged myself a little too far in the innocent liberties of abusing you, tormenting you, coqueting, lying, and jilting; which, as you are so good to forgive, I do faithfully promise to make you all the amends in my power, by making you a good wife.

Trap. That single promise, Sir, is more than any of my brother authors had ever the grace to put into the mouth of any of their fine ladies yet: so that the hero of a comedy is left in a much worse condition than the villain of a tragedy, and I would choose rather to be hanged with the one, than married with the other.

Sneer. Faith, Trapwit, without a jest, thou art in the right on't.

Fust. Go on, go on, dear Sir, go on.

Col. And can you be so generous, so great, so good? Oh! load not thus my heart with obligations, lest it sink beneath its burden: Oh! could I live a hundred thousand years, I never could repay the bounty of that last speech; Oh! my paradise!

> Eternal honey drops from off your tongue!
> And when you spoke, then Farinelli sung!

Trap. Open your arms, Miss, if you please; remember you are no coquet now; how pretty this looks, don't

it? [*Mimicing her.*] Let me have one of your best embraces, I desire; do it once more, pray——There, there, that's pretty well; you must practice this behind the scenes. [*Exeunt* Miss *and* Colonel.

Sneer. Are they gone to practice, now, Mr. Trapwit?

Trap. You're a joker, Mr. Sneerwell: you're a joker.

Enter LORD PLACE, MAYOR, *and* MRS. MAYORESS.

Lord Place. I return you my hearty thanks, Mr. Mayor, for this return! and, in return of the favour, I will certainly do you a very good turn very soon.

Fust. I wish the audience don't do you an ill turn, Mr. Trapwit, for that last speech.

Sneer. Yes, faith, I think I would cut out a turn or two.

Trap. Sir, I'll sooner cut off an ear or two; Sir, that's the very best thing in the whole play——Come, enter the Colonel and Miss——married.

Sneer. Upon my word, they have been very expeditious.

Trap. Yes, Sir; the parson understands his business, he has ply'd several years at the Fleet.

Enter COLONEL *and* MISS. [*They kneel.*

Col. } Sir, and Madam, your blessing.
Miss. }

Mrs. May. } Ha!
May. }

Col. Your daughter, Sir, and Madam, has made me the happiest of mankind.

Mrs. May. Colonel, you know you might have had my consent; why did you choose to marry without it? However, I give you both my blessing.

May. And so do I.

Lord Place. Then call in my brother candidates, we will spend this night in feast and merriment.

Fust. What has made these two parties so suddenly friends, Mr. Trapwit?

Trap. What, why the marriage, Sir; the usual reconciler at the end of a comedy. I would not have concluded without every person on the stage for the world.

Lord Place. Well, Colonel, I see you are setting out for life, and so I wish you a good journey.

And you, gallants, from what you've seen to-night,
If you are wrong, may set your judgments right;
Nor like our misses, about bribing quarrel,
When better herring is in neither barrel.

Manent Fust., Trap. *and* Sneer.

Trap. Thus ends my play, Sir.

Fust. Pray, Mr. Trapwit, how has the former part of it conduced to this marriage?

Trap. Why, Sir, do you think the Colonel would ever have had her, but on the prospect her father has from this election?

Sneer. Ay, or to strengthen his interest with the returning officer.

Trap. Ay, Sir, I was just going to say so.

Sneer. But where's your epilogue?

Trap. Faith, Sir, I can't tell what I shall do for an epilogue.

Sneer. What! have you writ none?

Trap. Yes, faith, I have writ one, but——

Sneer. But what?

Trap. Faith, Sir, I can get no one to speak it; the actresses are so damn'd difficult to please——When first I writ it they would not speak it, because there were not double entendres enough in it; upon which I went to

Mr. Watt's, and borrowed all his plays; went home, read over all the epilogues, and cramm'd it as full as possible; and now, forsooth, it has too many in it. Oons, I think we must get a pair of scales, and weigh out a sufficient quantity of that same——

Fust. Come, come, Mr. Trapwit, clear the stage, if you please.

Trap. With all my heart; for I have overstay'd my time already; I am to read my play to-day to six different companies of quality.

Fust. You'll stay and see the tragedy rehearsed, I hope?

Trap. Faith, Sir, it is my great misfortune that I can't; I deny myself a great pleasure, but cannot possibly stay——to hear such damn'd stuff as I know it must be. [*Aside.*

Sneer. Nay, dear Trapwit, you shall not go—— Consider, your advice may be of some service to Mr. Fustian; besides, he has stay'd the rehearsal of your play——

Fust. Yes, I have——and kept myself awake with much difficulty. [*Aside.*

Trap. Nay, nay, you know I can't refuse you—— though I shall certainly fall asleep in the first act. [*Aside.*

Sneer. If you'll let me know who your people of quality are, I'll endeavour to bring you off.

Trap. No, no, hang me if I tell you, ha, ha, ha! I know you too well——But pr'ythee, now, tell me, Fustian, how dost thou like my play; dost think it will do?

Fust. 'Tis my opinion it will!

Trap. Give me a guinea, and I'll give you a crown a night as long as it runs.

Sneer. That's laying against yourself, Mr. Trapwit.

Trap. I love a hedge, Sir.

Fust. Before the rehearsal begins, gentlemen, I must beg your opinion of my dedication; you know, a dedication is generally a bill drawn for value therein contained; which value is a set of nauseous fulsome compliments, which my soul abhors and scorns; for I mortally hate flattery, and therefore have carefully avoided it.

Sneer. Yes, faith, a dedication without flattery will be worth the seeing.

Fust. Well, Sir, you shall see it. Read it, dear Trapwit; I hate to read my own works.

Trap. [*Reads.*] 'My Lord, at a time when nonsense, 'dulness, lewdness, and all manner of profaneness and 'immorality are daily practised on the stage, I have 'prevail'd on my modesty to offer to your lordship's 'protection a piece, which, if it has no merit to recom- 'mend it, has at least no demerit to disgrace it; nor do 'I question at this, when every one else is dull, you will 'be pleas'd to find one exception to the number.

'I cannot indeed help assuming to myself some 'little merit from the applause which the town has so 'universally conferr'd upon me.——'

Fust. That, you know, Mr. Sneerwell, may be omitted, if it should meet with any ill-natur'd opposition; for which reason I shall not print off my dedication till after the play is acted.

Trap. [*Reads.*] 'I might here indulge myself with a 'delineation of your lordship's character: but as I 'abhor the least imputation of flattery, and as I am 'certain your lordship is the only person in this nation 'that does not love to hear your praises, I shall be 'silent——only this give me leave to say, That you 'have more wit, sense, learning, honour, and humanity, 'than all mankind put together; and your person com- 'prehends in it everything that is beautiful; your air is

'every thing that is graceful, your look every thing 'that is majestic, and your mind is a storehouse where 'every virtue and every perfection are lodged; to pass 'by your generosity, which is so great, so glorious, so 'diffusive, that like the sun it eclipses, and makes stars 'of all your other virtues——I could say more——'

Sneer. Faith, Sir, that's more than I could——

Trap. 'But shall commit a violence upon myself, and 'conclude with assuring your lordship, that I am, my 'Lord, your lordship's most obedient, most devoted, most 'obsequious, and most obliged humble servant.'

Fust. There you see it, Sir, concise, and not fulsome.

Sneer. Very true, Sir, if you had said less it would not have done.

Fust. No, I think less would have been downright rude, considering it was to a person of the first quality.

Sneer. Pr'ythee, Trapwit, let's see yours.

Trap. I have none, Sir.

Fust. How, Sir, no dedication?

Trap. No, Sir, for I have dedicated so many plays, and received nothing for them, that I am resolved to trust no more; I'll let no more flattery go out of my shop without being paid beforehand.

Fust. Sir, flattery is so cheap, and every man of quality keeps so many flatterers about him, that egad, our trade is quite spoil'd; but if I am not paid for this dedication, the next I write shall be a satirical one; if they won't pay me for opening my mouth, I'll make them pay me for shutting it. But since you have been so kind, gentlemen, to like my dedication, I'll venture to let you see my prologue. Sir, I beg the favour of you to repeat the prologue, if you are perfect in it.

[*To a* Player.

Play. Sir, I'll do it to the best of my power.

Fust. This prologue was writ by my friend.

PROLOGUE.

When death's sharp scythe has mow'd the hero down,
The muse again awakes him to renown;
She tells proud fate that all her darts are vain,
And bids the hero live, and strut about again:
Nor is she only able to restore,
But she can make what ne'er was made before:
Can search the realms of Fancy, and create
What never came into the brain of Fate.
Forth from these realms, to entertain to-night,
She brings imaginary kings and queens to light,
Bids Common-sense in person mount the stage,
And Harlequin to storm in tragic rage.
Britons, attend; and decent reverence show
To her, who made th' Athenian bosoms glow;
Whom the undaunted Romans could revere,
And who in Shakespear's time was worship'd here;
If none of these can her success presage,
Your hearts at least a wonder may engage:
Oh! love her like her sister monsters of the age.

Sneer. Faith, Sir, your friend has writ a very fine prologue.

Fust. Do you think so? Why then, Sir, I must assure you, that friend is no other than myself. But come, now for the tragedy. Gentlemen, I must desire you all to clear the stage, for I have several scenes which I could wish it was as big again for.

2*d* PLAYER *enters, and whispers* TRAPWIT.

2*d Play.* Sir, a gentlewoman desires to speak to you.

Trap. Is she in a chair?

2*d Play.* No, Sir, she is in a riding-hood, and says she has brought you a clean shirt. [*Exit* Player.

Trap. I'll come to her—Mr. Fustian, you must excuse me a moment; a lady of quality hath sent to take some boxes. [*Exit* Trapwit.

Promp. Common-sense, Sir, desires to speak with you in the Green-room.

Fust. I'll wait upon her.

Sneer. You ought, for it is the first message, I believe, you ever received from her. [*Aside.*

[*Exeunt* Fustian *and* Sneerwell.

Enter a DANCER.

Danc. Lookye, Mr. Prompter, I expect to dance first goddess; I will not dance under Miss Minuet; I am sure I shew more to the audience than any lady upon the stage.

Promp. Madam, it is not my business.

Danc. I don't know whose business it is: but I think the town ought to be the judges of a dancer's merit; I am sure they are on my side; and if I am not us'd better, I'll go to France; for now we have got all their dancers away, perhaps they may be glad of some of ours.

Promp. Heyday, what's the matter?

[*A noise within.*

Enter PLAYER.

Play. The author and Common-sense are quarrelling in the Green-room.

Promp. Nay, then, that's better worth seeing than any thing in the play. [*Exit* Prompter.

Danc. Hang this play, and all plays; the dancers are the only people that support the house; if it were not for us, they might act their Shakespear to empty benches.

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

Enter FUSTIAN *and* SNEERWELL.

FUSTIAN.

THESE little things, Mr. Sneerwell, will sometimes happen. Indeed a poet undergoes a great deal before he comes to his third night; first with the muses, who are humorous ladies, and must be attended; for if they take it into their head at any time to go abroad and leave you, you will pump your brain in vain: then, Sir, with the master of a play-house to get it acted, whom you generally follow a quarter of a year before you know whether he will receive it or no; and then, perhaps, he tells you it won't do, and returns it to you again, reserving the subject, and perhaps the name, which he brings out in his next pantomime; but if he should receive the play, then you must attend again to get it writ out into parts, and rehears'd. Well, Sir, at last, the rehearsals begin; then, Sir, begins another scene of trouble with the actors, some of whom don't like their parts, and all are continually plaguing you with alterations: at length, after having waded through all these difficulties, his play appears on the stage, where one man hisses out of resentment to the author; a second out of dislike to the house; a third out of dislike to the actor; a fourth out of dislike to the play; a fifth for the joke sake; a sixth to keep all the rest in company. Enemies abuse him, friends give him up, the play is damn'd, and the author goes to the devil: so ends the farce.

Sneer. The tragedy, rather, I think, Mr. Fustian. But what's become of Trapwit?

Fust. Gone off, I suppose; I knew he would not stay; he is so taken up with his own performances, that he has no time to attend any others. But come, Prompter, will the tragedy never begin?

Enter PROMPTER.

Promp. Yes, Sir, they are all ready; come, draw up the curtain.

FIREBRAND, LAW, *and* PHYSIC *discovered.*

Sneer. Pray, Mr. Fustian, who are these personages?

Fust. That in the middle, Sir, is Firebrand, priest of the Sun; he on the right represents Law, and he on the left Physic.

Fireb. Avert these omens, ye auspicious stars!

Fust. What omens? where the devil is the thunder and lightning?

Promp. Why don't you let go the thunder there, and flash your rosin? [*Thunder and Lightning.*

Fust. Now, Sir, begin, if you please. I desire, Sir, you will get a larger thunderbowl, and two pennyworth more of lightning against the representation. Now, Sir, if you please.

Fireb. Avert these omens, ye auspicious stars!
Oh Law! oh Physic! As last even late
I offered sacred incense in the temple,
The temple shook: strange prodigies appear'd:
A cat in boots did dance a rigadoon,
While a huge dog play'd on the violin;
And, whilst I trembling at the altar stood,
Voices were heard i' th' air, and seem'd to say,
Awake, my drowsy sons, and sleep no more:
They must mean something!——

Law. Certainly they must——
We have our omens too! The other day
A mighty deluge swam into our hall,
As if it meant to wash away the law:
Lawyers were forc'd to ride on porters' shoulders;
One, O prodigious omen! tumbled down,
And he and all his briefs were sous'd together.
Now, if I durst my sentiments declare,
I think it is not hard to guess the meaning.

Fireb. Speak boldly; by the powers I serve, I swear
You speak in safety, even though you speak
Against the gods, provided that you speak
Not against priests.

Law. What then can the powers
Mean by these omens, but to rouse us up
From the lethargic sway of Common-sense?
And well they urge, for while that drowsy queen
Maintains her empire, what becomes of us?

Phys. My Lord of Law, you speak my sentiments;
For though I wear the mask of loyalty,
And outward shew a reverence to the queen,
Yet in my heart I hate her: yes, by heav'n,
She stops my proud ambition! keeps me down
When I would soar upon an eagle's wing,
And thence look down, and dose the world below.

Law. Thou know'st, my Lord of Physic, I had long
Been privileg'd by custom immemorial,
In tongues unknown, or rather none at all,
My edicts to deliver through the land;
When this proud queen, this Common-sense, abridg'd
My power, and made me understood by all.

Phys. My Lord, there goes a rumour through the court
That you descended from a family
Related to the queen; Reason is said
T' have been the mighty founder of your house.

Law. Perhaps so; but we have rais'd ourselves so high
And shook this founder from us off so far,
We hardly deign to own from whence we came.
Fireb. My Lords of Law and Physic, I have heard,
With perfect approbation, all you've said;
And since I know you men of noble spirit,
And fit to undertake a glorious cause,
I will divulge myself: know, through this mask,
Which to impose on vulgar minds I wear,
I am an enemy to Common-sense;
But this not for ambition's earthly cause,
But to enlarge the worship of the Sun:
To give his priests a just degree of power,
And more than half the profits of the land.
Oh! my good Lord of Law, would'st thou assist,
In spite of Common-sense it may be done.
Law. Propose the method.
Fireb. Here, survey this list,
In it you'll find a certain set of names,
Whom well I know sure friends to Common-sense;
These it must be our care to represent
The greatest enemies to the gods and her.
But hush, the queen approaches.

Enter the QUEEN, *attended by two* MAIDS OF HONOUR.

Fust. What! but two maids of honour?
Promp. Sir, a Jew carried off the other, but I shall be able to pick up some more against the play is acted.
Q. C. S. My Lord of Law, I sent for you this morning;
I have a strange petition given to me;
Two men, it seems, have lately been at law
For an estate, which both of them have lost,
And their attornies now divide between them.
Law. Madam, these things will happen in the law.

Q. C. S. Will they, my Lord? then better we had none:
But I have also heard a sweet bird sing,
That men unable to discharge their debts
At a short warning, being sued for them,
Have, with both power and will their debts to pay,
Lain all their lives in prison for their costs.

Law. That may perhaps be some poor person's case,
Too mean to entertain your royal ear.

Q. C. S. My Lord, while I am queen I shall not think
One man too mean, or poor to be redress'd;
Moreover, Lord, I am inform'd your laws
Are grown so large, and daily yet increase,
That the great age of old Methusalem
Would scarce suffice to read your statute out.

Fireb. Madam, a more important cause demands
Your royal care; strange omens have appear'd,
Sights have been seen, and voices have been heard,
The gods are angry, and must be appeas'd,
Nor do I know to that a readier way
Than by beginning to appease their priests,
Who groan for power, and cry out after honour.

Q. C. S. The gods, indeed, have reason for their anger,
And sacrifices shall be offer'd to them;
But would you make 'em welcome; Priest, be meek,
Be charitable, kind, nor dare affront
The Sun you worship, while yourselves prevent
That happiness to men you ask of him.

Enter an OFFICER.

Q. C. S. What means this hasty message in your looks?

Offic. Forgive me, Madam, if my tongue declares
News for your sake, which most my heart abhors;

Queen Ignorance is landed in your realm,
With a vast power from Italy and France
Of singers, fiddlers, tumblers, and rope-dancers.
Q. C. S. Order our army instantly to get
Themselves in readiness; ourself will head 'em.
My Lords, you are concern'd as well as we,
T'oppose this foreign force, and we expect
You join us with your utmost levies straight;
Go, Priest, and drive all frightful omens hence;
To fright the vulgar they are your pretence,
But sure the gods will side with Common-sense.
[*Exit cum suis.*

Fireb. They know their interest better; or at least
Their priests do for 'em, and themselves. Oh! Lords,
This Queen of Ignorance, whom you have heard
Just now describ'd in such a horrid form,
Is the most gentle, and most pious queen;
So fearful of the gods, that she believes
Whate'er their priests affirm. And by the Sun,
Faith is no faith, if it fall short of that.
I'd be infallible; and that, I know,
Will ne'er be granted me by Common-sense:
Wherefore I do disclaim her, and will join
The cause of Ignorance. And now, my Lords,
Each to his post.—The rostrum I ascend,
My Lord of Law, you to your courts repair;
And you my good Lord Physic, to the queen;
Handle her pulse, potion and pill her well.
Phys. Oh! my good lord, had I her royal ear,
Would she but take the counsel I would give,
You'd need no foreign power to overthrow her:
Yes, by the gods! I would with one small pill
Unhinge her soul, and tear it from her body;
But, to my art and me a deadly foe,
She has averr'd, ay, in the public court,

That Water Gruel is the best physician:
For which, when she's forgiven by the college,
Or when we own the sway of Common-sense,
May we be forc'd to take our own prescriptions.

Fireb. My Lord of Physic I applaud thy spirit,
Yes, by the Sun, my heart laughs loud within me,
To see how easily the world's deceiv'd;
To see this Common-sense thus tumbled down
By men, whom all the cheated nations own
To be the strongest pillars of her throne.

[*Exeunt* Fireb. Law, *and* Phys.

Fust. Thus ends the first act, Sir.

Sneer. This tragedy of yours, Mr. Fustian, I observe to be emblematical; do you think it will be understood by the audience?

Fust. Sir, I cannot answer for the audience; though I think the panegyric intended by it is very plain, and very seasonable.

Sneer. What panegyric?

Fust. On our clergy, Sir, at least the best of them, to shew the difference between a heathen and a christian priest. And as I have touch'd only on generals, I hope I shall not be thought to bring any thing improper on the stage, which I would carefully avoid.

Sneer. But is not your satire on law and physic somewhat too general?

Fust. What is said here cannot hurt either an honest lawyer, or a good physician; and such may be, nay, I know such are: if the opposites to these are the most general, I cannot help that; as for the professors themselves, I have no great reason to be their friend, for they once joined in a particular conspiracy against me.

Sneer. Ay, how so?

Fust. Why, an apothecary brought me in a long bill, and a lawyer made me pay it.

Sneer. Ha, ha, ha! a conspiracy, indeed.

Fust. Now, Sir, for my second act; my tragedy consists but of three.

Sneer. I thought that had been immethodical in tragedy.

Fust. That may be; but I spun it out as long as I could keep Common-sense alive; ay, or even her ghost. Come, begin the second act.

The Scene draws, and discovers COMMON-SENSE *asleep.*

Sneer. Pray, Sir, who's that upon the couch there?

Fust. I thought you had known her better, Sir, that's Common-sense asleep.

Sneer. I should rather have expected her at the head of her army.

Fust. Very likely, but you do not understand the practical rules of writing as well as I do; the first and greatest of which is protraction, or the art of spinning, without which the matter of a play would lose the chief property of all other matter, namely, extension; and no play, Sir, could possibly last longer than half an hour. I perceive, Mr. Sneerwell, you are one of those who would have no character brought on, but what is necessary to the business of the play.—Nor I neither—But the business of the play, as I take it, is to divert, and therefore every character that diverts, is necessary to the business of the play.

Sneer. But how will the audience be brought to conceive any probable reason for this sleep?

Fust. Why, Sir, she has been meditating on the present general peace of Europe, till by too intense an application, being not able thoroughly to comprehend it, she was overpower'd, and fell fast asleep. Come, ring up the first ghost. [Ghost *arises.*] You know that ghost?

Sneer. Upon my word, Sir, I can't recollect any acquaintance with him.

Fust. I am surpris'd at that, for you must have seen him often: that's the ghost of Tragedy, Sir; he has walk'd all the stages in London several years; but why are not you flower'd?—What the devil is become of the barber?

Ghost. Sir, he's gone to Drury-Lane play-house to shave the Sultan in the new entertainment.

Fust. Come, Mr. Ghost, pray begin.

Ghost. From the dark regions of the realms below,
The ghost of Tragedy has ridden post;
To tell thee, Common-sense, a thousand things,
Which do import thee nearly to attend:

[*Cock crows.*

But ha! the cursed cock has warned me hence;
I did set out too late, and therefore must
Leave all my business to some other time.

[Ghost *descends.*

Sneer. I presume this is a character necessary to divert! for I can see no great business he has fulfill'd.

Fust. Where's the second ghost?

Sneer. I thought the cock had crow'd.

Fust. Yes, but the second ghost need not be supposed to have heard it. Pray, Mr. Prompter, observe, the moment the first ghost descends, the second is to rise: they are like the twin stars in that.

[*Second* Ghost *rises.*

2*d Ghost.* Awake, great Common-sense and sleep no more.
Look to thyself; for then, when I was slain,
Thyself was struck at: think not to survive
My murder long; for while thou art on earth,
The convocation will not meet again.
The lawyers cannot rob men of their rights:

Physicians cannot dose away their souls:
A courtier's promise will not be believ'd;
Nor broken citizens again be trusted.
A thousand news-papers cannot subsist,
In which there is not any news at all.
Play-houses cannot flourish, while they dare
To nonsense give an entertainment's name,
Shakespear, and Johnson, Dryden, Lee, and Row,
Thou wilt not bear to yield to Sadler's-wells;
Thou wilt not suffer men of wit to starve,
And fools, for only being fools, to thrive.
Thou wilt not suffer eunuchs to be hired,
At a vast price, to be impertinent. [*Third* Ghost *rises.*

3*d Ghost.* Dear Ghost, the cock has crow'd; you cannot get
Under the ground a mile before 'tis day.

2*d Ghost.* Your humble servant then, I cannot stay.
[Ghost *descends.*

Fust. Thunder and lightning! thunder and lightning! Pray don't forget this when it is acted.

Sneer. Pray, Mr. Fustian, why must a ghost always rise in a storm of thunder and lightning? for I have read much of that doctrine, and don't find any mention of such ornaments.

Fust. That may be, but they are very necessary: they are indeed properly the paraphernalia of a ghost.

Sneer. But, pray, whose ghost was that?

Fust. Whose should it be, but Comedy's. I thought when you had been told the other was Tragedy, you would have wanted no intimation who this was. Come, Common-sense, you are to awake and rub your eyes.

Q. C. S. [*Waking.*] Who's there?—

Enter MAID OF HONOUR.

Did you not hear or see some wond'rous thing?

Maid. No, may it please your majesty, I did not.
Q. C. S. I was a-dream'd I over-heard a ghost.
Maid. In the next room I closely did attend,
And had a ghost been here I must have heard him.

Enter FIREBRAND.

Q. C. S. Priest of the Sun, you come most opportune,
For here has been a dreadful apparition:
As I lay sleeping on my couch, methought
I saw a ghost.
Sneer. Then I suppose she sleeps with her eyes open.
Fust. Why, you would not have Common-sense see a ghost, unless in her sleep, I hope.
Fireb. And if such toleration
Be suffer'd, as at present you maintain,
Shortly your court will be a court of ghosts.
Make a huge fire and burn all unbelievers,
Ghosts will be hang'd ere venture near a fire.
Q. C. S. Men cannot force belief upon themselves.
And shall I then by torture force it on them?
Fireb. The Sun will have it so.
Q. C. S. How do I know that?
Fireb. Why I, his priest infallible, have told you.
Q. C. S. How do I know you are infallible?
Fireb. Ha! do you doubt it? nay, if you doubt that,
I will prove nothing——But my zeal inspires me,
And I will tell you, Madam, you yourself
Are a most deadly enemy to the Sun,
And all his priests have greatest cause to wish
You had been never born.
Q. C. S. Ha! sayst thou, Priest?
Then know, I honour and adore the Sun!
And when I see his light, and feel his warmth,
I glow with flaming gratitude towards him;

But know, I never will adore a priest,
Who wears pride's face beneath religion's mask;
And makes a pick-lock of his piety,
To steal away the liberty of mankind.
But while I live, I'll never give thee power.

Fireb. Madam, our power is not deriv'd from you,
Nor any one: 'twas sent us in a box
From the great Sun himself, and carriage paid:
Phæton brought it when he overturn'd
The chariot of the Sun into the sea.

Q. C. S. Shew me the instrument, and let me read it.

Fireb. Madam, you cannot read it, for being thrown
Into the sea, the water has so damag'd it,
That none but priests could ever read it since.

Q. C. S. And do you think I can believe this tale?

Fireb. I order you to believe it, and you must.

Q. C. S. Proud and imperious man, I can't believe it.
Religion, law and physic, were design'd
By heaven the greatest blessings on mankind;
But priests and lawyers, and physicians made
These general goods to each a private trade;
With each they rob, with each they fill their purses,
And turn our benefits into our curses. [*Exit.*

Fust. Law and Physic. Where's Law?

Enter PHYSIC.

Phys. Sir, Law, going without the play-house passage, was taken up by a lord chief-justice's warrant.

Fireb. Then we must go on without him.

Fust. No, no, stay a moment; I must get somebody else to rehearse the part. Pox take all warrants for me; if I had known this before, I would have satirized the law ten times more than I have.

ACT V.—SCENE I.

Enter FUSTIAN, SNEERWELL, PROMPTER, FIREBRAND, LAW, *and* PHYSIC.

FUSTIAN.

I AM glad you have made your escape; but I hope you will make the matter up before the day of action: come, Mr. Firebrand, now if you please go on; the moment Common-sense goes off the stage, Law and Physic enter.

Fireb. Oh! my good Lords of Physic and of Law,
Had you been sooner here you would have heard
The haughty Queen of Common-sense throw out
Abuses on us all.

Law. I am not now
To learn the hatred which she bears to me.
No more of that——for now the warlike Queen
Of Ignorance, attended with a train
Of foreigners, all foes to Common-sense,
Arrives at Covent-Garden; and we ought
To join her instantly with all our force.
At Temple-Bar some regiments parade,
The colonels, Clifford, Thavies, and Furnival,
Through Holborn lead their powers to Drury-Lane,
Attorneys all completely arm'd in brass;
These bailiffs and their followers will join;
With justices, and constables, and watchmen.

Phys. In Warwick-Lane, my powers expect me now,
A hundred chariots with a chief in each,
Well-famed for slaughter, in his hand he bears
A feather'd dart, that seldom errs in flight.
Next march a band of choice apothecaries,

Each arm'd with deadly pill; a regiment
Of surgeons terrible maintain the rear,
All ready first to kill, and then dissect.

Fireb. My Lords, you merit greatly of the queen,
And Ignorance shall well repay your deeds;
For I foretell, that by her influence,
Men shall be brought, (what scarce can be believ'd,)
To bribe you with large fees to their undoing.
Success attend your glorious enterprise;
I'll go and beg it earnest of the Sun:
I, by my office, am from fight debarr'd,
But I'll be with you ere the booty's shar'd.

[*Exeunt* Firebrand, Law, *and* Physic.

Fust. Now, Mr. Sneerwell, we shall begin my third and last act; and I believe I may defy all the poets who have ever writ, or ever will write, to produce its equal: it is, Sir, so cram'd with drums and trumpets, thunder and lightning, battles and ghosts, that I believe the audience will want no entertainment after it: it is as full of show as Merlin's cave itself, and for wit——no rope-dancing or tumbling can come near it. Come, begin. [*A ridiculous March is played.*

Enter QUEEN IGNORANCE, *attended with* SINGERS, FIDDLERS, ROPE-DANCERS, TUMBLERS, *&c.*

Q. Ign. Here fix our standard; what is this place called?

1*st Attend.* Great Madam, Covent-Garden is its name.

Q. Ign. Ha! then methinks we have ventur'd too far,
Too near those theatres where Common-sense
Maintains her garrisons of mighty force;
Who, should they sally on us ere we're join'd
By Law and Physic, may offend as much.

[*Drum beats within.*

But ha! what means this drum?

1*st Atten.* It beats a parley, not a point of war.

Enter HARLEQUIN.

Harl. To you, great Queen of Ignorance, I come
Ambassador from the two theatres.
Who both congratulate you on your arrival;
And to convince you with what hearty meaning
They sue for your alliance, they have sent
Their choicest treasure here as hostages,
To be detain'd 'till you are well convinc'd,
They're not less foes to Common-sense than you.

Q. Ign. Where are the hostages?

Harl. Madam, I have brought
A catalogue, and all therein shall be
Deliver'd to your order; but consider,
Oh mighty Queen! they offer you their all;
And gladly, for the least of these would give
Their poets and their actors in exchange.

Q. Ign. Read the catalogue.

Harl. [*Reads.*] A tall man, and a tall woman, hired at a vast price.
A strong man exceeding dear.
Two dogs that walk on their hind legs only, and personate human creatures so well, they might be mistaken for them.
A human creature that personates a dog so well, that he might almost be taken for one.
Two human cats.
A most curious set of puppies.
A pair of pigeons.
A set of rope-dancers and tumblers from Sadler's-wells.

Q. Ign. Enough, enough; and is it possible
That they can hold alliance with my friends
Of Sadler's-wells? then are they foes indeed

To Common-sense, and I'm indebted to 'em.
Take back their hostages, for they may need 'em;
And take this play, and bid 'em forthwith act it;
There is not in it either head or tail.

Harl. Madam, they will most gratefully receive it.
The character you give would recommend it,
Though it had come from a less powerful hand.

Q. Ign. The Modish Couple is its name; myself
Stood gossip to it, and I will support
This play against the town.

1*st Attend.* Madam, the Queen
Of Common-sense advances with her powers.

Q. Ign. Draw up my men, I'll meet her as I ought;
This day shall end the long dispute between us.

Enter QUEEN COMMON-SENSE *with a* DRUMMER.

Fust. Heyday! where's Common-sense's army?

Promp. Sir, I have sent all over the town, and could not get one soldier for her, except that poor drummer, who was lately turn'd out of an Irish regiment.

Drum. Upon my shoul but I have been a drummer these twenty years, master, and have seen no wars yet; and I was willing to learn a little of my trade before I died.

Fust. Hush, sirrah, don't you be witty; that is not in your part.

Drum. I don't know what is in my part, Sir; but I desire to have something in it; for I have been tired of doing nothing a great while.

Fust. Silence.

Q. C. S. What is the reason, Madam, that you bring these hostile arms into my peaceful realm?

Q. Ign. To ease your subjects from that dire oppression

They groan beneath, which longer to support
Unable, they invited my redress.

Q. C. S. And can my subjects then complain of wrong;
Base and ungrateful! what is their complaint?

Q. Ign. They say you do impose a tax of thought
Upon their minds, which they're too weak to bear.

Q. C. S. Would'st thou from thinking then absolve mankind?

Q. Ign. I wou'd, for thinking only makes men wretched;
And happiness is still the lot of fools.
Why should a wise man wish to think, when thought
Still hurts his pride? in spite of all his art,
Malicious fortune, by a lucky train
Of accidents, shall still defeat his schemes,
And set the greatest blunderer above him.

Q. C. S. Urgest thou that against me, which thyself
Has been the wicked cause of? Which thy power,
Thy artifice, thy favourites have done?
Could Common-sense bear universal sway,
No fool could ever possibly be great.

Q. Ign. What is this folly, which you try to paint
In colours so detestable and black?
Is't not the general gift of fate to men?
And though some few may boast superior sense,
Are they not call'd odd fellows by the rest?
In any science, if this sense peep forth,
Shew men the truth, and strive to turn their steps
From ways wherein their gross forefathers err'd,
Is not the general cry against them straight?

Sneer. This Ignorance, Mr. Fustian, seems to know a great deal.

Fust. Yes, Sir, she knows what she has been so often; but you find she mistakes the cause, and Common-sense can never beat it into her.

Q. Ign. Sense is the parent still of fear; the fox,
Wise beast, who knows the treachery of men,
Flies their society, and sculks in woods,
While the poor goose in happiness and ease,
Fearless grows fat within its narrow coop,
And thinks the hand that feeds it is its friend.
Then yield thee, Common-sense, nor rashly dare
Try a vain combat with superior force.

Q. C. S. Know, queen, I never will give up the cause
Of all these followers: when at the head
Of all these heroes I resign my right,
May my curst name be blotted from the earth.

Sneer. Methinks, Common-sense, though, ought to give it up, when she has no more to defend it.

Fust. It does indeed look a little odd at present; but I'll get her an army strong enough against it's acted. Come, go on.

Q. Ign. Then thus I hurl defiance at thy head. Draw all your swords.

Q. C. S. And, gentlemen, draw yours.

Q. Ign. Fall on, have at thy heart. [*A fight.*

Q. C. S. And have at thine.

Fust. Oh, fie upon't, fie upon't, I never saw a worse battle in all my life upon any stage. Pray, gentlemen, come some of you over to the other side.

Sneer. These are Swiss soldiers, I perceive, Mr. Fustian; they care not which side they fight of.

Fust. Now, begin again, if you please, and fight away; pray fight as if you were in earnest, gentlemen. [*They fight.*] Oons, Mr. Prompter, I fancy you hired these soldiers out of the train'd-bands, they are afraid to fight even in jest. [*They fight again.*] There, there, pretty well; I think, Mr. Sneerwell, we have made a shift to make out a good sort of battle at last.

Sneer. Indeed I cannot say I ever saw a better.

Fust. You don't seem, Mr. Sneerwell, to relish this battle greatly.

Sneer. I cannot profess myself the greatest admirer of this part of tragedy; and I own my imagination can better conceive the idea of a battle from a skilful relation of it, than from such a representation; for my mind is not able to enlarge the stage into a vast plain, nor multiply half a score into several thousands.

Fust. Oh! your humble servant! but if we write to please you, and half a dozen others, who will pay the charges of the house? Sir, if the audience will be contented with a battle or two, instead of all the raree-fine shows exhibited to them in what they call entertainments——

Sneer. Pray, Mr. Fustian, how came they to give the name of entertainments to their pantomimical farces?

Fust. Faith, Sir, out of their peculiar modesty: intimating that after the audience had been tired with the dull works of Shakespear, Jonson, Vanbrugh, and others, they are to be entertain'd with one of these pantomimes, of which the master of the play-house, two or three painters, and half a score dancing-masters are the compilers: what these entertainments are, I need not inform you who have seen 'em; but I have often wonder'd how it was possible for any creature of human understanding, after having been diverted for three hours with the production of a great genius, to sit for three more, and see a set of people running about the stage after one another, without speaking one syllable; and playing several juggling tricks, which are done at Fawks's after a much better manner; and for this, Sir, the town does not only pay additional prices, but lose several fine parts of their best authors, which are cut out to make room for the said farces.

Sneer. 'Tis very true, and I have heard a hundred say the same thing, who never fail'd being present at them.

Fust. And while that happens, they will force any entertainment upon the town they please in spite of its teeth. [*Ghost of* Common-sense *rises.*] Oons, and the devil, Madam: what's the meaning of this? You have left out a scene; was ever such an absurdity, as for your ghost to appear before you are kill'd.

Ghost. I ask pardon, Sir, in the hurry of the battle I forgot to come and kill myself.

Fust. Well, let me wipe the flour off your face then; and now if you please rehearse the scene; take care you don't make this mistake any more though; for it would inevitably damn the play, if you should. Go to the corner of the scene, and come in as if you had lost the battle.

Q. C. S. Behold the ghost of Common-sense appears.

Fust. 'Sdeath, Madam, I tell you, you are no ghost, you are not kill'd.

Q. C. S. Deserted and forlorn, where shall I fly?
The battle's lost, and so are all my friends.

Enter a POET.

Poet. Madam, not so, still you have one friend left.

Q. C. S. Why, what art thou?

Poet. Madam, I am a poet.

Q. C. S. Whoe'er thou art, if thou'rt a friend to misery,
Know Common-sense disclaims thee.

Poet. I have been damn'd
Because I was your foe, and yet I still
Courted your friendship with my utmost art.

Q. C. S. Fool, thou wert damn'd because thou didst pretend

Thyself my friend; for hadst thou boldly dar'd,
Like Hurlothrumbo, to deny me quite;
Or like an opera or pantomime,
Profess'd the cause of Ignorance in public,
Thou might'st have met with thy desir'd success;
But men can't bear even a pretence to me.

Poet. Then take a ticket for my benefit night.

Q. C. S. I will do more, for Common-sense will stay
Quite from your house, so may you not be damn'd.

Poet. Ha! Say'st thou? By my soul a better play
Ne'er came upon a stage; but since you dare
Contemn me thus, I'll dedicate my play
To Ignorance, and call her Common-sense:
Yes, I will dress her in your pomp, and swear
That Ignorance knows more than all the world. [*Exit.*

Enter FIREBRAND.

Fireb. Thanks to the Sun for this desir'd encounter.

Q. C. S. Oh! Priest, all's lost; our forces are o'erthrown,
Some gasping lie, but most are run away.

Fireb. I knew it all before, and told you too
The Sun has long been out of humour with you.

Q. C. S. Dost thou then lay upon the Sun the faults
Of all those cowards, who forsook my cause?

Fireb. Those cowards all were most religious men.
And I beseech thee, Sun, to shine upon them.

Q. C. S. Oh impudence, and dar'st thou to my face?——

Fireb. Yes, I dare more——the Sun presents you this,
[*Stabs her.*
Which I his faithful messenger deliver.

Q. C. S. Oh! Traitor, thou hast murdered Common-sense.
Farewell, vain world! to Ignorance I give thee.

Her leaden sceptre shall henceforward rule.
Now, Priest, indulge thy wild ambitious thoughts,
Men shall embrace thy schemes, till thou hast drawn
All worship from the Sun upon thyself:
Henceforth all things shall topsy-turvy turn;
Physic shall kill, and Law enslave the world:
Cits shall turn beaus, and taste Italian songs,
While courtiers are stock-jobbing in the city.
Places, requiring learning and great parts,
Henceforth shall all be hustled in a hat,
And drawn by men deficient in them both.
Statesmen——but oh! cold death will let me say
No more——and you must guess et cætera. [*Dies.*

Fireb. She's gone, but ha! It may beseem me ill
T' appear her murderer; I'll therefore lay
This dagger by her side, and that will be
Sufficient evidence, with a little money,
To make the coroner's inquest find self-murder.
I'll preach her funeral sermon, and deplore
Her loss with tears, praise her with all my art;
Good Ignorance will still believe it all. [*Exit.*

Enter QUEEN IGNORANCE, &c.

Q. Ign. Beat a retreat, the day is now our own,
The powers of Common-sense are all destroy'd;
Those that remain are fled away with her.
I wish, Mr. Fustian, this speech be common-sense.

Sneer. How the devil should it, when she's dead?

Fust. One would think so, when a cavil is made against the best thing in the whole play; and I would willingly part with any thing else but those two lines.

Harl. Behold! where welt'ring in her blood she lies.——
I wish, Sir, you would cut out that line, or alter it if you please.

Fust. That's another line that I won't part with; I would consent to cut out any thing but the chief beauties of my play.

Harl. Behold the bloody dagger by her side,
With which she did the deed.

Q. Ign. 'Twas nobly done!
I envy her her exit, and will pay
All honours to her dust,—bear hence her body,
And let her lie in state in Goodman's-fields.

Enter MESSENGER.

Mess. Madam, I come an envoy from Crane-court.
The great society that there assemble
Congratulate your victory, and request
That firm alliance henceforth may subsist
Between your Majesty's society
Of Grub-street and themselves: They rather beg
That they may be united both in one.
They also hope your Majesty's acceptance
Of certain curiosities, which in
That hamper are contain'd; wherein you'll find
A horse's tail, which has an hundred hairs
More than are usual in it; and a tooth
Of elephant, full half an inch too long;
With turnpike ticket like an ancient coin.

Q. Ign. We gratefully accept their bounteous gifts;
And order they be kept with proper care,
Till we do build a place most fit to hold
These precious toys: Tell your society
We ever did esteem them of great worth,
And our firm friends: and tell 'em 'tis our pleasure
They do prepare to dance a jig before us. [*Exit* Messenger
My Lords of Law and Physic, you shall find
I will not be ungrateful for your service:
To you, good Harlequin, and your allies,

And you, Squeekaronelly, I will be
A most propitious queen——But ha!
[*Music under the stage.*
What hideous music, or what yell is this?
Sure 'tis the ghost of some poor opera tune.

Sneer. The ghost of a tune, Mr. Fustian?

Fust. Ay, Sir, did you never hear of one before? I had once a mind to have brought the apparition of music in person upon the stage, in the shape of an English opera. Come, Mr. Ghost of the Tune, if you please to appear in the sound of soft music, and let the ghost of Common-sense rise to it.

[*Ghost of* Common-sense *rises to soft music.*

Ghost. Behold the ghost of Common-sense appears.
Caitiffs avaunt, or I will sweep you off,
And clean the land from such infernal vermin.

Q. Ign. A ghost! a ghost! a ghost! haste, scamper off
My friends; we've kill'd the body, and I know
The ghost will have no mercy upon us.

Omnes. A ghost! a ghost! a ghost! [*Run off.*

Ghost. The coast is clear, and to her native realms
Pale Ignorance with all her host is fled;
Whence she will never dare invade us more.
Here, though a ghost, I will my power maintain,
And all the friends of Ignorance shall find,
My ghost, at least, they cannot banish hence.
And all henceforth, who murder Common-sense,
Learn from these scenes that though success you boast,
You shall at last be haunted with her ghost.

Sneer. I am glad you make Common-sense get the better at last; I was under terrible apprehensions for your moral.

Fust. Faith, Sir, this is almost the only play where she has got the better lately. But now for my epilogue; if you please to begin, Madam.

EPILOGUE.

GHOST.

THE play once done, the Epilogue, by rule,
Should come and turn it all to ridicule:
Should tell the ladies that the tragic bards,
Who prate of virtue and her vast rewards,
Are all in jest, and only fools should heed 'em;
For all wise women flock to Mother Needham.
This is the method Epilogues pursue,
But we to-night in every thing are new.
Our Author then in jest throughout the play,
Now begs a serious word or two to say.
Banish all childish entertainments hence;
Let all that boast your favour have pretence,
If not to sparkling wit, at least to sense.
With soft Italian notes indulge your ear,
But let those singers, who are bought so dear,
Learn to be civil for their cheer at least;
Nor use like beggars those who give the feast.
And though while Music for herself may carve,
Poor Poetry, her sister-art, must starve;
Starve her, at least, with shew of approbation,
Nor slight her, while you search the whole creation,
For all the tumbling-scum of every nation.
  Can the whole world in science match our soil?
Have they a LOCKE, a NEWTON, or a BOYLE?
Or dare the greatest genius of their stage,
With SHAKESPEARE, or immortal BEN engage?
  Content with nature's bounty, do not crave
The little which to other lands she gave;
Nor like the cock a barley-corn prefer
To all the jewels which you owe to her.

THE

HISTORICAL REGISTER,

FOR THE YEAR 1736.

AS IT WAS ACTED AT THE

NEW THEATRE IN THE HAYMARKET.

FIRST ACTED IN MAY, 1737.

PREFACE

TO

THE DEDICATION.

As no man hath a more stern and inflexible hatred to flattery than myself, it hath been usual with me to send most of my performances into the world without the ornament of those epistolary prefaces commonly called Dedications; a custom, however, highly censured by my bookseller, who affirms it a most unchristian practice: a patron is, says he, a kind of god-father to a book, and a good author ought as carefully to provide a patron to his works, as a good parent should a god-father to his children: he carries this very far, and draws several resemblances between those two offices (for having, in the course of his trade with dramatic writers, purchased, at a moderate computation, the fee-simple of one hundred thousand similes, he is perhaps the most expert in their application, and most capable of shewing likenesses, in things utterly unlike, of any man living). What, says he, does more service to a book, or raises curiosity in the reader, equal with——Dedicated to his Grace the Duke of—or the Right Honourable the Earl of—in an advertisement? I think the patron here may properly be said *to give a name* to the book—and if he gives a present also, what doth he less than a god-father? which present, if the author applies to his own use, what doth

the other than the parent? He proceeds to show how a bookseller is a kind of dry nurse to our works, with other instances which I shall omit, having already said enough to prove the exact analogy between children and books, and of the method of providing for each; which, I think, affords a sufficient precedent for throwing the following piece on the public, it having been usual for several very prudent parents to act by their children in the same manner.

DEDICATION

TO

THE PUBLIC.

I HOPE you will pardon the presumption of this Dedication, since I really did not know in what manner to apply for your leave; and since I expect no present in return; (the reason, I conceive, which first introduced the ceremony of asking leave among Dedicators:) for surely it is somewhat absurd to ask a man leave to flatter him; and he must be a very impudent or simple fellow, or both, who will give it. Asking leave to dedicate, therefore, is asking whether you will pay for your Dedication, and in that sense I believe it understood by both authors and patrons.

But farther, the very candid reception which you have given these pieces, pleads my excuse. The least civility to an author or his works hath been held, time immemorial, a just title to a Dedication, which is perhaps no more than an honest return of flattery, and in this light I am certain no one ever had so great (I may call it) an obligation as myself, seeing that you have honoured this my performance with your presence every night of its exhibition, where you have never failed shewing the greatest delight and approbation; nor am I less obliged to you for those eulogiums which you have been heard in all places to—but hold, I am

afraid this is an ingenious way which authors have discovered to convey inward flattery to themselves, while outwardly they address it to their patron: wherefore I shall be silent on this head, having more reasons to give why I chose to patronize these pieces: and

First, The design with which they are writ; for though all dramatic entertainments are properly calculated for the public, yet these, I may affirm, more particularly belong to you: as your diversion is not merely intended by them, their design being to convey some hints, which may, if you please, be of infinite service in the present state of that theatrical world whereof they treat, and which is, I think, at present so far from flourishing as one could wish, that I have with concern observed some steps lately taken, and others too justly apprehended, that may much endanger the constitution of the British theatre: for though Mr. —— be a very worthy man, and my very good friend, I cannot help thinking his manner of proceeding somewhat too arbitrary, and his method of buying actors at exorbitant prices to be of very ill consequence: for the town must reimburse him these expenses, on which account those advanced prices so much complained of must be always continued; which, though the people in their present flourishing state of trade and riches may very well pay, yet in worse times (if such can be supposed) I am afraid they may fall too heavy, the consequence of which I need not mention. Moreover, should any great genius produce a piece of most exquisite contrivance, and which would be highly relished by the public, though perhaps not agreeable to his own taste or private interest; if he should buy off the chief actors, such play, however excellent, must be unavoidably sunk, and the public lose all the benefit thereof. Not to trouble the reader with more incon-

veniences arising from this *Argumentum Argentarium*, many of which are obvious enough——I shall only observe, that corruption has the same influence on all societies, all bodies, which it hath on corporeal bodies, where we see it always produce an entire destruction and total change; for which reason, whoever attempteth to introduce corruption into any community, doth much the same thing, and ought to be treated in much the same manner with him who poisoneth a fountain, in order to disperse a contagion, which he is sure every one will drink of.

The last excuse I shall make for this presumption is the necessity I have of so potent a patron to defend me from the iniquitous surmises of a certain anonymous dialogous author, who, in the Gazetteer of the 17th instant, has represented the Historical Register as aiming, in conjunction with the Miller of Mansfield, the overthrow of the m——y. If this suggestion had been inserted in the Craftsman or Common-sense, or any of those papers which nobody reads, it might have past unanswered; but as it appears in a paper of so general a reception as the Gazetteer, which lies in the window of almost every post-house in England, it behoves me, I think, in the most serious manner, to vindicate myself from aspersions of so evil a tendency to my future prospects. And here I must observe, that had not mankind been either very blind or very dishonest, I need not have publicly informed them that the Register is a ministerial pamphlet, calculated to infuse into the minds of the people a great opinion of their ministry, and thereby procure an employment for the Author, who has been often promised one, whenever he would write on that side. And first,

Can any thing be plainer than the first stanza of the ode?

This is a * day, in days of yore,
Our fathers never saw before;
This is a day 'tis one to ten,
Our sons will never see again.

Plainly intimating that such times as these never were seen before, nor will ever be seen again; for which the present age are certainly obliged to their ministry.

What can be meant by the scene of politicians, but to ridicule the absurd and inadequate notions persons among us, who have not the honour to know 'em, have of the ministry and their measures, nay, I have put some sentiments into the mouths of these characters which I was a little apprehensive were too low even for a conversation at an ale-house——I hope the Gazetteer will not find any resemblance here, as I hope he will not make such a compliment to any m——y, as to suppose that such persons have been ever capable of the assurance of aiming at being the head of a great people, or to any nation, as to suspect 'em contentedly living under such an administration.

The eagerness which these gentlemen express at applying all manner of evil characters to their patrons brings to my mind a story I have somewhere read: as two gentlemen were walking the street together, the one said to the other, upon spying the figure of an ass hung out—Bob, Bob, look yonder, some impudent rascal has hung out your picture on a sign-post: the grave companion, who had the misfortune to be extremely short-sighted, fell into a violent rage, and calling for the master of the house, threatened to prosecute him for exposing his features in that public manner: the poor landlord, as you may well conceive, was extremely astonished, and denied the fact; upon which the witty

* For *day* in the first and third line, you may read *man* if you please.

spark, who had just mentioned the resemblance, appeals to the mob now assembled together, who soon smoked the jest, and agreed with him that the sign was the exact picture of the gentleman: at last a good-natured man, taking compassion of the poor figure, whom he saw the jest of the multitude, whispered in his ear; Sir, I see your eyes are bad, and that your friend is a rascal, and imposes on you; the sign hung out is the sign of an ass, nor will your picture be here unless you draw it yourself.

But I ask pardon for troubling the reader with an impertinent story, which can be applied only in the above-mentioned instance to my present subject.

I proceed in my defence to the scene of the patriots; a scene which I thought would have made my fortune, seeing that the favourite scheme of turning patriotism into a jest is so industriously pursued, and I will challenge all the ministerial advocates to shew me, in the whole bundle of their writings, one passage where false patriotism (for I suppose they have not the impudence to mean any other) is set in a more contemptible and odious light than in the aforesaid scene. I hope too it will be remarked, that the politicians are represented as a set of blundering blockheads rather deserving pity than abhorrence, whereas the others are represented as a set of cunning, self-interested fellows, who for a little paltry bribe would give up the liberties and properties of their country. Here is the danger, here is the rock on which our constitution must, if ever it does, split. The liberties of a people have been subdued by the conquest of valour and force, and have been betrayed by the subtle and dexterous arts of refined policy, but these are rare instances; for geniuses of this kind are not the growth of every age, whereas, if a general corruption be once introduced, and those who should be the guardians and bulwark of our liberty, once find, or think they find,

an interest in giving it up, no great capacity will be required to destroy it: on the contrary, the meanest, lowest, dirtiest fellow, if such a one should ever have the assurance in future ages to mimic power, and brow-beat his betters, will be able, as Machiavel himself could have been, to root out the liberties of the bravest people.

But I am aware I shall be asked, who is this Quidam, that turns the patriots into ridicule, and bribes them out of their honesty? Who but the devil could act such a part? Is not this the light wherein he is every where described in scripture, and the writings of our best divines! Gold hath been always his favourite bait wherewith he fisheth for sinners; and his laughing at the poor wretches he seduceth is as diabolical an attribute as any. Indeed it is so plain who is meant by this Quidam, that he who maketh any wrong application thereof, might as well mistake the name of Thomas for John, or old Nick for old Bob.

I think I have said enough to assure every impartial person of my innocence, against all malicious insinuations; and farther to convince them that I am a ministerial writer, (an honour I am highly ambitious of attaining) I shall proceed now to obviate an opinion entertained by too many, that a certain person is sometimes the author, often the corrector of the press, and always the patron, of the Gazetteer. To shew the folly of this supposition, I shall only insist, that all persons though they should not afford him any extraordinary genius, nor any (the least) taste in polite literature, will grant me this datum, that the said certain person is a man of an ordinary capacity, and a moderate share of common-sense: which if allowed, I think it will follow that it is impossible he should either write or countenance a paper written, not only without the least

glimmering of genius, the least pretension to taste, but in direct opposition to all common sense whatever.

If any one should ask me, How then is it carried on? I shall only answer with my politicians, I cannot tell, unless by the assistance of the old gentleman, just before mentioned, who would, I think, alone protect or patronize, as I think, indeed, he is the only person who could invent some of the schemes avowed in that paper; which, if it does not immediately disappear, I do intend shortly to attempt conjuring it down, intending to publish a paper in defence of the m——y against the wicked, malicious, and sly insinuations conveyed in the said paper.

You will excuse a digression so necessary to take off surmises, which may prove so prejudicial to my fortune; which, however, if I should not be able to accomplish, I hope you will make me some amends for what I suffer by endeavouring your entertainment. The very great indulgence you have shewn my performances at the little theatre, these two last years, have encouraged me to the proposal of a subscription for carrying on that theatre, for beautifying and enlarging it, and procuring a better company of actors. If you think proper to subscribe to these proposals, I assure you no labour shall be spared on my side, to entertain you in a cheaper and better manner than seems to be the intention of any other. If nature hath given me any talents at ridiculing vice and imposture, I shall not be indolent, nor afraid of exerting them, while the liberty of the press and stage subsists, that is to say, while we have any liberty left amongst us. I am, to the public,

A most sincere friend,

And devoted servant.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Medley,	MR. ROBERTS.
Sourwit,	MR. LACEY.
Lord Dapper,	MR. WARD.
Ground-Ivy,	MR. JONES.
Hen, the Auctioneer,	MRS. CHARKE.
Apollo's Bastard Son,	MR. BLAKES.
Pistol,	MR. DAVIS.
Quidam,	MR. SMITH.
Politicians,	MR. JONES. MR. TOPPING. MR. WOODBURN. MR. SMITH. MR. MACHEN.
Patriots,	MR. TOPPING. MR. MACHEN. MR. PULLEN. MR. WOODBURN.
Banter,	MR. SMITH.
Dangle,	MR. LOWTHER.

WOMEN.

Mrs. Screen,	MRS. HAYWOOD.
Mrs. Barter,	MISS KAWER.
Ladies,	MRS. CHARKE. MRS. HAYWOOD MRS. LACEY. MISS JONES.

Prompter, Actors, &c.

THE

HISTORICAL REGISTER,

FOR THE YEAR 1736.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

SCENE, *the Playhouse.*

Enter several PLAYERS.

1*st* PLAYER.

MR. EMPHASIS, good-morrow; you are early at the rehearsal this morning.

Emph. Why, faith, Jack, our beer and beef sat but ill on my stomach, so I got up to try if I could not walk it off.

1*st Play.* I wish I had any thing in my stomach to walk off; if matters do not get better with us shortly, my teeth will forget their office.

2*d Play.* These are poor times, indeed, not like the days of Pasquin.

1*st Play.* Oh! name 'em not! those were glorious days, indeed, the days of beef and punch; my friends, when come there such again?

2*d Play.* Who knows what this new author may produce? Faith, I like my part very well.

1*st Play.* Nay, if variety will please the town, I am

sure there is enough of it; but I could wish, methinks, the satire had been a little stronger, a little plainer.

2*d Play.* Now I think it is plain enough.

1*st Play.* Hum! Ay, it is intelligible; but I would have it downright; 'gad, I fancy I could write a thing to succeed myself.

2*d Play.* Ay; prithee, what subjects wouldst thou write on?

1*st Play.* Why no subject at all, Sir; but I would have a humming deal of satire, and I would repeat in every page, that courtiers are cheats and don't pay their debts, that lawyers are rogues, physicians blockheads, soldiers cowards, and ministers——

2*d Play.* What, what, Sir?

1*st Play.* Nay, I'll only name 'em, that's enough to set the audience a hooting.

2*d Play.* Zounds, Sir, here is wit enough for a whole play in one speech.

1*st Play.* For one play! why, Sir, it's all I have extracted out of above a dozen.

2*d Play.* Who have we here?

1*st Play.* Some gentlemen, I suppose, come to hear the rehearsal.

Enter SOURWIT *and* LORD DAPPER.

Lord Dap. Pray, gentlemen, don't you rehearse the Historical Register this morning?

1*st Play.* Sir, we expect the author every minute.

Sour. What is this Historical Register? is it a tragedy, or a comedy?

1*st Play.* Upon my word, Sir, I can't tell.

Sour. Then I suppose you have no part in it?

1*st Play.* Yes, Sir, I have several; but——O, here is the author himself, I suppose he can tell, Sir.

Sour. Faith, Sir, that's more than I suppose.

Enter MEDLEY.

Med. My Lord, your most obedient servant; this is a very great and unexpected favour indeed, my Lord. Mr. Sourwit, I kiss your hands; I am very glad to see you here.

Sour. That's more than you may be by and by, perhaps.

Lord Dap. We are come to attend your rehearsal, Sir; pray, when will it begin?

Med. This very instant, my Lord: gentlemen, I beg you will be all ready, and let the Prompter bring me some copies for these gentlemen.

Sour. Mr. Medley, you know I am a plain speaker, so you will excuse any liberties I take.

Med. Dear Sir, you can't oblige me more.

Sour. Then, I must tell you, Sir, I am a little stagger'd at the name of your piece; doubtless, Sir, you know the rules of writing, and I can't guess how you can bring the actions of a whole year into the circumference of four and twenty hours.

Med. Sir, I have several answers to make to your objection; in the first place, my piece is not of a nature confin'd to any rules, as being avowedly irregular, but if it was otherwise, I think I could quote you precedents of plays that neglect them; besides, Sir, if I comprise the whole actions of the year in half an hour, will you blame me, or those who have done so little in that time? My register is not to be fill'd like those of vulgar news-writers, with trash for want of news; and, therefore, if I say little or nothing, you may thank those who have done little or nothing.

Enter PROMPTER *with books.*

Oh, here are my books.

Sour. In print, already, Mr. Medley?

Med. Yes, Sir, it is the safest way, for if a man stays till he is damn'd, it is possible he never may get into print at all; the town is capricious, for which reason always print as fast as you write, that if they damn your play, they may not damn your copy too.

Sour. Well, Sir, and pray what is your design, your plot?

Med. Why, Sir, I have several plots, some pretty deep, and some but shallow.

Sour. I hope, Sir, they all conduce to the main design.

Med. Yes, Sir, they do.

Sour. Pray, Sir, what is that?

Med. To divert the town and bring full houses.

Sour. Pshaw! you misunderstand me, I meant what is your moral, your, your, your——

Med. Oh! Sir, I comprehend you——Why, Sir, my design is to ridicule the vicious and foolish customs of the age, and that in a fair manner, without fear, favour, or ill-nature, and without scurrillity, ill-manners, or common-place; I hope to expose the reigning follies in such a manner, that men shall laugh themselves out of them before they feel that they are touched.

Sour. But what thread or connection can you have in this history? For instance, how is your political connected with your theatrical?

Med. O very easily—When my politics come to a farce, they very naturally lead me to the play-house, where, let me tell you, there are some politicians too, where there is lying, flattering, dissembling, promising, deceiving, and undermining, as well as in any court in Christendom.

Enter a PLAYER.

Play. Won't you begin your rehearsal, Sir?

Med. Ay, ay, with all my heart; is the music ready for the prologue?

Sour. Music for the prologue!

Med. Ay, Sir, I intend to have every thing new, I had rather be the author of my own dulness, than the publisher of other men's wit; and really, Mr. Sourwit, the subjects for prologues are utterly exhausted: I think the general method has been either to frighten the audience with the author's reputation, or to flatter them to give their applause, or to beseech them to it, and that in a manner that will serve for every play alike: now, Sir, my prologue will serve for no play but my own, and to that I think nothing can be better adapted; for as mine is the history of the year, what can be a properer prologue than an Ode to the New Year?

Sour. An Ode to the New Year?

Med. Yes, Sir, an Ode to the New Year—Come, begin, begin.

Enter PROMPTER.

Promp. Sir, the prologue is ready.

Sour. Dear Medley, let me hear you read it; possibly it may be sung so fine, I may not understand a word of it.

Med. Sir, you can't oblige me more.

ODE TO THE NEW YEAR.

This is a day, in days of yore,
Our fathers never saw before:
This is a day, 'tis one to ten,
Our sons will never see again.
Then sing the day,
And sing the song,
And thus be merry
All day long.

This is the day,
And that's the night,
When the sun shall be gay,
And the moon shall be bright.
The sun shall rise,
All in the skies;
The moon shall go,
All down below.
Then sing the day,
And sing the song,
And thus be merry
All day long.
Ay, ay, come on, and sing it away.

Enter SINGERS, *who sing the Ode.*

Med. There, Sir, there's the very quintessence and cream of all the odes I have seen for several years last past.

Sour. Ay, Sir, I thought you would not be the publisher of another man's wit?

Med. No more I a'nt, Sir; for the devil of any wit did I ever see in any of them.

Sour. Oh! your most humble servant, Sir.

Med. Yours, Sir, yours; now for my play; Prompter, are the politicians all ready at the table?

Promp. I'll go and see, Sir. [*Exit.*

Med. My first scene, Mr. Sourwit, lies in the island of Corsica, being at present the chief scene of politics of all Europe.

Enter PROMPTER.

Promp. Sir, they are ready.

Med. Then draw the scene, and discover them.

Scene draws, and discovers five POLITICIANS *sitting at a table.*

Sour. Here's a mistake in the print, Mr. Medley, I observe the second politician is the first person who speaks.

Med. Sir, my first and greatest politician never speaks at all, he is a very deep man, by which you will observe, I convey this moral, that the chief art of a politician is to keep a secret.

Sour. To keep his politics a secret, I suppose you mean.

Med. Come, Sir, begin.

2*d Polit.* Is King Theodore return'd yet?

3*d Polit.* No.

2*d Polit.* When will he return?

3*d Polit.* I cannot tell.

Sour. This politician seems to me to know very little of the matter.

Med. Zounds, Sir, would you have him a prophet as well as a politician? You see, Sir, he knows what's past, and that's all he ought to know; 'sblood, Sir, would it be in the character of a politician to make him a conjurer? Go on, gentlemen: pray, Sir, don't interrupt their debates, for they are of great consequence.

2*d Polit.* These mighty preparations of the Turks are certainly design'd against some place or other; now, the question is, what place they are design'd against? And that is a question which I cannot answer.

3*d Polit.* But it behoves us to be upon our guard.

4*th Polit.* It does, and the reason is, because we know nothing of the matter.

2*d Polit.* You say right, it is easy for a man to guard

against dangers which he knows of; but to guard against dangers which nobody knows of requires a very great politician.

Med. Now, Sir, I suppose you think nobody knows any thing.

Sour. Faith, Sir, it appears so.

Med. Ay, Sir, but there is one who knows, that little gentleman, yonder in the chair, who says nothing, knows it all.

Sour. But how do you intend to convey this knowledge to the audience?

Med. Sir, they can read it in his looks; 'sblood, Sir, must not a politician be thought a wise man without his giving instances of his wisdom?

5*th Polit.* Hang foreign affairs, let us apply ourselves to money.

Omnes. Ay, ay, ay.

Med. Gentlemen, that over again—and be sure to snatch hastily at the money; you're pretty politicians truly.

5*th Polit.* Hang foreign affairs, let us apply ourselves to money.

Omnes. Ay, ay, ay.

2*d Polit.* All we have to consider relating to money is how we shall get it.

3*d Polit.* I think we ought first to consider whether there is any to be got, which, if there be, I do readily agree that the next question is how to come at it.

Omnes. Hum.

Sour. Pray, Sir, what are these gentlemen in Corsica?

Med. Why, Sir, they are the ablest heads in the kingdom, and consequently the greatest men; for you may be sure all well-regulated governments, as I represent this of Corsica to be, will employ in their greatest posts men of the greatest capacity.

2*d Polit.* I have consider'd the matter, and I find it must be by a tax.

3*d Polit.* I thought of that, and was considering what was not tax'd already.

2*d Polit.* Learning; suppose we put a tax upon learning.

3*d Polit.* Learning, it is true, is a useless commodity, but I think we had better lay it on Ignorance; for Learning being the property but of a very few, and those poor ones too, I am afraid we can get little among them; whereas Ignorance will take in most of the great fortunes in the kingdom.

Omnes. Ay, ay, ay. [*Exeunt* Politicians.

Sour. Faith, it's very generous in these gentlemen to tax themselves so readily.

Med. Ay, and very wise too, to prevent the people's grumbling, and they will have it all among themselves.

Sour. But what is become of the politicians?

Med. They are gone, Sir, they're gone; they have finish'd the business they met about, which was to agree on a tax, that being done—they are gone to raise it; and this, Sir, is the full account of the whole history of Europe, as far as we know of it, compris'd in one scene.

Sour. The devil it is! Why you have not mentioned one word of France, or Spain, or the Emperor.

Med. No, Sir, I turn those over to the next year, by which time we may possibly know something what they are about; at present our advices are so very uncertain, I know not what to depend on; but come, Sir, now you shall have a council of ladies.

Sour. Does this scene lie in Corsica too?

Med. No, no, this lies in London—You know, Sir, it would not have been quite so proper to have brought English politicians (of the male kind I mean) on the

stage, because our politics are not quite so famous: but in female politicians, to the honour of my countrywomen I say it, I believe no country can excel us; come, draw the scene and discover the ladies.

Promp. Sir, they are not here; one of them is practising above stairs with a dancing-master, and I can't get her down.

Med. I'll fetch 'em, I warrant you. [*Exit.*

Sour. Well, my Lord, what does your lordship think of what you have seen?

Lord Dap. Faith Sir, I did not observe it; but it's damn'd stuff, I am sure.

Sour. I think so, and I hope your lordship will not encourage it. They are such men as your lordship, who must reform the age; if persons of your exquisite and refined taste will give a sanction to politer entertainments, the town will soon be asham'd of laughing at what they do now.

Lord Dap. Really this is a very bad house.

Sour. It is not indeed so large as the others, but I think one hears better in it.

Lord Dap. Pox of hearing, one can't see——one's self I mean; here are no looking-glasses; I love Lincoln's Inn Fields for that reason better than any house in town.

Sour. Very true, my Lord; but I wish your lordship would think it worth your consideration, as the morals of a people depend, as has been so often and well prov'd, entirely on the public diversions, it would be of great consequence that those of the sublimest kind should meet with your lordship's and the rest of the nobility's countenance.

Lord Dap. Mr. Sourwit, I am always ready to give my countenance to any thing of that kind, which might bring the best company together; for as one does not go

to see the play but the company, I think that's chiefly to be considered: and therefore I am always ready to countenance good plays.

Sour. No one is a better judge what is so than your lordship.

Lord Dap. Not I, indeed, Mr. Sourwit——but as I am one half of the play in the Green-room talking to the actresses, and the other half in the boxes talking to the women of quality, I have an opportunity of seeing something of the play, and perhaps may be as good a judge as another.

Enter MEDLEY.

Med. My Lord, the ladies cannot begin yet, if your lordship will honour me in the Green-room, there you will find it pleasanter than upon this cold stage.

Lord Dap. With all my heart——Come, Mr. Sourwit.

Sour. I attend your lordship. [*Exeunt.*

Promp. Thou art a sweet judge of plays, indeed! and yet it is in the power of such sparks as these to damn an honest fellow, both in his profit and reputation! [*Exit.*

ACT II.—SCENE I.

Enter MEDLEY, LORD DAPPER, SOURWIT, *and* PROMPTER.

MEDLEY.

COME, draw the scene, and discover the ladies in Council; pray, my Lord, sit.

[*The scene draws and discovers four* Ladies.

Sour. What are these ladies assembled about?

Med. Affairs of great importance, as you will see—— Please to begin all of you. [*The* Ladies *all speak together.*

All Ladies. Was you at the opera, Madam, last night?

2*d Lady.* Who can miss an opera while Farinello stays?

3*d Lady.* Sure he's the charmingest creature.

4*th Lady.* He's every thing in the world one could wish.

1*st Lady.* Almost every thing one could wish.

2*d Lady.* They say there's a lady in the city has a child by him.

All Ladies. Ha, ha, ha!

1*st Lady.* Well, it must be charming to have a child by him.

3*d Lady.* Madam, I met a lady in a visit the other day with three.

All Ladies. All Farinello's.

3*d Lady.* All Farinello's, all in wax.

1*st Lady.* O Gemini! Who makes them, I'll send and bespeak half a dozen to-morrow morning.

2*d Lady.* I'll have as many as I can cram into a coach with me.

Sour. Mr. Medley, Sir, is this history? this must be invention.

Med. Upon my word, Sir, it's fact, and I take it to be the most extraordinary accident that has happen'd in the whole year, and as well worth recording. Faith, Sir, let me tell you, I take it to be ominous, for if we go on to improve in luxury, effeminacy and debauchery, as we have done lately, the next age, for aught I know, may be more like the children of squeaking Italians than hardy Britons.

All Ladies. Don't interrupt us, dear Sir.

1*st Lady.* What mighty pretty company they must be.

2*d Lady.* Oh, the prettiest company in the world.

3*d Lady*. If one could but teach them to sing like their father.

4*th Lady*. I am afraid my husband won't let me keep them, for he hates I should be fond of any thing but himself.

All Ladies. O the unreasonable creature!

1*st Lady*. If my husband was to make any objection to my having 'em, I'd run away from him, and take the dear babies with me.

Med. Come, enter beau Dangle.

Enter DANGLE.

Dang. Fie upon it, Ladies, what are you doing here? Why are you not at the auction? Mr. Hen has been in the pulpit this half hour.

1*st Lady*. Oh, dear Mr. Hen, I ask his pardon, I never miss him.

2*nd Lady*. What's to be sold to-day?

1*st Lady*. Oh, I never mind that; there will be all the world there.

Dang. You'll find it almost impossible to get in.

All Ladies. Oh! I shall be quite miserable if I don't get in.

Dang. Then you must not lose a moment.

All Ladies. O! not a moment for the world.

[*Exeunt* Ladies.

Med. There, they are gone.

Sour. I am glad on't with all my heart.

Lord Dap. Upon my word, Mr. Medley, that last is an exceeding good scene, and full of a great deal of politeness, good sense, and philosophy.

Med. It's nature, my Lord, it's nature.

Sour. Faith, Sir, the ladies are much oblig'd to you.

Med. Faith, Sir, it's more than I desire such ladies, as I represent here, should be; as for the nobler part of

the sex, for whom I have the greatest honour, their characters can be no better set off, than by ridiculing that light, trifling, giddy-headed crew, who are a scandal to their own sex, and a curse on ours.

Promp. Gentlemen, you must make room, for the curtain must be let down, to prepare the auction-room.

Med. My Lord, I believe you will be best before the curtain, for we have but little room behind, and a great deal to do.

Sour. Upon my word, Mr. Medley, I must ask you the same question which one of your ladies did just now; what do you intend to sell at this auction, the whole stock in trade of some milliner or mercer who has left off business?

Med. Sir, I intend to sell such things as were never sold in any auction before, nor ever will again: I can assure you, Mr. Sourwit, this scene, which I look on as the best in the whole performance, will require a very deep attention; Sir, if you should take one pinch of snuff during the whole scene, you will lose a joke by it, and yet they lie pretty deep too, and may escape observation from a moderate understanding, unless very closely attended to.

Sour. I hope, however, they don't lie as deep as the dumb gentleman's politics did in the first act; if so, nothing but an inspir'd understanding can come at 'em.

Med. Sir, this scene is writ in allegory; and though I have endeavoured to make it as plain as possible, yet all allegory will require a strict attention to be understood, Sir.

Promp. Sir, every thing is ready.

Med. Then draw up the curtain——Come, enter Mrs. Screen and Mrs. Barter.

THE AUCTION.

SCENE, *an Auction Room, a Pulpit and Forms placed, and several People walking about, some seated near the Pulpit.*

Enter MRS. SCREEN *and* MRS. BARTER.

Mrs. Screen. Dear Mrs. Barter!

Mrs. Bart. Dear Madam, you are early to-day!

Mrs. Screen. Oh, if one does not get near the pulpit, one does nothing, and I intend to buy a great deal to-day; I believe I shall buy the whole auction, at least if things go cheap; you won't bid against me?

Mrs. Bart. You know I never bid for any thing.

Enter BANTER *and* DANGLE.

Bant. That's true, Mrs. Barter, I'll be your evidence.

Mrs. Screen. Are you come? now I suppose we shall have fine bidding; I don't expect to buy cheaper than at a shop.

Bant. That's unkind, Mrs. Screen, you know I never bid against you: it would be cruel to bid against a lady who frequents auctions only with a design one day or other to make one great auction of her own. No, no, I will not prevent the filling of your warehouse; I assure you, I bid against no haberdashers of all wares.

Mrs. Bart. You are a mighty civil person, truly.

Bant. You need not take up the cudgels, Madam, who are of no more consequence at an auction than a mayor at a sessions; you only come here, where you have nothing to do, to shew people you have nothing to do any where else.

Mrs. Bart. I don't come to say rude things to all the world as you do.

Bant. No, the world may thank heaven, that did not give you wit enough to do that.

Mrs. Screen. Let him alone, he will have his jest.

Mrs. Bart. You don't think I mind him, I hope; but pray, Sir, of what great use is your friend, Mr. Dangle, here?

Bant. Oh, he is of very great use to all women of understanding.

Dang. Ay, of what use am I, pray?

Bant. To keep 'em at home, that they may not hear the silly things you say to 'em.

Mrs. Screen. I hope, Mr. Banter, you will not banish all people from places where they are of no consequence! you will allow 'em to go to an assembly, or a masquerade, without either playing, dancing or intriguing; you will let people go to an opera without any ear, to a play without any taste, and to a church without any religion?

Enter MR. HEN, *Auctioneer* (*bowing*).

Mrs. Screen. Oh! dear Mr. Hen, I am glad you are come, you are horrible late to-day.

Hen. Madam, I am just mounting the pulpit; I hope you like the catalogue, Ladies?

Mrs. Screen. There are some good things here, if you are not too dilatory with your hammer.

Bant. Boy, give me a catalogue.

Hen. [*In the pulpit.*] I dare swear, Gentlemen and Ladies, this auction will give general satisfaction; it is the first of its kind which I ever had the honour to exhibit, and I believe I may challenge the world to produce some of the curiosities which this choice cabinet contains: A catalogue of curiosities, which were collected by the indefatigable pains of that celebrated virtuoso, Peter Humdrum, Esq., which will be sold by

auction, by Christopher Hen, on Monday, the 21st day of March, beginning at lot 1. Gentlemen and Ladies, this is lot 1. A most curious remnant of Political Honesty. Who puts it up, Gentlemen? It will make you a very good cloak, you see it's both sides alike, so you may turn it as often as you will——Come, five pounds for this curious remnant: I assure you several great men have made their birth-day suits out of the same piece——It will wear for ever, and never be the worse for wearing——Five pounds is bid——no body more than five pounds for this curious piece of Political Honesty, five pounds, no more——[*knocks*] Lord Both-Sides. Lot 2. A most delicate piece of Patriotism, Gentlemen, who bids? ten pounds for this piece of Patriotism?

1*st Court.* I would not wear it for a thousand pounds.

Hen. Sir, I assure you, several gentlemen at court have worn the same; it's quite a different thing within to what it is without.

1*st Court.* Sir, it is prohibited goods, I shan't run the risk of being brought into Westminster-hall for wearing it.

Hen. You take it for the Old Patriotism, whereas it is indeed like that in nothing but the cut; but alas! Sir, there is a great difference in the stuff—But, Sir, I don't propose this for a town-suit, this is only proper for the country; consider, Gentlemen, what a figure this will make at an election——Come, five pounds——One guinea——put Patriotism by.

Bant. Ay, put it by, one day or other it may be in fashion.

Hen. Lot 3. Three grains of Modesty: Come, Ladies, consider how scarce this valuable commodity is.

Mrs. Screen. Yes, and out of fashion too, Mr. Hen.

Hen. I ask your pardon, Madam, it is true French,

I assure you, and never changes colour on any account ——Half a crown for all this modesty——Is there not one lady in the room who wants any Modesty?

1*st Lady.* Pray, Sir, what is it? for I can't see it at this distance.

Hen. It cannot be seen at any distance, Madam, but it is a beautiful powder which makes a fine wash for the complexion.

Mrs. Screen. I thought you said it was true French, and would not change the colour of the skin?

Hen. No, it will not, Madam; but it serves mighty well to blush behind a fan with, or to wear under a lady's mask at a masquerade——What, nobody bid——Well, lay Modesty aside——Lot 4. One bottle of Courage formerly in the possession of Lieutenant-colonel Ezekiel Pipkin, citizen, alderman and tallow-chandler——What, is there no officer of the train'd-bands here? Or it will serve an officer of the army as well in time of peace, nay, even war, Gentlemen; it will serve all of you who sell out.

1*st Off.* Is the bottle whole? is there no crack in it?

Hen. None, Sir, I assure you; though it has been in many engagements in Tothill-fields; nay it has serv'd a campaign or two in Hyde-park, since the alderman's death——it will never waste while you stay at home, but it evaporates immediately if carried abroad.

1*st Off.* Damn me, I don't want it; but a man can't have too much Courage——Three shillings for it.

Hen. Three shillings are bid for this bottle of Courage.

1*st Beau.* Four.

Bant. What do you bid for Courage for?

1*st Beau.* Not for myself, but I have a commissin to buy it for a lady.

1*st Off.* Five.

Hen. Five shillings, five shillings for all this Courage;

nobody more than five shillings? [*knocks.*] your name, Sir?

1*st Off.* Mackdonald O'Thunder.

Hen. Lot 5, and lot 6. All the Wit lately belonging to Mr. Hugh Pantomime, composer of entertainments for the play-houses, and Mr. William Goosequill, composer of political papers in defence of a ministry; shall I put up these together?

Bant. Ay, it is a pity to part them, where are they?

Hen. Sir, in the next room, where any gentleman may see them, but they are too heavy to bring in; they are near three hundred volumes in folio.

Bant. Put them by, who the devil would bid for them unless he was the manager of some house or other? The town has paid enough for their works already.

Hen. Lot 7. A very clear Conscience, which has been worn by a judge and a bishop.

Mrs. Screen. Is it as clean as if it was new?

Hen. Yes, no dirt will stick to it, and pray observe how capacious it is; it has one particular quality, put as much as you will into it, it is never full; come, Gentlemen, don't be afraid to bid for this, for whoever has it will never be poor.

Beau. One shilling for it.

Hen. O fie, Sir, I am sure you want it, for if you had any Conscience, you would put it up at more than that: come, fifty pound for this Conscience.

Bant. I'll give fifty pound to get rid of my Conscience, with all my heart.

Hen. Well, Gentlemen, I see you are resolv'd not to bid for it, so I'll lay it by: come, lot 8, a very considerable quantity of Interest at Court; come, a hundred pound for this Interest at Court.

Omnes. For me, Mr. Hen!

Hen. A hundred pound is bid in a hundred places, Gentlemen.

Beau. Two hundred pound.

Hen. Two hundred pound, two hundred and fifty, three hundred pound, three hundred and fifty, four hundred, five hundred, six hundred, a thousand; a thousand pound is bid, Gentlemen, nobody more than a thousand pounds for this Interest at Court; nobody more than one thousand? [*knocks*] Mr. Littlewit.

Bant. Damn me, I know a shop where I can buy it for less.

Lord Dap. Egad, you took me in, Mr. Medley, I could not help bidding for it.

Med. It's a sure sign it's nature, my Lord, and I should not be surpris'd to see the whole audience stand up and bid for it too.

Hen. All the Cardinal Virtues, lot 9. Come, Gentlemen, put in these Cardinal Virtues.

Gent. Eighteen pence.

Hen. Eighteen pence is bid for these Cardinal Virtues; nobody more than eighteen pence? Eighteen pence for all these Cardinal Virtues, nobody more. All these Virtues, Gentlemen, are going for eighteen pence; perhaps there is not so much more Virtue in the world, as here is, and all going for eighteen pence: [*knocks*] Your name, Sir.

Gent. Sir, here's a mistake; I thought you had said a Cardinal's Virtues; 'sblood, Sir, I thought to have bought a pennyworth; here's Temperance and Chastity, and a pack of stuff that I would not give three farthings for.

Hen. Well, lay 'em by: lot 10, and lot 11, A great deal of Wit, and a little Common-sense.

Bant. Why do you put up these together; they have no relation to each other.

Hen. Well, the Sense by itself then: lot 10, a little Common-sense——I assure you, Gentlemen, this is a very valuable commodity; come, who puts it in?

Med. You observe, as valuable as it is, nobody bids? I take this, if I may speak in the style of a great writer, to be a most emphatical silence; you see, Mr. Sourwit, no one speaks against this lot, and the reason nobody bids for it, is because every one thinks he has it.

Hen. Lay it by, I'll keep it myself: lot 12.

[*Drum beats.*

Sour. Heyday! What's to be done now, Mr. Medley?

Med. Now, Sir, the sport begins.

Enter a GENTLEMAN *laughing.* [*Huzza within.*

Bant. What's the matter?

Gent. There's a sight without would kill all mankind with laughing: Pistol is run mad, and thinks himself a great man, and he's marching through the streets with a drum and fiddles.

Bant. Please heaven, I'll go and see this sight. [*Exit.*

Omnes. And so will I. [*Exeunt.*

Hen. Nay, if every one else goes, I don't know why I should stay behind.

Lord Dap. Mr. Sourwit, we'll go too.

Med. If your lordship will have but a little patience till the scene be chang'd, you shall see him on the stage.

Sour. Is not this jest a little over-acted?

Med. I warrant, we don't over-act him half so much as he does his parts; though 'tis not so much his acting capacity which I intend to exhibit as his ministerial.

Sour. His ministerial!

Med. Yes, Sir; you may remember I told you before my rehearsal that there was a strict resemblance between

the states political and theatrical; there is a ministry in the latter as well as the former; and I believe as weak a ministry as any poor kingdom could ever boast of; parts are given in the latter to actors, with much the same regard to capacity, as places in the former have sometimes been, in former ages I mean; and though the public damn both, yet while they both receive their pay, they laugh at the public behind the scenes; and if one considers the plays that come from one part, and the writings from the other, one would be apt to think the same authors were retained in both.—But, come, change the scene into the street, and then enter Pistol *cum suis* ——Hitherto Mr. Sourwit, as we have had only to do with inferior characters, such as beaus and tailors, and so forth, we have dealt in the prosaic! now we are going to introduce a more considerable person, our muse will rise in her style: now, Sir, for a taste of the sublime; come, enter Pistol. [*Drum beats, and* Fiddlers *play.*

Enter PISTOL *and* MOB.

Pist. Associates, brethren, countrymen, and friends,
Partakers with us in this glorious enterprise,
Which for our consort we have undertaken;
It grieves us much, yes, by the gods it does!
That we whose great ability and parts
Have rais'd us to this pinnacle of power,
Entitling us prime minister theatrical;
That we should with an upstart of the stage
Contend successless on our consort's side;
But though by just hereditary right
We claim a lawless power, yet for some reasons,
Which to ourself we keep as yet conceal'd;
Thus to the public deign we to appeal:
Behold how humbly the great Pistol kneels.

Say then, Oh Town, is it your royal will
That my great consort represent the part
Of Polly Peachum in the Beggar's Opera? [Mob *hiss.*
Thanks to the town, that hiss speaks their assent;
Such was the hiss that spoke the great applause
Our mighty father met with, when he brought
His riddle on the stage; such was the hiss
Welcom'd his Cæsar to th' Egyptian shore!
Such was the hiss in which great John should have expir'd:
But, wherefore do I try in vain to number
Those glorious hisses, which from age to age
Our family has borne triumphant from the stage?

Med. Get thee gone for the prettiest hero that ever was shown on any stage. [*Exit* Pistol.

Sour. Short and sweet, faith; what, are we to have no more of him?

Med. Ay, ay, Sir: he's only gone to take a little breath.

Lord Dap. If you please, Sir, in the mean time, we'll go take a little fire, for 'tis confounded cold upon the stage.

Med. I wait upon your lordship: stop the rehearsal a few moments, we'll be back again instantly. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.—SCENE I.

Enter MEDLEY, SOURWIT, *and* LORD DAPPER.

MEDLEY.

Now, my Lord, for my modern Apollo: come, make all things ready, and draw the scene as soon as you can.

Sour. Modern, why modern? You common-place satirists are always endeavouring to persuade us that the age we live in is worse than any other has been, whereas mankind have differ'd very little since the world began; for one age has been as bad as another.

Med. Mr. Sourwit, I do not deny that men have been always bad enough; vice and folly are not the invention of our age: but I will maintain, that what I intend to ridicule in the following scene is the whole and sole production and invention of some people now living; and faith, let me tell you, though perhaps the public may not be the better for it, it is an invention exceeding all the discoveries of every philosopher or mathematician from the beginning of the world to this day.

Sour. Ay, pray, what is it?

Med. Why, Sir, it is a discovery, lately found out, that a man of great parts, learning, and virtue, is fit for no employment whatever; that an estate renders a man unfit to be trusted; that being a blockhead is a qualification for business; that honesty is the only sort of folly for which a man ought to be neglected and contemned. And—But here is the inventor himself.

Scene draws, and discovers APOLLO *in a great chair, surrounded by* ATTENDANTS.

Come, bring him forward, that the audience may see and hear him: you must know, Sir, this is a bastard of Apollo, begotten on that beautiful nymph Moria, who sold oranges to Thespis's company, or rather cart-load, of comedians: and, being a great favourite of his father's, the old gentleman settled upon him the entire direction of all our play-houses and poetical performances whatever.

Apol. Prompter.

Promp. Sir.

Apol. Is there anything to be done?

Promp. Yes, Sir, this play to be cast.

Apol. Give it me. The life and death of King John, written by Shakespear: who can act the king?

Promp. Pistol, Sir, he loves to act it behind the scenes.

Apol. Here are a parcel of English lords.

Promp. Their parts are but of little consequence; I will take care to cast them.

Apol. Do; but be sure you give them to actors who will mind their cues—Faulconbridge—What sort of a character is he?

Promp. Sir, he is a warrior, my cousin here will do him very well.

1*st Play.* I do a warrior! I never learnt to fence.

Apol. No matter, you will have no occasion to fight; can you look fierce, and speak well?

1*st Play.* Boh!

Apol. I would not desire a better warrior in the house than yourself.——Robert Faulconbridge—— What is this Robert?

Promp. Really, Sir, I don't well know what he is, his chief desire seems to be for land, I think; he is no very considerable character, any body may do him well enough; or if you leave him quite out, the play will be little the worse for it.

Apol. Well, I'll leave it to you——Peter of Pomfret, a prophet——Have you any body that looks like a prophet?

Promp. I have one that looks like a fool.

Apol. He'll do—Philip of France.

Promp. I have cast all the French parts except the Ambassador.

Apol. Who shall do it? His part is but short; have

you never a good genteel figure, and one that can dance? For, as the English are the politest people in Europe, it will be mighty proper that the Ambassador should be able at his arrival to entertain them with a jig or two.

Promp. Truly, Sir, here are abundance of dancing-masters in the house, who do little or nothing for their money.

Apol. Give it to one of them: see that he has a little drollery though in him; for Shakespear seems to have intended him as a ridiculous character, and only to make the audience laugh.

Sour. What's that, Sir, do you affirm that Shakespear intended the Ambassador Chatilion a ridiculous character?

Med. No, Sir, I don't.

Sour. Oh, Sir, your humble servant, then I misunderstood you; I thought I had heard him say so.

Med. Yes, Sir, but I shall not stand to all he says.

Sour. But, Sir, you should not put a wrong sentiment into the mouth of the god of wit.

Med. I tell you he is the god only of modern wit, and he has a very just right to be god of most of the modern wits that I know; of some who are lik'd for their wit; of some who are preferr'd for their wit; of some who live by their wit; of those ingenious gentlemen who damn plays, and those who write them too, perhaps. Here comes one of his votaries; come, enter, enter—Enter Mr. Ground-Ivy.

Enter GROUND-IVY.

Ground. What are you doing here?

Apol. I am casting the parts in the tragedy of King John.

Ground. Then you are casting the parts in a tragedy that won't do.

Apol. How, Sir! Was it not written by Shakespear, and was not Shakespear one of the greatest geniuses that ever liv'd?

Ground. No, Sir, Shakespear was a pretty fellow, and said some things which only want a little of my licking to do well enough; King John, as now writ, will not do—But a word in your ear, I will make him do.

Apol. How?

Ground. By alteration, Sir: it was a maxim of mine, when I was at the head of theatrical affairs, that no play, though ever so good, would do without alteration ——For instance, in the play before us, the bastard Faulconbridge is a most effeminate character, for which reason I would cut him out, and put all his sentiments in the mouth of Constance, who is so much properer to speak them——Let me tell you, Mr. Apollo, propriety of character, dignity of diction, and emphasis of sentiment, are the things I chiefly consider on these occasions.

Promp. I am only afraid as Shakespear is so popular an author, and you, asking your pardon, so unpopular——

Ground. Damn me, I'll write to the town and desire them to be civil, and that in so modest a manner, that an army of Cossacs shall be melted: I'll tell them that no actors are equal to me, and no authors ever were superior: and how do you think I can insinuate that in a modest manner?

Promp. Nay, faith, I can't tell.

Ground. Why, I'll tell them that the former only tread on my heels, and that the greatest among the latter have been damn'd as well as myself; and after that, what do you think of your popularity? I can

tell you, Mr. Prompter, I have seen things carried in the house against the voice of the people before to-day.

Apol. Let them hiss, let them hiss, and grumble as much as they please, as long as we get their money.

Med. There, Sir, is the sentiment of a great man, and worthy to come from the great Apollo himself.

Sour. He's worthy his sire, indeed, to think of this gentleman for altering Shakespear.

Med. Sir, I will maintain this gentleman as proper as any man in the kingdom for the business.

Sour. Indeed!

Med. Ay, Sir, for as Shakespear is already good enough for people of taste, he must be alter'd to the palates of those who have none; and if you will grant that, who can be properer to alter him for the worse? But if you are so zealous in old Shakespear's cause, perhaps you may find by-and-by all this come to nothing—Now for Pistol.

PISTOL *enters, and overturns his Father.*

Ground. Pox on't, the boy treads close on my heels in a literal sense.

Pist. Your pardon, Sir, why will you not obey
Your son's advice, and give him still his way?
For you, and all who will oppose his force,
Must be o'erthrown in his triumphant course.

Sour. I hope, Sir, your Pistol is not intended to burlesque Shakespear.

Med. No, Sir, I have too great an honour for Shakespear to think of burlesquing him, and to be sure of not burlesquing him, I will never attempt to alter him for fear of burlesquing him by accident, as perhaps some others have done.

Lord Dap. Pistol is the young captain.

Med. My Lord, Pistol is every insignificant fellow in

town, who fancies himself of great consequence, and is of none; he is my Lord Pistol, Captain Pistol, Counsellor Pistol, Alderman Pistol, Beau Pistol, and—— and——Odso, what was I going to say? Come, go on.

Apol. Prompter, take care that all things well go on; We will retire, my friend, and read King John. [*Exeunt.*

Sour. To what purpose, Sir, was Mr. Pistol introduced?

Med. To no purpose at all, Sir; it's all in character, Sir, and plainly shews of what mighty consequence he is—And there ends my article from the theatre.

Sour. Heyday! What's become of your two Pollys?

Med. Damn'd, Sir, damn'd; they were damn'd at my first rehearsal, for which reason I have cut them out; and to tell you the truth, I think the town has honour'd 'em enough with talking of 'em for a whole month; though, faith, I believe it was owing to their having nothing else to talk of. Well, now for my patriots—You will observe, Mr. Sourwit, that I place my politicians and my patriots at opposite ends of my piece, which I do, Sir, to shew the wide difference between them; I begin with my politicians, to signify that they will always have the preference in the world to patriots, and I end with patriots to leave a good relish in the mouths of my audience.

Sour. Ay; by your dance of patriots, one would think you intended to turn patriotism into a jest.

Med. So I do—But don't you observe I conclude the whole with a dance of patriots? which plainly intimates, that when patriotism is turn'd into a jest, there is an end of the whole play: come, enter four patriots ——You observe I have not so many patriots as politicians; you will collect from thence that they are not so plenty.

Sour. Where does the scene lie now, Sir?

Med. In Corsica, Sir, all in Corsica.

Enter four PATRIOTS *from different doors, who meet in the centre and shake hands.*

Sour. These patriots seem to equal your greatest politicians in their silence.

Med. Sir, what they think now cannot well be spoke, but you may conjecture a great deal from their shaking their heads; they will speak by-and-by——as soon as they are a little heated with wine: you cannot, however, expect any great speaking in this scene, for though I do not make my patriots politicians, I don't make them fools.

Sour. But, methinks, your patriots are a set of shabby fellows.

Med. They are the cheaper dress'd; besides, no man can be too low for a patriot, though perhaps it is possible he may be too high.

1*st Patr.* Prosperity to Corsica.

2*d Patr.* Liberty and property.

3*d Patr.* Success to trade.

4*th Patr.* Ay, to trade—to trade—particularly to my shop.

Sour. Why do you suffer that actor to stand laughing behind the scenes, and interrupt your rehearsal?

Med. O, Sir, he ought to be there, he's a laughing in his sleeve at the patriots; he's a very considerable character—and has much to do by-and-by.

Sour. Methinks the audience should know that, or perhaps they may mistake him as I did, and hiss him.

Med. If they should, he is a pure impudent fellow, and can stand the hisses of them all; I chose him particularly for the part—Go on, Patriots.

1*st Patr.* Gentlemen, I think this our island of Corsica is in an ill state: I do not say we are actually in war, for that we are not; but however we are threatened

with it daily, and why may not the apprehension of a war, like other evils, be worse than the evil itself; for my part, this I will say, this I will venture to say, that let what will happen I will drink a health to peace.

Med. This gentleman is the noisy patriot, who drinks and roars for his country, and never does either good or harm in it—The next is the cautious patriot.

2*d Patr.* Sir, give me your hand; there's truth in what you say, and I will pledge you with all my soul, but remember, it is all under the rose.

3*d Patr.* Look'e, gentlemen, my shop is my country, I always measure the prosperity of the latter by that of the former. My country is either richer or poorer, in my opinion, as my trade rises or falls; therefore, Sir, I cannot agree with you that a war would be disserviceable: on the contrary, I think it the only way to make my country flourish; for as I am a sword-cutler, it would make my shop flourish, so here's to war.

Med. This is the self-interested patriot; and now you shall hear the fourth and last kind, which is the indolent patriot, one who acts as I have seen a prudent man in company, fall asleep at the beginning of a fray, and never wake till the end on't.

4*th Patr.* [*Waking*] Here's to peace or war, I do not care which.

Sour. So this gentleman being neutral, peace has it two to one.

Med. Perhaps neither shall have it, perhaps I have found a way to reconcile both parties: but go on.

1*st Patr.* Can any one, who is a friend to Corsica, wish for war in our circumstances?——I desire to ask you all one question, are we not a set of miserable poor dogs?

Omnes. Ay, ay.

3*d Patr.* That we are sure enough, that nobody will deny.

Enter QUIDAM.

Quid. Yes, Sir, I deny it. [*All start.*] Nay, gentlemen, let me not disturb you, I beg you will all sit down, I am come to drink a glass with you—Can Corsica be poor while there is this in it? [*Lays a purse on the table.*] Nay, be not afraid of it, gentlemen, it is honest gold I assure you; you are a set of poor dogs, you agree; I say you are not, for this is all yours, there, [*Pours it on the table*] take it among you.

1*st Patr.* And what are we to do for it?

Quid. Only say you are rich, that's all.

Omnes. Oh, if that be all! [*They snatch up the money.*

Quid. Well, Sir, what is your opinion now? tell me freely.

1*st Patr.* I will; a man may be in the wrong through ignorance, but he's a rascal who speaks with open eyes against his conscience——I own I thought we were poor, but, Sir, you have convinc'd me that we are rich.

Omnes. We are all convinc'd.

Quid. Then you are all honest fellows, and here is to your healths; and, since the bottle is out, hang sorrow, cast away care, e'en take a dance, and I will play you a tune on the fiddle.

Omnes. Agreed.

1*st Patr.* Strike up when you will, we are ready to attend your motions. [*Dance here;* Quidam *dances out, and they all dance after him.*

Med. Perhaps there may be something intended by this dance which you don't take.

Sour. Ay, what prithee?

Med. Sir, every one of these patriots have a hole in their pockets, as Mr. Quidam the fiddler there knows; so that he intends to make them dance till all the money

is fall'n through, which he will pick up again, and so not lose one half penny by his generosity; so far from it, that he will get his wine for nothing, and the poor people, alas! out of their own pockets, pay the whole reckoning. This, Sir, I think is a very pretty Pantomime trick, and an ingenious burlesque on all the fourberies which the great Lun has exhibited in all his entertainments: And so ends my play, my farce, or what you please to call it; may I hope it has your lordship's approbation?

Lord Dap. Very pretty, indeed, it's very pretty.

Med. Then, my Lord, I hope I shall have your encouragement; for things in this town do not always succeed according to their merit; there is a vogue, my Lord, which if you will bring me into, you will lay a lasting obligation on me: and you, Mr. Sourwit, I hope, will serve me among the critics, that I may have no elaborate treatise writ to prove that a farce of three acts is not a regular play of five. Lastly, to you, Gentlemen, whom I have not the honour to know, who have pleas'd to grace my rehearsal; and you, Ladies, whether you be Shakespear's ladies, or Beaumont and Fletcher's ladies, I hope you will make allowances for a rehearsal,

And kindly all report us to the town;
No borrow'd, nor no stol'n goods we've shown,
If witty, or if dull, our play's our own.

EURYDICE:

A FARCE:

AS IT WAS D—MN'D AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PLUTO.	EURYDICE.
ORPHEUS.	CHARON.
PROSERPINE.	GHOSTS, &c.

EURYDICE.

[*The music bell rings.*]

Enter the AUTHOR *in a hurry. A* CRITIC *following.*

AUTHOR.

HOLD, hold, Mr. Chetwood; don't ring for the overture yet, the devil is not dressed. He has but just put on his cloven foot.

Crit. Well, Sir, how do you find yourself? In what state are your spirits?

Auth. Oh! never better. If the audience are but in half so good a humour, I warrant for the success of my farce.

Crit. I wish it may succeed; but as it is built (you say) on so ancient a story as that of Orpheus and Eurydice, I fear some part of the audience may not be acquainted with it. Would it not have been advisable to have writ a sheet or two by a friend, addressed to the spectators of Eurydice, and let them a little into the matter?

Auth. No, no; any man may know as much of the story as myself, only by looking at the end of Littleton's dictionary, whence I took it. Besides, Sir, the story is vulgarly known. Who has not heard that Orpheus went down to the shades after his wife who was dead, and so enchanted Proserpine with his music, that she consented he should carry her back, with a proviso he never turned to look

on her in his way, which he could not refrain from, and so lost her? Dear Sir, every schoolboy knows it!

Crit. But for the instruction of those beaus who never were at school.

Auth. They may learn it from those who have. If you will secure me from the critics, I don't fear the beaus.

Crit. Why, Sir, half the beaus are critics.

Auth. Ay! 'sgad, I should as soon have suspected half the Dutchmen to be dancing-masters. If I had known this, I would have spared them a little. I must leave out the first scene, I believe.

Crit. Why that?

Auth. Why, it is a scene between the ghosts of two beaus. And if the substance of a beau be such an unsubstantial thing as you see it, what must the shadow of that substance be?

Crit. Ha, ha, ha! Ridiculous.

Auth. Ay, I think so. I think we do come up to the ridiculous in our farce, and that is what a farce ought to be, and all it ought to be: for, as your beaus set up for critics, so these critics on farces may set up for beaus. But come, I believe by this, the devil and the ghosts are ready, so now, Mr. Chetwood, you may ring away. Sir, if you please to sit down with me between the scenes, I shall be glad of your opinion of my piece.

(*They sit: the Overture is played.*)

Crit. Pray, Sir, who are these gentlemen that stand ready to rush on the stage? Are they the two ghosts you mention?

Auth. Yes, Sir, they are. Mr. Spindle and Captain Weazel, the one belongs to the court, the other to the army; and they are the representatives of their several

bodies. You must know, farther, the one has been dead some time, the other but just departed: but hush, they are gone on.

Enter CAPTAIN WEAZEL, MR. SPINDLE.

Capt. Weaz. Mr. Spindle, your very humble servant. You are welcome, Sir, on this side the river Styx. I am glad to see you dead, with all my heart.

Mr. Spin. Captain Weazel, I thank you. I hope you are well.

Capt. Weaz. As well as a dead man can be, my dear.

Mr. Spin. And faith! that's better than any living man can be, at least, any living beau. Dead men (they say) feel no pain; and I am sure we beaus, while alive, feel little else; but however, at last, thanks to a little fever and a great doctor, I have shaken off a bad constitution; and now I intend to take one dear swing of raking, drinking, whoring, and playing the devil, as I have done in the other world.

Capt. Weaz. I suppose then you think this world exactly like that you have left?

Mr. Spin. Why, you have whores here, have you not?

Capt. Weaz. Oh, in abundance.

Mr. Spin. Give me a buss for that, my dear. And some of our acquaintance, fine ladies, are there not?

Capt. Weaz. Ay, scarce any other.

Mr. Spin. Thou dear dog! Well, and how dost thou lead thy life, thy death I should say, among 'em?

Capt. Weaz. Faith! Jack, even as I led my life, between cards, dice, music, taverns, wenches, masquerades.

Mr. Spin. Masquerades! Have you those too?

Capt. Weaz. Those! Ay, they were borrow'd hence.

Mr. Spin. What a delicious place this hell is!

Capt. Weaz. Sir, it is the only place a fine gentleman ought to be in.

Mr. Spin. How it was misrepresented to us in the other world!

Capt. Weaz. Pshaw! that hell did not belong to our religion; for you and I, Jack, you know, and most of our acquaintance, were always heathens.

Mr. Spin. Well, but what sort of a fellow is the old gentleman, the devil, hey?

Capt. Weaz. Is he? Why, a very pretty sort of a gentleman, a very fine gentleman; but, my dear, you have seen him five hundred times already. The moment I saw him here I remembered to have seen him shuffle cards at White's and George's; to have met him often on the Exchange, and in the Alley, and never missed him in or about Westminster-hall. I will introduce you to him.

Mr. Spin. Ay, do. And tell him I was hanged, that will recommend me to him.

Capt. Weaz. No, hanged, no; then he will take you for a poor rogue, a sort of people he abominates so, that there are scarce any of them here. No, if you would recommend yourself to him, tell him you deserved to be hanged, and was too great for the law.

Mr. Spin. Won't he find me out?

Capt. Weaz. If he does, nothing pleases him so much as lying: for which reason he is so fond of no sort of people as the lawyers.

Mr. Spin. Methinks, he might, for the same reason, be fond of us courtiers too.

Capt. Weaz. Sir, we have no cause to complain of our reception.

Mr. Spin. But have you no news here, Jack?

Capt Weaz. Yes, truly, we have some, and pretty

remarkable news too. Here is a man come hither after his wife.

Mr. Spin. What! to desire the devil to take great care of her, that she may not come back again?

Capt. Weaz. No, really, to desire her back again; and 'tis thought he will obtain his request.

Mr. Spin. Ay; he must be a hard-hearted devil indeed; to deny a man such a request as that.

Capt. Weaz. Did you never hear of him in the other world? he is a very fine singer, and his name is Orpheus.

Mr. Spin. Oh, ay! he's an Italian. Signior Orpheo —I have heard him sing in the opera in Italy. I suppose, when he goes back again they will have him in England. But who have we here?

Capt. Weaz. This is the woman I spoke of, Madam Eurydice.

Mr. Spin. Faith! she is handsome; and if she had been any body's wife but my own, I would have come hither for her with all my heart.

Auth. That sentiment completes the character of my courtier, who is so complaisant, that he sins only to comply with the mode; and goes to the devil, not out of any inclination, but because it is the fashion. Now for Madam Eurydice, who is the fine lady of my play: and a fine lady she is, or I am mistaken.

Enter EURYDICE.

Eur. Captain Weazel, your very humble servant.

Capt. Weaz. Your servant, Lady Fair. A gentleman of my acquaintance desires the honour of kissing your hands.

Eur. Any gentleman of your acquaintance. From England, I presume?

Mr. Spin. Just arrived thence, Madam.

Eur. You have not been at court, yet, Sir, I suppose. You will meet with a very hearty welcome from his majesty. He has a particular kindness for people of your nation.

Mr. Spin. I hope, Madam, we shall always deserve it.

Capt. Weaz. But I hope the news is not true, that we are to lose you, Madam Eurydice?

Eur. How can you doubt it, when my husband is come after me? Do you think Pluto can refuse me, or that I can refuse to go back with a husband who came hither for me?

Mr. Spin. Faith! I don't know; but if a husband was to go back to the other world after his wife, I believe he would scarce persuade her to come hither with him.

Eur. Oh but, Sir, this place alters us much for the better. Women are quite different creatures after they have been here some time.

Capt. Weaz. And so you will go?

Eur. It is not in my power. You know it is positively against the law of the realm. In desiring to go I discharge the duty of a wife. And if the devil won't let me, I can't help it.

Capt. Weaz. I am afraid of the power of his voice, I wish he be able to resist that charm; and I fancy, if you was to confess ingenuously, it is his voice that charms you to go back again.

Eur. Indeed, Sir, you are mistaken. I do not think the merit of a man, like that of a nightingale, lies in his throat. It is true, he has a fine pipe, and if you will carry your friend to court this morning, he may hear him; but though it is possible my heart may have its weak sides, I solemnly protest no one will ever reach it through my ears.

Mr. Spin. That's strange; for it is the only way to all the ladies' hearts in the other world.

Eur. Ha, ha, ha! I find you beaus know just as much of a woman as you ever did. Do you imagine when a lady expires at an opera, she thinks of the signior that's singing? No, no, take my word for it, music puts softer and better things in her head.

AIR I. *Do not ask me, charming Phillis.*

When a woman lies expiring
At fal, lal, lal, lal, la!
Do you think her, Sir, desiring
Nothing more than ha, ha, ha?

[*Exit between the* Beaus.

Crit. If you will give me leave, Sir, I think you have not enough distinguish'd the character of your courtier from your soldier.

Auth. What soldier! Have you mistaken my army-beau for a soldier? You might as well take a Temple-beau for a lawyer. Sir, a beau is a beau still, whatever profession he belongs to; the beaus in all professions differ in nothing but in dress; and therefore, Sir, to distinguish the character of my army-beau from my court-beau, I clap a cockade into his hat, and that is all the distinction I can make between them——But mum: Pluto is going on.

SCENE, *the Court of* PLUTO.

Enter PLUTO, PROSERPINE, *and* ORPHEUS.

Pluto. Indeed, friend Orpheus, I am concerned I cannot grant your request without infringing the laws of my realm. Ask me anything else, and be certain of

obtaining: riches, power, or whatever is in my gift. Indeed, you ought to be contented with the common fate of men. Consider, you had the possession of your wife something more than a twelvemonth.

Pros. Long enough, I am sure, for any poor woman to be confined within the fetters of matrimony.

Pluto. Is it possible that that voice, which can lull the cares of every other asleep, should not be able to assuage those of your own breast?

Auth. Now for a taste of Recitativo. My farce is an Oglio of tid-bits.

ORPHEUS, *in Recitativo.*

Curst be the cruel scissors of the fates,
That snipt her thread of life, and curst that law
Which now forbids her to my arms.
No, cruel king, detain your offer'd wealth,
And hang my harp forsaken in your realm:
For all things useless are to me
Without Eurydice.

AIR II.

Riches, can you ease restore,
Riches make me wish the more
The possession of my sweet,
To bestow them at her feet.
What relief in softest lays
Warbling all my charmer's praise,
Bidding fiercer passion rise,
Teaching languish to my eyes.
Then can wealth and music please,
When my charmer smiles at these;
But lest envy these bemoan,
Give me, give me her alone.

Pluto. [*in raptures*] *O caro, caro.*—(What shall I do? If I hear another song I am vanquished. Should he desire thee, my dear, I could hardly deny him.)

[*Aside to* Proserpine.

Pros. That may possibly be, my dear, (and I wish he would with all my heart.) [*Aside.*

Pluto. Consider, child, there is no danger in the precedent: for as he is the first man who ever desired to have his wife again, it is possible he may be the last.

Pros. I own the request odd enough; nor do I know any miracle that would equal it, unless she should consent to go along with him, which I much question: for I don't remember to have ever heard her mention her husband's name till his arrival here. And though you may make free with your own laws, and your own people, I hope, Mr. Pluto, you will not usurp any authority over mine. By Styx, if you give one dead wife back again to her husband against her will, I will make hell too hot to hold you.

Pluto. Do not be in a passion, my dear.

Pros. My dear, I will be in a passion. Shall you prescribe to me what to be in?

Pluto. You need not fear the loss of your subjects; though you should promise to return every wife that was asked.

Pros. How, Sir! have I not several widows, whose jointures died with them; whose husbands would not only ask, but walk hither barefoot to get them again? But you are always despising my subjects. I am sure no goddess of quality was ever used as I am. It would never be believed upon earth, that the devil is a worse husband than any there.

Auth. Considering where the scene lies, I think these sentiments are not *mal-à-propos.*

Enter EURYDICE, WEAZEL, SPINDLE. WEAZEL *introduces* SPINDLE *to* PLUTO *and* PROSERPINE. EURYDICE *goes to* ORPHEUS.

ORPHEUS. *Recitativo.*

Oh, my Eurydice! the cruel king
Still obdurate, refuses to my arms
The repossession of my love.

EURYDICE. *Recitativo.*

Unkind Fate,
So soon to put an end to all our joys!
And barbarous law of Erebus
That will not reinstate us in our bliss.
Orph. And must you stay?
Eur. And must you go?
Orph. Oh no!
Eur. 'Tis so.
Orph. Oh no!
Eur. 'Tis so.

Crit. Why does Eurydice speak in recitativo?

Auth. Out of complaisance to her husband. As you will find her behave through my whole piece, like a very polite and well-bred lady.—I intend this couple as a contrast to the devil and his wife.

AIR III.

Orph. Farewell, ye groves and mountains,
Ye once delightful fountains,
Where my charmer us'd to stray,
Where in gentle am'rous play,
Wanton, willing,
Burning, billing,
Ever cheerful, ever gay,
We have spent the summer-day.

2.

Where herds forget their lowing,
And trees forget their blowing,
Joining with the fleecy flocks,
And the hard and massy rocks,
All came prancing,
Skipping, dancing:
Not the magic of my song
But thy eyes drew all along.

Pluto. I am conquered; by Styx, you shall have her back. Take my wife too; take every thing; another song, and take my crown.

Pros. Hold, hold, not so generous, good King Pluto. If the young lady pleases to return with her husband, as you have sworn by Styx, she may.

Auth. There, Sir, there. I have carried the power of music beyond Orpheus, Amphion, and all of them; I have made it inspire a man to get the better of his wife.

Pros. But I insist on her consent being asked.

Spin. [*to* Weaz.] I find in hell the grey mare is the better horse.

Weaz. Yes, faith! Jack, and no where else, I believe.

Orph. Thanks, most infernal majesty;
I ask no greater boon.

Eur. You may depend too surely on your Eurydice, to doubt her consent to whatever would make you happy. But—it is a long way from hence to the other world; and you know, by experience, my dear, I am an exceeding bad traveller.

Orph. I'll carry you on my shoulders.

Eur. O, dear creature! your shoulders would fail;

indeed, they would. And if I should be taken sick on the road, what should I do? Indeed, in this world, I might make a tolerable shift; but on the other side the river Styx, if I was fainting, no public house dare sell me a dram.

Orph. I will buy two gallons, and carry them with me.

Eur. Life, child, is so very uncertain, that who knows but as soon as I am got hence I may be summoned back the next day; and consider, what an intolerable fatigue two such journeys taken together would be.

Orph. Is it not a journey which I have undertaken for you?

Eur. O you great creature, you! You are a man, and I am a poor weak woman. I hope you don't compare your strength with mine. Besides, if I was able to go, it is really so much better to be here than to be married, that I must be mighty silly to think of returning.——Indeed, dear Orphy, I should be ashamed to shew my face after it.

AIR IV.

Oh Lud! I should be quite asham'd,
My former friends to see;
In an assembly if I'm nam'd,
They'll point and cry, *that's she.*

From husbands when 'tis thought so fine
For wives to run away,
Should I return again with mine,
What can the world all say?

Orph. Can you go then? will you refuse me?

Eur. My dear, you know I always hated to refuse you

so much, that I hated you should ask me any thing; if it was reasonable, I should do it of my own accord: but I never will be persuaded out of my reason.

AIR V.

Orph. That marriage is a great evil,
Who'll ever dispute more in life,
When they hear I've prevail'd on the devil,
And cannot prevail on my wife, poor man!
And cannot prevail on my wife.

Eur. But when those who hear your sad ditty,
Shall the date of your wedding explore,
Do you think men a husband will pity,
Who should have known better before, poor man!
Who should have known better before.

Pluto. The doom is fix'd, I ask your pardon, my dear; [*to* Pros.] but I swore by Styx before I thought of it, that she should go.

Pros. Ay, you are always swearing before you think of it! However, Eurydice, since that's the case, the oath must be kept. But I can add a clause to the bill, if he looks back on you once in the way, you shall return, and that I swear by Styx.

Pluto. Do you hear, Sir, what my wife says?

Mr. Spin. [*to* Weaz.] This river Styx seems a pretty way of ending controversies between man and wife. It is pity the Thames had not the same virtue.

Orph. Thanks, most diabolical majesty, for your infernal kindness.

Pluto. I hope you will take care, and not forfeit the advantage of this favour I have granted you.

Pros. Which I have granted, Sir, if you please, Sir.

Pluto. Ay, which my wife has granted.

Capt. Weaz. [*to* Spin.] You see how ill people express themselves, when they call a bad husband the devil of a husband.

Eur. I thank your majesty, Madam, for your interposition in my behalf, and if I did not improve it, I should be unworthy of your royal favour.

Pros. I doubt not but you have been here long enough to learn to outwit your husband.

Eur. Few women, Madam, need come hither to learn that art.

Pros. I am glad they behave so well.——Dear Eurydice, I wish you a good journey with all my heart, and hope to see you soon again.

Eur. The first moment it is in my power, I assure your majesty.

Pluto. Friend Orpheus, farewell, I give thee thy wife with greater pleasure, since I hope, as thou hast come hither now to get her, thou wilt return hither shortly to get rid of her.

[*Exeunt* Pluto, Pros., Capt. Weaz. *and* Spin.

Eur. Well, Sir, and so I must take a trip with you to the other world. How was it possible you would come hither to fetch me back when I was dead, who had so often wished me here, while alive?

Orph. Those were only the sudden blasts of passion. Besides, as is the common fate of mortals, I never knew my happiness till I lost it.

Eur. And was you then really concerned for me?

Orph. Yes, my dear, and I think you was so for me; your tears at our parting gave me sufficient assurance.

Eur. Ha, ha, ha! I was afraid of dying, child, that was all. Upon my word, my dear, parting with thee was all the little comfort I had.

Orph. Did you desire it then?

Eur. Most heartily, upon my word. I seldom prayed for any thing else.

Orph. Why, did we not live comfortably together?

Eur. O very comfortably. Did you not leave me to run after the golden fleece?

Orph. Nay, if you come to that, did you not run away from me, and stay at Thebes by yourself a whole winter?

Eur. And did not you keep a mistress in my absence, when you might have come to me?

Orph. Did not you spend in diversions and play what should have kept your family?

Eur. And did not you spend on mistresses what should have kept your wife?

Orph. Was not you almost eternally in the vapours?

Eur. And was not you the occasion of my vapours? Did not you kill my favourite monkey, because I would not dance with that rake, Hercules, and the rest of your brother Argonauts?

Orph. You have dined with that rake Hercules when I have not been by, I believe; and did not you crack one of my best fiddles, only because I would not dance with that coquet Miss Atalanta, and the rest of your flirts?

Eur. You have danced with her in private, I fancy; and I would break your fiddle again, Sir, on the same occasion.

Orph. And I would see you and your monkey at the devil, if you affronted my friends.

Eur. Ha, ha, ha! Then you would come after me again, as you have now; ha, ha, ha!

Orph. Nay, do not laugh so immoderately.

Eur. How can I avoid it at this comfortable state of life which you are so fond of, as to desire over again?

Orph. But experience might teach us to amend our faults for the future.

Eur. Experience rather ought to teach us the impossibility of such an amendment: for if we could have learnt so, we might have learnt from the examples of others, when we were first married, and from our own in a short time; but I never perceived any better effect from the remembrance of a past quarrel than the working up a new one. Could experience cure folly, men would not want that cure very early in life.

AIR VI.

If men from experience a lesson could reap,
To fly from the folly they'd seen,
What madman at forty a mistress would keep,
What woman would love at eighteen!
What woman, &c.

The levees of statesmen and courts of the law,
Boys only would haunt very soon;
And all married broils to conclusion would draw,
At the end of the sweet honey moon.
At the end, &c.

So if you have a mind to improve and profit by your own experience, e'en look back at the third step, and return single as you came.

Orph. No, I will not be so complacent, that I had rather prove your hypothesis than my own.

Eur. Then, pray, set out: In those last words of yours matrimony seemed to begin again: for to refuse his wife with civility, is the true complacence of a husband——So, a good journey to us.

AIR VII.

Turn, O turn thee, dearest creature.

Turn, O turn, dear, do not fly me;
I could ever thus hold out:
If you lov'd, you'd not deny me;
If you lov'd, you'd look about.
[*Exit, she following.*

SCENE, *the Banks of the River Styx.*

[*They call* Charon *several times without.*]

Auth. So now Charon is out of the way, and the audience will be put out of humour.

Crit. But pray, Sir, why does Orpheus talk sometimes in Recitativo, and sometimes out of it?

Auth. Why, Sir, I don't care to tire the audience with too much Recitativo; I observe they go to sleep at it at an opera. Besides, you may give yourself a good reason, why he leaves off singing: for I think his wife may very well be supposed to put him out of tune—Are you satisfied?

Crit. I could ask another question.—Why have you made the devil hen-pecked?

Auth. Sir, you know where I have laid the scene, and how could hell be better represented than by supposing the people under petticoat government?——But O! Charon is come at last.

Enter CHARON *and* MACCAHONE.

Cha. You, Mr. Maccahone, will you please to pay me my fare?

Mac. Ay, fet would I with all my shoule, but honey, I did die not worth sixpence, and that I did leave behind me.

Cha. Sir, if you do not pay me, I shall carry you back again.

Mac. To my own country! Arrah, do, honey. Uboboo! what a shoy it will be to my relations, that are now singing an anthem called the Irish Howl over me, to see me alive when they know that I am dead.

Cha. If you do not pay your fare, I shall carry you to the other side of the river, where you shall wander on the banks a thousand years.

Mac. Shall I? what, where I did see half a dozen gentlemen walking alone? Uboboo! upon my shoule, the laugh is coming upon my face.

Cha. Prithee, what dost thou laugh at?

Mac. I laugh to think how I will bite you.

Cha. What wilt thou do?

Mac. Upon my shoule, I will get a bridge and swim over upon it, and I will send upon a post to the other world to buy a bridge, and I know where I can buy one very cheap; and when there is a bridge, I believe no one will come into your boat that can go over the water upon dry land.

Cha. Here, take this fellow some of you, and ferry him back again, where he shall stay till his bridge is built. But whom have we here? I suppose the couple who are by Pluto's special order to be ferry'd over to the other side.

Enter ORPHEUS *and* EURYDICE.

Orph. If you please, Mr. Charon, to prepare your boat. I suppose you have received your orders?

Cha. Master, the boat is just gone over, it will be back again instantly. I wish you would be so good in the mean time, Master, to give us one of your Italian catches.

Orph. Why, dost thou love music then, friend Charon?

Cha. Yes, fags! Master, I do. It went to my heart t'other day, that I did not dare ferry over Signior Quaverino.

Orph. Why didst thou not dare?

Cha. I don't know, Sir; Judge Rhadamanthus said it was against the law; for that nobody was to come into this country but men and women; and that the signior was neither the one nor the other.

Orph. Your lawyers, I suppose, have strange quirks here in hell?

Cha. Nay, for that matter they are pretty much the same here as on earth.

Eur. Help, help, I shall be drowned, I shall be drowned!

Orph. [*Turning*]. Ha! Eurydice's voice!

Eur. O, unlucky misfortune! why would you look behind you, when you knew the queen's command?

Orph. Thou wicked woman, why wouldst thou tempt me?

Eur. How unreasonable is that, to lay the blame on me! Can I help my fears? You know I was always inclined to be hysterical: but it is like you, to lay the blame on me, when you know yourself to be guilty; when you know you are tired of me already, and looked back purposely to lose me.

Orph. And dost thou accuse me?

Eur. I don't accuse you. I need not accuse you. Your own wicked conscience must do it. Oh! had you loved like me, you could have borne to have gone a

million of miles. I am sure, I could have gone further, and never once have looked back upon you.

[*Pretending to cry.*

Orph. Curst accident; but still we may go on. Proserpine can never know it.

Eur. [*Speaking brisk.*] No, I promised to return the moment you looked back; and a woman of honour must keep her promise, though it be to leave her husband.

AIR VIII.

Farewell, my dear,
Since fate severe,
Has cut us twice in twain.
Orph. Say not farewell,
I'll back to hell,
And sing thee back again.
Eur. No, Orpheus, no,
You shall not go.
Orph. And must we, must we part?
Eur. We must away,
For if you stay,
Indeed, 'twill break my heart.
Your servant, dear,
I downward steer,
You upward to the light;
Take no more leave,
For I must grieve
Till you are out of sight.

Cha. Come, Master Orpheus, never take it to heart: but e'en part as merrily as your lady did. I believe the devil would be very glad to go with you, if he could leave his wife behind him.

ORPHEUS. *Recitativo.*

Ungrateful, barbarous woman!
Infernal Stygian monster!
Henceforth mankind
I'll teach to hate the sex.

AIR IX.

If a husband henceforth, who has buried his wife,
Of Pluto request her again brought to life:
Pluto, grant his request as he enters thy portal,
And Jove, for his comfort,
And Jove, for his comfort,
O make her, O make her, O make her immortal!

Auth. There, now the audience must stay a little while the grave scene is preparing. Pray, Mr. Chetwood, hasten things as much as possible.

Crit. I see Mr. Orpheus is come to his Recitativo again.

Auth. Yes, Sir, just as he lost his senses. I wish our opera composers could give as good a reason for their Recitativo.

Crit. What, would you have them bring nothing but mad people together into their operas?

Auth. Sir, if they did not bring abundance of mad people together into their operas, they would not be able to subsist long at the extravagant prices they do, nor their singers to keep useless mistresses; which, by the by, is a very ingenious burlesque on our taste.

Crit. Ay, how so?

Auth. Why, Sir, for an English people to support an extravagant Italian opera, of which they understand nor relish neither the sense nor the sound, is as heartily

ridiculous and much of a piece with an eunuch's keeping a mistress: nor do I know whether his ability is more despised by his mistress, or our taste by our singers.

Crit. Hush, hush, don't disturb the play.

SCENE, PLUTO'S *Court.*

PLUTO, WEAZEL, SPINDLE.

Pluto. Well, Mr. Spindle, pray how do you like your way of living here?

Mr. Spin. Upon my word, may it please your majesty, it is so very like the life I used to lead, that I can scarce perceive any difference, unless (I hope your majesty will not be offended) I think you are not quite so wicked here, as we used to be in the other world.

Pluto. Why truly, that is what I am afraid of, Mr. Spindle, and that is what I regret very much: but I know no remedy for it; for as it is impossible to make the people here worse, so I believe it is impracticable to make them there better. (How little these wretches know, that the vices which were their pleasures in the other world, are their punishment here; and that the most vicious man need scarce any other punishment than that of being confined to his vice!) [*Aside.*

Auth. There, Sir! There is morality for you out of the mouth of the devil, if that be not *à fuco dare lucem*, let another handle the pen for me.

Mr. Spin. One vice in particular, that we excel you in, is hypocrisy.

Weaz. It cannot be otherwise; for as his diabolical majesty is known to have such an antipathy to virtue, you may be certain, no one here will affect it.

Pluto. Why not? I am no enemy to the affectation of it; and if they were to counterfeit never so nicely,

they might depend on it, I should see through them. But ha! my wife and Eurydice!

Enter PROSERPINE *and* EURYDICE.

Pros. Yes, Sir, the gentleman could not stay, it seems, till he got home; but looked back on his treasure, and so forfeited it.

Eur. And yet, I took all the pains in my power to prevent it, continually intreating him to look forward, frightened out of my wits every step, lest he should see me by a side glance, and yet all would not do; he would, [*sobbing*] he would look back upon me, and so I have lost him for ever.

Pluto. Be comforted, Madam.

Eur. It is in your power to comfort me.

Pluto. And be assured, it is in my will.

Eur. Then you must promise me never to send me back: for, truly, there is [*composed*] so much pain in parting, that since it must happen, I am resolved never to see my husband again, if I can help it.

Pros. Be easy; for by Styx, he never shall send you back.

Mr. Spin. However, there is some hypocrisy here, I find. [*Aside to* Weazel.

Weaz. Ay, among the women.

Pros. Well, my dear Eurydice, I am so pleased to see you returned, that I will celebrate a holiday in all my dominions. Let Tantalus drink, and take Ixion off the wheel. Let every one's punishment be remitted a whole day. Do you hear, husband! what are you thinking of?——Do you take care and signify my pleasure?

Pluto. I shall, my dear. Do you hear, all of you? It is my wife's pleasure that you should all keep holiday.

Pros. And harkye, Sir, I desire you would wave your wand, and conjure back some of your devils that dance at the play-houses in the other world.

Pluto. My dear, I will obey your commands.

Pros. You see, my dear Eurydice, the manner in which I live with my husband. He settled one half of the government on me at my marriage, and I have, thank fate, pretty well worked him out of the other half: thus I make myself some little amends for his immortality.

Eur. And sure a wife ought to have some amends made her for such a terrible circumstance.

Pluto. My dear, the dancers are come.

Eur. Well, I am quite charmed with your majesty's behaviour to a husband.

Pros. And I am so charmed with yours, that you shall henceforth be my chief favourite.

A GRAND DANCE.

CHORUS.

Eur. From lessons like these
You may if you please,
Good husbands, learn to be civil;
For you find 'tis in vain
To wish for us again,
When once we are gone to the devil.

Pros. At each little pet,
Do not quarrel and fret,
And wish your wives dead, for I tell you,
If they once touch this shore,
You shall have them no more,
Though to fetch them you send Farinello.

Pluto. Attend to old Nick,
Ye brethren that stick
Like me in Hymen's fast fetters;
If you'd lead quiet lives,
Give way to your wives,
As you see must be done by your betters.

Chor. Attend to old Nick,
Ye brethren that stick
Like him in Hymen's fast fetters;
If you'd live quiet lives,
Give way to your wives,
As you see must be done by your betters.

EURYDICE HISS'D;

OR,

A WORD TO THE WISE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Spatter,	MRS. CHARKE.
Sourwit,	MR. LACEY.
Lord Dapper,	MR. WARD.
Pillage,	MR. ROBERTS.
Honestus,	MR. DAVIS.
Muse,	MRS. HAYWOOD.
Actors,	MR. BLAKES. MR. LOWTHER. MR. PULLEN. MR. TOPPING. MR. WOODBURN. MR. MACHEN.
Gentlemen,	MR. JONES. MR. MACHEN. MR. WOODBURN.

EURYDICE HISS'D;

OR,

A WORD TO THE WISE.

Enter SPATTER, SOURWIT, *and* LORD DAPPER.

SPATTER.

My Lord, I am extremely obliged to you for the honour you shew me in staying to the rehearsal of my tragedy: I hope it will please your Lordship, as well as Mr. Medley's comedy has, for I assure you it is ten times as ridiculous.

Sour. Is it the merit of a tragedy, Mr. Spatter, to be ridiculous?

Spat. Yes, Sir, of such tragedies as mine; and I think you, Mr. Sourwit, will grant me this, that a tragedy had better be ridiculous than dull; and that there is more merit in making the audience laugh, than in setting them asleep.

Lord Dap. I beg, Sir, you would begin, or I shan't get my hair powder'd before dinner; for I am always four hours about it.

Sour. Why, pr'ythee, what is this tragedy of thine?

Spat. Sir, it is the damnation of Eurydice. I fancy, Mr. Sourwit, you will allow I have chose this subject very cunningly; for as the town have damn'd my play, for their own sakes they will not damn the damnation of it.

Sour. Faith, I must confess, there is something of singular modesty in the instance.

Spat. And of singular prudence too; what signifies denying the fact after sentence, and dying with a lie in your mouth; no, no, rather, like a good pious criminal, rejoice, that in being put to shame you make some atonement for your sins; and I hope to do so in the following play; for it is, Mr. Sourwit, of a most instructive kind, and conveys to us a beautiful image of the instability of human greatness, and the uncertainty of friends. You see here the author of a mighty farce at the very top and pinnacle of poetical or rather farcical greatness, follow'd, flatter'd, and ador'd by a crowd of dependants: on a sudden fortune changing the scene, and his farce being damn'd, you see him become the scorn of his admirers, and deserted and abandoned by all those who courted his favour, and appear'd the foremost to uphold and protect him. Draw the scene, and discover Mr. Pillage. [*Scene draws.*

Sour. Who is he?

Spat. The author of the farce.

Sour. A very odd name for an author.

Spat. Perhaps you will not remain long in that opinion: but silence.

Pil. Who'd wish to be the author of a farce,
Surrounded daily by a crowd of actors,
Gaping for parts, and never to be satisfied?
Yet, say the wise, in loftier seats of life,
Solicitation is the chief reward;
And Wolsey's self, that mighty minister,
In the full height and zenith of his power,
Amid a crowd of sycophants and slaves,
Was but perhaps the author of a farce,
Perhaps a damn'd one too. 'Tis all a cheat,
Some men play little farces, and some great. [*Exit.*

Spat. Now for the levee.

Sour. Whose levee, Sir?

Spat. My poet's, Sir.

Sour. 'Sdeath, Sir, did ever any mortal hear of a poet's levee?

Spat. Sir, my poet is a very great man.

Sour. And pray, Sir, of what sort of people do you compose your great man's levee?

Spat. Of his dependants, Sir: pray, of what sort of people are all great men's levees compos'd? I have been forc'd, Sir, to do a small violence to history, and make my great man not only a poet, but a master of a play-house; and so, Sir, his levee is compos'd of actors soliciting for parts, printers for copies, box-keepers, scene-men, fiddlers, and candle-snuffers. And now, Mr. Sourwit, do you think I could have compos'd his levee of properer company? Come, enter, enter, Gentlemen.

[*The* Levee *enters, and range themselves to a ridiculous tune.*

Enter PILLAGE.

1*st Act.* Sir, you have promis'd me a part a long time: if you had not intended to employ me, it would have been kind in you to have let me known it, that I might have turn'd myself to some trade or other.

Pil. Sir, one farce cannot find parts for all; but you shall be provided for in time. You must have patience; I intend to exhibit several farces, depend on me you shall have a part.

1*st Act.* I humbly thank you.

2*d Act.* Sir, I was to have had a principal part long ago.

Pil. Speak to me before the parts are cast, and I will remember you in my next farce; I shall exhibit several. I am very glad to see you; you remember my farce is to

[*To 3d Actor*] come on to-day, and will lend me your hands.

3d Act. Depend on me.

Pil. And you, Sir, I hope, will clap heartily.

4th Act. De'l o' my sal, but I will.

Pil. Be sure and get into the house as soon as the doors are open.

4th Act. Fear me not; I will but get a bet of denner, and I will be the first in the huse—but—

Pil. What, Sir?

4th Act. I want money to buy a pair of gloves.

Pil. I will order it you out of the office.

4th Act. De'l o' my sal, but I will clap every gud thing, till I bring the huse down.

Pil. That won't do: the town of its own accord will applaud what they like; you must stand by me when they dislike——I don't desire any of you to clap unless when you hear a hiss——let that be your cue for clapping.

All. We'll observe.

5th Act. But, Sir, I have not money enough to get into the house.

Pil. I cannot disburse it.

5th Act. But I hope you will remember your promises, Sir.

Pil. Some other time, you see I am busy——What are your commands, Sir?

1st Print. I am a printer, and desire to print your play.

2d Print. Sir, I'll give the most money.

Pil. [*To 2d* Printer, *whispering.*] You shall have it—Oh! I am heartily glad to see you. [*Takes him aside.*] You know my farce comes on to-day, and I have many enemies; I hope you will stand by me.

Poet. Depend on me, never fear your enemies, I'll warrant we make more noise than they.

Pil. Thou art a very honest fellow.

[*Shakes him by the hand.*

Poet. I am always proud to serve you.

Pil. I wish you would let me serve you, I wish you would turn actor, and accept of a part in some of my farces.

Poet. No, I thank you, I don't intend to come upon the stage myself; but I desire you would let me recommend this handsome, genteel, young fellow to act the part of a fine gentleman.

Pil. Depend on it, he shall do the very first I bring on the stage: I dare swear, Sir, his abilities are such that the town will be obliged to us both for producing them.

Poet. I hope so, but I must take my leave of you, for I am to meet a strong party that I have engaged for your service.

Pil. Do, do, be sure, do clap heartily.

Poet. Fear not, I warrant we bring you off triumphant. [*Exeunt.*

Pil. Then I defy the town: if by my friends,
Against their liking I support my farce,
And fill my loaded pockets with their pence,
Let after ages damn me if they please.

Sour. Well, Sir, and pray what do you principally intend by this levee scene?

Spat. Sir, I intend first to warn all future authors from depending solely on a party to support them against the judgment of the town. Secondly, shewing that even the author of a farce may have his attendants and dependants; I hope greater persons may learn to despise them, which may be a more useful moral than you may apprehend; for perhaps the mean ambition of being worshipp'd, flatter'd, and attended by such fellows as these, may have led men into the worst of schemes, from which they could promise themselves little more.

Enter HONESTUS.

Hon. You sent me word that you desir'd to see me.
Pil. I did, Honestus, for my farce appears
This day upon the stage—and I intreat
Your presence in the pit to help applaud it.
Hon. Faith, Sir, my voice shall never be corrupt.
If I approve your farce, I will applaud it;
If not, I'll hiss it, though I hiss alone.
Pil. Now, by my soul, I hope to see the time,
When none shall dare to hiss within the house.
Hon. I rather hope to see the time, when none
Shall come prepar'd to censure or applaud,
But merit always bear away the prize.
If you have merit, take your merit's due;
If not, why should a bungler in his art
Keep off some better genius from the stage?
I tell you, Sir, the farce you act to-night
I don't approve, nor will the house, unless
Your friends by partiality prevail.
Besides, you are most impolitic to affront
The army in the beginning of your piece;
Your satire is unjust, I know no ghost
Of army-beaus unless of your own making.
Sour. What do you mean by that?
Spat. Sir, in the farce of Eurydice, a ghost of an army-beau was brought on the stage.
Sour. O! ay, I remember him.
Pil. I fear them not, I have so many friends,
That the majority will sure be mine.
Hon. Curse on this way of carrying things by friends,
This bar to merit; by such unjust means,
A play's success, or ill success is known,
And fix'd before it has been tried i' th' house;

Yet grant it should succeed, grant that by chance,
Or by the whim and madness of the town,
A farce without contrivance, without sense,
Should run to the astonishment of mankind;
Think how you will be read in after-times,
When friends are not, and the impartial judge
Shall with the meanest scribbler rank your name;
Who would not rather wish a Butler's fame,
Distress'd and poor in everything but merit,
Than be the blundering laureat to a court?

Pil. Not I—On me, ye gods, bestow the pence,
And give your fame to any fools you please.

Hon. Your love of pence sufficiently you shew,
By raising still your prices on the town.

Pil. The town for their own sakes those prices pay,
Which the additional expense demands.

Hon. Then give us a good tragedy for our money,
And let not Harlequin still pick our pockets,
With his low paltry tricks and juggling cheats,
Which any school-boy, was he on the stage,
Could do as well as he——In former times,
When better actors acted better plays,
The town paid less.

Pil. We have more actors now.

Hon. Ay, many more, I'm certain, than you need.
Make your additional expense apparent,
Let it appear quite necessary too,
And then, perhaps, they'll grumble not to pay.

Pil. What is a manager whom the public rule?

Hon. The servant of the public, and no more:
For though indeed you see the actors paid,
Yet from the people's pockets come the pence,
They therefore should decide what they will pay for.

Pil. If you assist me on this trial day,
You may assure yourself a dedication.

Hon. No bribe—I go impartial to your cause,
Like a just critic, to give worth applause,
But damn you if you write against our laws. [*Exit.*

Pil. I wish I could have gain'd one honest man
Sure to my side——But since the attempt is vain,
Numbers must serve for worth; the vessel sails
With equal rapid fury and success,
Borne by the foulest tide, as clearest stream.

Enter VALET DE CHAMBRE.

Val. Your honour's muse
Is come to wait upon you.

Pil. Shew her in,
I guess she comes to chide me for neglect,
Since twice two days have past since I invok'd her.

Enter MUSE.

Sour. The devil there have! This is a mighty pretty way the gentleman has found out to insinuate his acquaintance with the muses; though, like other ladies, I believe they are often wrong'd by fellows who brag of favours they never receiv'd.

Pil. Why wears my gentle muse so stern a brow?
Why awful thus affects she to appear,
Where she delighted to be so serene?

Muse. And dost thou ask, thou traitor, dost thou ask?
Art thou not conscious of the wrongs I bear?
Neglected, slighted for a fresher muse?
I, whose fond heart too easily did yield
My virgin joys and honour to thy arms,
And bore thee Pasquin.

Pil. Where will this fury end?

Muse. Ask thy base heart, whose is Eurydice?

Pil. By all that's great, begotten on no muse,
The trifling offspring of an idle hour,
When you were absent, far below your care.

Muse. Can I believe you had her by no muse?

Pil. Ay, by your love, and more, by mine, you shall;
My raptur'd fancy shall again enjoy thee;
Cure all thy jealousies, and ease thy fears.

Muse. Wilt thou? make ready then thy pen and ink.

Pil. O they are ever ready; when they fail,
May'st thou forsake me, may'st thou then inspire
The blundering brain of scribblers, who for hire,
Would write away their country's liberties.

Muse. O name not wretches so below the muse:
No, my dear Pillage, sooner will I whet
The Ordinary of Newgate's leaden quill;
Sooner will I indite the annual verse,
Which city bellmen, or court laureates sing,
Sooner with thee in humble garret dwell,
And thou, or else thy muse disclaims thy pen,
Would'st sooner starve, ay, even in prison starve,
Than vindicate oppression for thy bread,
Or write down liberty to gain thy own.

Sour. Hey-day! methinks this merry tragedy is growing sublime.

Spat. That last is, indeed, a little out of my present style; it dropt from me before I was aware; talking of liberty made me serious in spite of my teeth, for between you and me, Mr. Sourwit, I think that affair is past a jest: but I ask your pardon, you shall have no more on't.

Pil. Come to my arms, inspire me with sweet thoughts.
And now thy inspiration fires my brain:
Not more I felt thy power, nor fiercer burnt
My vig'rous fancy, when thy blushing charms

First yielded trembling, and inspir'd my pen
To write nine scenes with spirit in one day.

Muse. That was a day indeed!

Sour. Ay, faith! so it was.

Muse. And does my Pillage write with joy as then?
Would not a fresher subject charm his pen?

Pil. Let the dull sated appetite require
Variety to whet its blunted edge;
The subject which has once delighted me,
Shall still delight, shall ever be my choice;
Come to my arms, thou master-piece of nature.
The fairest rose, first op'ning to the sun,
Bears not thy beauty, nor sends forth thy sweets;
For that once gather'd loses all its pride,
Fades to the sight, and sickens to the smell;
Thou, gather'd, charmest every sense the more,
Can'st flourish, and be gather'd o'er and o'er. [*Exeunt.*

Spat. There, they are gone to write a scene, and the town may expect the fruit of it.

Sour. Yes, I think the town may expect an offspring indeed.

Spat. But now my catastrophe is approaching: change the scene to the outside of the play-house, and enter two gentlemen.

Enter two GENTLEMEN.

1*st Gent.* Came you from the house?

2*d Gent.* I did.

1*st Gent.* How wears the farce?

2*d Gent.* The pit is cramm'd, I could not get admission,
But at the door I heard a mighty noise,
It seem'd of approbation, and of laughter.

1*st Gent.* If laughter, it was surely approbation,

For I've long studied the dramatic art,
Read many volumes, seen a thousand plays,
Whence I've at length found out this certain truth,
That laughs applaud a farce, and tears a tragedy.

Sour. A very great discovery, indeed, and very pompously introduced!

Spat. You sneer, Mr. Sourwit: but I have seen discoveries in life of the same nature, introduced with much greater pomp.

Sour. But don't you intend to lay the scene in the theatre, and let us see the farce fairly damn'd before us?

Spat. No, Sir, it is a thing of too horrible a nature; for which reason I shall follow Horace's rule, and only introduce a description of it. Come, enter, Description; I assure you I have thrown myself out greatly in this next scene.

Enter third GENTLEMAN.

3*d Gent.* Oh, friends, all's lost; Eurydice is damn'd.

2*d Gent.* Ha! damn'd! A few short moments past I came
From the pit-door, and heard a loud applause.

3*d Gent.* 'Tis true, at first the pit seem'd greatly pleas'd,
And loud applauses through the benches rung,
But as the plot began to open more,
(A shallow plot) the claps less frequent grew,
Till by degrees a gentle hiss arose;
This by a catcall from the gallery
Was quickly seconded: then follow'd claps,
And 'twixt long clap and hisses did succeed
A stern contention. Victory hung dubious.
So hangs the conscience, doubtful to determine,
When honesty pleads here and there a bribe;
At length, from some ill-fated actor's mouth,
Sudden there issued forth a horrid dram,

And from another rush'd two gallons forth:
The audience, as it were contagious air,
All caught it, halloo'd, catcall'd, hiss'd, and groan'd.

1st Gent. I always thought, indeed, that joke would damn him;
And told him that the people would not take it.

3d Gent. But it was mighty pleasant to behold,
When the damnation of the farce was sure,
How all those friends who had begun the claps,
With greatest vigour strove who first should hiss,
And shew disapprobation. And John Watts,
Who was this morning eager for the copy,
Slunk hasty from the pit, and shook his head.

2d Gent. And so 'tis certain that his farce is gone?

3d Gent. Most certain.

2d Gent. Let us then retire with speed,
For see he comes this way.

3d Gent. By all means,
Let us avoid him with what haste we can. [*Exeunt.*

Enter PILLAGE.

Pil. Then I am damn'd——Curst henceforth be the bard,
Whoe'er depends on fortune, or on friends.

Sour. So, the play is over; for I reckon you will not find it possible to get any one to come near this honest gentleman.

Spat. Yes, Sir, there is one, and you may easily guess who it is: the man who will not flatter his friend in prosperity, will hardly leave him in adversity——Come, enter Honestus.

Pil. Honestus here! will he not shun me too?

Hon. When Pasquin ran, and the town lik'd you most,
And every scribbler loaded you with praise,
I did not court you, nor will shun you now.

Pil. Oh! had I taken your advice, my friend!
I had not now been damn'd——Then had I trusted
To the impartial judgment of the town,
And by the goodness of my piece had try'd
To merit favour, nor with vain reliance
On the frail promise of uncertain friends,
Produc'd a farce like this—Friends who forsook me,
And left me nought to comfort me but this. [*Drinks.*
Hon. Forbear to drink.
Pil. Oh! it is now too late,
Already I have drank two bottles off,
Of this fell potion, and it now begins
To work its deadly purpose on my brain;
I'm giddy, ha! my head begins to swim,
And see Eurydice all pale before me;
Why dost thou haunt me thus? I did not damn thee.
By Jove there never was a better farce:
She beckons me—Say—whether—blame the town,
And not thy Pillage—Now my brain's on fire!
My staggering senses dance——and I am——
Hon. Drunk.
That word he should have said, that ends the verse;
Farewell, a twelve hours' nap compose thy senses.
May mankind profit by thy sad example,
May men grow wiser, writers grow more scarce,
And no man dare to make a simple farce.

TUMBLE-DOWN DICK;

OR,

PHAETON IN THE SUDS.

A DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT OF WALKING IN SERIOUS AND FOOLISH CHARACTERS

Interlarded with Burlesque, Grotesque, Comic Interludes,

CALLED

HARLEQUIN A PICK-POCKET.

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT

THE NEW THEATRE IN THE HAYMARKET.

Being ('tis hoped) the Entertainment that will ever be exhibited on any Stage.

INVENTED BY THE INGENIOUS

MONSIEUR SANS ESPRIT.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY THE HARMONIOUS

SIGNIOR WARBLERINI.

AND THE SCENES PAINTED BY THE PRODIGIOUS

MYNHEER VAN BOTTOM-FLAT.

Monstr' horrend' inform.——

FIRST ACTED IN 1744.

TO

MR. JOHN LUN,

Vulgarly called ESQUIRE.

SIR,

THOUGH Pasquin has put Dedications in so ridiculous a light, that patrons may, perhaps, pay some shame for the future for reading their own praises; yet, I hope, you will not begin to be affected with so troublesome a passion, when I tell you, I know no man in England to whom I can so properly dedicate the following pages as yourself.

It is to you, Sir, we owe (if not the invention) at least the bringing into fashion, that sort of writing which you have pleased to distinguish by the name of Entertainment. Your success herein (whether owing to your heels or your head I will not determine) sufficiently entitles you to all respect from the inferior dabblers in things of this nature.

But, Sir, I have farther obligations to you than the success, whatever it be, which this little farce may meet with, can lay on me. It was to a play judiciously brought on by you in the May-month, to which I owe the original hint, as I have always owned, of the contrasted poets, and two or three other particulars, which have received great applause on the stage. Nor am I less obliged to you for discovering in my imperfect performance the strokes of an author, any of whose wit, if I have preserved entire, I shall think it my chief

merit to the town. Though I cannot enough cure myself of selfishness, while I meddle in dramatic writings, to profess a sorrow that one of so superior a genius is led, by his better sense and better fortune, to more profitable studies than the stage. How far you have contributed to this, I will not presume to determine. Further, as Pasquin has proved of greater advantage to me, than it could have been at any other play-house, under their present regulations, I am obliged to you for the indifference you showed at my proposal to you of bringing a play on your stage this winter, which immediately determined me against any farther pursuing that project; for as I never yet yielded to any mean or subservient solicitations of the great men in real life, I could by no means prevail on myself to play an under-part in that dramatic entertainment of greatness, which you are pleased to divert yourself with in private, and which, was you to exhibit it in public, might prove as profitable to you, and as diverting a Pantomime to the town, as any you have hitherto favoured us with.

I am, moreover, much obliged to you for that satire on Pasquin, which you was so kind to bring on your stage; and here I declare (whatever people may think to the contrary) you did it of your own mere goodness, without any reward or solicitation from me. I own it was a sensible pleasure to me to observe the town, which had before been so favourable to Pasquin at his own house, confirming that applause, by thoroughly condemning the satire on him at yours.

Whether this was written by your command, or your assistance, or only acted by your permission, I will not venture to decide. I believe every impartial honest man will conclude, that either lays me under the same obligation to you, and justly entitles you to this dedi-

cation. Indeed, I am inclined to believe the latter; for I fancy you have too strong a head ever to meddle with Common-sense, especially since you have found the way so well to succeed without her, and you are too great and good a Manager, to keep a needless supernumerary in your house.

I suppose you will here expect something in the dedicatory style on your person and your accomplishments: but why should I entertain the town with a recital of your particular perfections, when they may see your whole merit all at once, whenever you condescend to perform the Harlequin! However I shall beg leave to mention here (I solemnly protest, without the least design of flattery) your adequate behaviour in that great station to which you was born, your great judgment in plays and players, too well known to be here expatiated on; your generosity, in diverting the whole kingdom with your race-horses at the expence, I might almost say, of more than your purse. To say nothing of your wit and other perfections, I must force myself to add, though I know every man will be pleased with it but yourself, that the person who has the honour to know your very inmost thoughts best, is the most sensible of your great endowments.

But, Sir, while I am pleasing myself, and I believe the world, I am, I fear, offending you: I will therefore desist, though I can affirm, what few dedicators can, that I can, and perhaps may, say much more; and only assure you that I am, with the sincerity of most of the foregoing lines,

Your most obedient,

And most humble servant,

PASQUIN.

ARGUMENT.

PHAETON was the son of Phoebus, and Clymene, a Grecian oyster-wench. The parish boys would often upbraid him with the infamy of his mother Clymene, telling him, she reported him to be the son of Apollo, only to cover her adultery with a serjeant of the foot-guards. He complains to Clymene of the affront put upon them both. She advises him to go to the round-house (the temple of his father) and there be resolved from his own mouth of the truth of his sire; bidding him at the same time beg some indubitable mark, that should convince the world that his mother was a virtuous woman, and whore to Phoebus. He goes to the said round-house, where Apollo grants his request, and gives him the guidance of his lanthorn for a day. The youth falling asleep, was tumbled out of the wheel-barrow, and what became of him I could never learn.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Machine, the Composer,	MR. ROBERTS.
Fustian, an Author,	MR. LACY.
Sneerwell, a Critic,	MR. MACHEN.
Prompter,	MR. TURNER.
Clymene,	MRS. CHARKE.
Jupiter,	MR. FREEMAN.
Neptune,	MR. WALLIS.
Phoebus,	MR. TOPING.
Old Phaeton,	MR. SMITH.
Young Phaeton,	MR. BOOTHBY.
Aurora,	MRS. EGERTON.
Aurora's Maid,	MISS JONES.
Terra,	MISS BURGESS.
Genius of Gin,	MISS FERGUSON.
Harlequin,	MR. ROSAMON.
Justice,	MR. JONES.
Justice's Clerk,	MONS. CASTIGLIONE.
Managers,	MR. FREEMAN. MR. TURNER.
Stars,	MASTER SHERWIN. MISS FERGUSON.
Columbine,	MDLLE. BEAUMAUNT.
First Countryman,	MR. SMITH.
Second Countryman,	MR. LOWDER.
Third Countryman,	MR. COLLERD.
First Rake,	MR. BOOTHBY.
Second Rake,	MR. PULLEN.
Third Rake,	MR. WALLIS.

Fourth Rake,	MR. PHENIX.
Chairmen,	MR. SMITH. MR. COLLERD.
Pistol,	MR. LOWDER.
Tragedy King,	MR. PULLEN.
School-Mistress	MRS. EGERTON.
Tragedy Queen,	MISS JONES.
Watchmen,	MR. SMITH. MR. LOWDER. MR. COLLERD. MR. CHAPMAN.

Constables, Watch, Fiddlers, Lanthorns, Suns, Moons, Whores, &c., &c., &c.

TUMBLE-DOWN DICK;

OR,

PHAETON IN THE SUDS.

PROMPTER, FUSTIAN, SNEERWELL, *and* MACHINE.

PROMPTER.

Mr. Fustian, I hope the tragedy is over, for Mr. Machine is just come, and we must practise the entertainment.

Fust. Sir, my tragedy is done; but you need not be in such haste about your entertainment, for you will not want it this season.

Promp. That, Sir, I don't know; but we dare not disoblige Mr. Machine, for fear he should go to the other house.

Sneer. Dear Fustian, do let us stay and see the practice.

Fust. And can you bear, after such a luscious meal of tragedy as you have had, to put away the taste with such an insipid dessert?

Sneer. It will divert me a different way.— I can admire the sublime which I have seen in the tragedy, and laugh at the ridiculous which I expect in the entertainment.

Fust. You shall laugh by yourself then. [*Going.*

Sneer. Nay, dear Fustian, I beg you would stay for me, for I believe I can serve you; I will carry you to dinner in a large company, where you may dispose of some tickets.

Fust. Sir, I can deny you nothing.—Ay, I have a few tickets in my pockets.

[*Pulls out a vast quantity of Paper.*

Mach. Gentlemen, I must beg you to clear the stage entirely: for in things of this serious nature, if we do not comply with the exactest decency, the audience will be very justly offended.

Fust. Things of a serious nature! oh the devil!

Mach. Harkye, Prompter, who is that figure there?

Promp. That, Sir, is Mr. Fustian, author of the new tragedy.

Mach. Oh! I smoke him, I smoke him. But, Mr. Prompter, I must insist that you cut out a great deal of Othello, if my pantomime is perform'd with it, or the audience will be pall'd before the entertainment begins.

Promp. We'll cut out the fifth act, Sir, if you please.

Mach. Sir, that's not enough, I'll have the first cut too.

Fust. Death and the devil! Can I bear this? Shall Shakespear be mangled to introduce this trumpery?

Promp. Sir, this gentleman brings more money to the house than all the poets put together.

Mach. Pugh, pugh, Shakespear!——Come, let down the curtain, and play away the overture.—Prompter, to your post. [*The curtain draws up, discovers* Phaeton *leaning against the scene.*

SCENE, *A Cobler's Stall.*

Enter CLYMENE.

Sneer. Pray, Sir, who are these extraordinary figures?

Mach. He, leaning against the scene, is Phaeton; and the lady is Clymene; or Clymene, as they call her in

Drury-Lane. This scene, Sir, is in the true altercative, or scolding style of the ancients. Come, Madam, begin.

Clym. You lazy, lousy rascal, is't well done,
That you, the heir apparent of the Sun,
Stand with your arms before you like a lout,
When your great father has two hours set out
And bears his lantern all the world about?

Phae. Oh Mother, Mother! think you it sounds well,
That the Sun's son in cobler's stall should dwell?
Think you it does not on my soul encroach,
To walk on foot while father keeps a coach?
If he should shine into the stall, d'ye think,
To see me mending shoes he would not wink?
Besides, by all the parish-boys I'm flamm'd,
You the Sun's son! You rascal, you be damn'd!

Clym. And dost thou, blockhead, then make all this noise,
Because you're fleer'd at by the parish-boys?
When, sirrah, you may know the mob will dare
Sometimes to scorn, and hiss at my Lord Mayor.

AIR I. *Gilliflower, Gentle Rosemary.*

Phae. O Mother, this story will never go down,
'Twill ne'er be believ'd by the boys of the town;
'Tis true what you swore,
I'm the son of a whore,
They all believe that, but believe nothing more.

Clym. You rascal, who dare your mamma thus to doubt,
Come along to the justice, and he'll make it out;
He knows very well,
When you first made me swell,
That I swore 'twas the Sun that had shin'd in my cell.

Phae. O Mother, Mother, I must ever grieve;
Can I the justice, if not you believe?
If to your oath no credit I afford,
Do you believe, I'll take his worship's word?

Clym. Go to the watch-house, where your father bright
That lanthorn keeps which gives the world its light;
Whence sallying, he does the day's gates unlock,
Walks through the world's great streets, and tells folks what's o'clock.

Phae. With joy I go; and ere two days are run,
I'll know if I am my own father's son. [*Exit.*

Clym. Go, clear my fame, for greater 'tis in life
To be a great man's whore, than poor man's wife.
If you are rich, your vices men adore,
But hate and scorn your virtues, if you're poor.

AIR II. *Pierot tune.*

Great courtiers palaces contain,
Poor courtiers fear a jail;
Great parsons riot in Champaign,
Poor parsons sot in ale;
Great whores in coaches gang,
Smaller misses,
For their kisses,
Are in Bridewell bang'd;
Whilst in vogue
Lives the great rogue,
Small rogues are by dozens hang'd. [*Exit.*

[*The scene draws and discovers the Sun in a great chair in the round-house, attended by* Watchmen.

Enter PHAETON.

Sneer. Pray, Sir, what is that scene to represent?

Mach. Sir, this is the palace of the Sun.

Fust. It looks as like the Round-house as ever I saw any thing.

Mach. Yes, Sir, the Sun is introduced in the character of a watchman; and that lanthorn there represents his chariot.

Fust. The devil it does!

Mach. Yes, Sir, it does, and as like the chariot of the Sun it is, as ever you saw any thing on any stage.

Fust. I can't help thinking this a properer representation of the Moon than the Sun.

Sneer. Perhaps the scene lies in the Antipodes, where the sun rises at midnight.

Mach. Sir, the scene lies in Ovid's Metamorphoses; and so, pray, Sir, don't ask any more questions, for things of this nature are above criticism.

Phae. What do I see? What beams of candle-light
Break from that lanthorn and put out my sight?

Phoeb. O little Phaey! pr'ythee tell me why
Thou tak'st this evening's walk into the sky?

Phae. Father, if I may call thee by that name,
I come to clear my own and mother's fame;
To prove myself thy bastard, her thy miss.

Phoeb. Come hither first, and give me, boy, a kiss.
[*Kisses him.*
Now you shall see a dance, and that will show
We lead as merry lives as folks below.
[*A dance of* Watchmen.

Phae. Father, the dance has very well been done.
But yet that does not prove I am your son.

Fust. Upon my word, I think Mr. Phaeton is very much in the right on't; and I would be glad to know, Sir, why this dance was introduc'd.

Mach. Why, Sir? why, as all dances are introduc'd, for the sake of the dance. Besides, Sir, would it not

look very unnatural in Phoebus to give his son no entertainment after so long an absence? Go on, go on.

Phoeb. Thou art so like me, sure you must be mine;
I should be glad if you would stay and dine;
I'll give my bond, whate'er you ask to grant:
I will by Styx! an oath which break I can't.

Phae. Then let me, since that vow must ne'er be broke,
Carry, one day, that lanthorn for a joke.

Phoeb. Rash was my promise, which I now must keep:
But oh! take care you do not fall asleep.

Phae. If I succeed, I shall no scandal rue;
If I should sleep, 'tis what most watchmen do.
[*Exit* Phaeton.

Phoeb. No more.——Set out, and walk around the skies;
My watch informs me it is time to rise. [*Exit.*

Mach. Now for the comic, Sir.

Fust. Why, what the devil has this been?

Mach. This has been the serious, Sir,——the sublime. The serious in an entertainment answers to the sublime in writing. Come, are all the rakes and whores ready at King's coffee-house?

Promp. They are ready, Sir.

Mach. Then draw the scene. Pray, let the carpenters take care that all the scenes be drawn in exact time and tune, that I may have no bungling in the tricks; for a trick is no trick, if not perform'd with great dexterity. Mr. Fustian, in tragedies and comedies, and such sort of things, the audiences will make great allowances; but they expect more from an entertainment; here, if the least thing be out of order, they never pass it by.

Fust. Very true, Sir, tragedies do not depend so much upon the carpenter as you do.

Mach. Come, draw the scene.

[*The scene draws, and discovers several* MEN *and* WOMEN *drinking in King's Coffee-house.*

They rise and dance. The dance ended, sing the following song.

AIR III. *O London is a fine town.*

1*st Rake.* O Gin, at length, is putting down,
And 'tis the more the pity;
Petition for it all the town,
Petition all the city.

Chorus. O Gin, &c.

1*st Rake.* 'Twas Gin that made train-bands so stout,
To whom each castle yields;
This made them march the town about,
And take all Tuttle-fields.

Chorus. O Gin, &c.

1*st Rake.* 'Tis Gin, as all our neighbours know,
Has serv'd our army too;
This makes them make so fine a show,
In Hyde-park, at review.

Chorus. O Gin, &c.

1*st Rake.* But what I hope will change your notes,
And make your anger sleep;
Consider none can bribe his votes
With liquor half so cheap.

Chorus. O Gin, &c.

Fust. I suppose, Sir, you took a cup of Gin to inspire you to write this fine song?

[*During the song,* Harlequin *enters and picks pockets. A Poet's pocket is picked of his play, which, as he was going to pawn for the reckoning, he misses.* Harlequin *is discovered;* Constables *and* Watch *are fetched in; the* Watchmen *walking in their sleep; they bind him in chains, confine him in the cellar, and leave him alone. The* Genius *of* Gin *rises out of a tub.*

Gen. Take, Harlequin, this magic wand,
All things shall yield to thy command:
Whether you would appear incog.,
In shape of monkey, cat or dog;
Or else to shew your wit, transform
Your mistress to a butter-churn;
Or else, what no magician can,
Into a wheel-barrow turn a man;
And please the gentry above stairs,
By sweetly crying, Mellow pears.
Thou shalt make jests without a head,
And judge of plays thou canst not read,
Whores and race-horses shall be thine,
Champaign shall be thy only wine;
While the best poet, and best player,
Shall both be forc'd to feed on air;
Gin's genius all these things reveals,
Thou shalt perform, by slight of heels.

[*Exit* Genius.

[*Enter* Constable *and* Watchmen. *They take* Harlequin *out, and the scene changes to the street; a crowd before the* Justice's *house. Enter a* Clerk *in the character of* Pierrot; *they all go in. The scene changes to the* Justice's *parlour, and discovers the* Justice *learning to spell of an old* School-Mistress.

Fust. Pray, Sir, who are those characters?

Mach. Sir, that's a justice of peace; and the other is a school-mistress, teaching the Justice to spell; for you must know, Sir, the Justice is a very ingenious man, and a very great scholar, but happen'd to have the misfortune in his youth never to learn to read.

Enter Harlequin *in custody;* Columbine, Poet, *&c. The* Poet *makes a complaint to the* Justice; *the* Justice *orders a Mittimus for* Harlequin; Columbine *courts the* Justice *to let* Harlequin *escape; he grows fond of her, but will not comply till she offers him money; he then acquits* Harlequin, *and commits the* Poet.

Fust. Pray, how is this brought about, Sir?

Mach. How, Sir! why, by bribery. You know, Sir, or may know, that Aristotle, in his book concerning entertainments, has laid it down as a principal rule, that Harlequin is always to escape; and I'll be judg'd by the whole world if ever he escap'd in a more natural manner.

[*The* Constable *carries off the* Poet; Harlequin *hits the* Justice *a great rap upon the back, and runs off;* Columbine *goes to follow;* Pierrot *lays hold on her, the* Justice *being recovered of his blow, seizes her, and carries her in.* Pierrot *sits down to learn to spell, and the scene shuts.*

[*Scene the Street.* Harlequin *re-enters, considering how to regain* Columbine, *and bite the* Justice. *Two* Chairmen *cross the stage with a China jar, on a horse, directed to the* Theatre-Royal *in* Drury-Lane. Harlequin *gets into it, and is carried into the* Justice's; *the scene changes to the* Justice's *house;* Harlequin *is brought in, in the jar; the* Justice, Pierrot, *and* Columbine *enter; the* Justice *offers it as a present to* Columbine.

Fust. Sir, Sir, here's a small error, I observe; how comes the Justice to attempt buying this jar, as I suppose you intend, when it is directed to the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane?

Mach. Sir, Sir, here's no error, I observe; for how should the Justice know that, when he can't read?

Sneer. Ay, there I think, Mr. Fustian, you must own yourself in the wrong.

Fust. People that can't read ought not to be brought upon the stage, that's all.

[*While the* Justice *and* Chairmen *are talking about the jar,* Harlequin *tumbles down upon him. The* Justice *and* Pierrot *run off in a fright.* Columbine *runs to* Harlequin, *who carries her off. The* Chairmen *go out with the jar.*

Sneer. Pray, Mr. Machine, how came that jar not to be broke?

Mach. Because it was no jar, Sir; I see you know very little of these affairs.

[*Scene the Street.* Harlequin *and* Columbine *re-enter, pursued by the* Justice *and his* Clerk.

[*Scene changes to a* Barber's *shop; he sets* Columbine *down to shave her, blinds the* Clerk *with the suds, and turns the* Justice *into a perriwig-block.*

Mach. There, Sir, there's wit and humour, and transformation for you.

Fust. The transformation is odd enough, indeed.

Mach. Odd, Sir! What, the Justice into a block? No, Sir, not odd at all; there never was a more natural and easy transformation; but don't interrupt us. Go on, go on.

[*The* Clerk *takes the wig off the block, puts it on, and admires himself;* Harlequin *directs him to powder it better, which, while he is doing, he throws him into the trough, and shuts him down.* Harlequin *and* Columbine *go off. The* Justice *re-enters, without his wig; his man calls to him out of the trough, he takes him out, and they go off together in pursuit of* Harlequin.

Mach. Thus ends, Sir, my first comic. Now, Sir, for my second, serious, or sublime. Come, draw the scene, and discover Aurora, or the Morning, just going to break, and her maid ironing her linen.

Aur. The devil take the wench, is't not a shame
You should be lazy, and I bear the blame?
Make haste, you drone, for if I longer stay,
The Sun will rise before the break of day;
Nor can I go till my clean linen's done:
How will a dirty morning look in June?

Maid. Shifts, Madam, can't be dry'd before they're wet;
You must wear fewer, or more changes get.

Fust. Pray, Sir, in what book of the ancients do you find any mention of Aurora's washerwoman?

Mach. Don't trouble me with the ancients, Sir; if she's not in the ancients, I have improved upon the ancients, Sir, that's all.

Aur. Dare you to me in such a manner speak?
The morning is scarce fine three times a week;
But I can't stay, and as I am must break. [*Exit.*

Maid. Break, and be hang'd; please heav'n I'll give you warning.
Night wants a maid, and so I'll leave the Morning.
[*Exit.*

Scene changes to an open Country.

Enter two COUNTRYMEN.

1*st Country.* Is it day yet, neighbour?

2*d Country.* Faith, neighbour, I can't tell whether it is or no. It is a cursed nasty morning; I wish we have not wet weather.

1*st Country.* It begins to grow a little lighter though now.

[Aurora *crosses the stage, with two or three girls carrying farthing candles.*

Fust. Pray, Sir, what do those children represent?

Mach. Sir, those children are all stars; and you shall see presently, as the Sun rises, the candles will go out, which represents the disappearing of the stars.

Fust. O, the devil! the devil!

Mach. Dear Sir, don't be angry. Why will you not allow me the same latitude that is allow'd to all other composers of entertainments? Does not a dragon descend from hell in Doctor Faustus? And people go up to hell in Pluto and Proserpine? Does not a squib represent a thunderbolt in the rape of Proserpine? And what are all the suns, Sir, that have ever shone upon the stage, but candles? And if they represent the sun, I think they may very well represent the stars.

Fust. Sir, I ask your pardon. But, Sir,——

Mach. Pray, Sir, be quiet, or the candles will be gone out before they should, and burn the girls' fingers before the sun can rise.

1*st Country.* I'll e'en go saddle my horses.

2*d Country.* Odso! methinks 'tis woundy light all of a sudden; the sun rises devilish fast to-day, methinks.

1*st Country.* Mayhap he's going a fox-hunting to-day, but he takes devilish large leaps.

2*d Country.* Leaps, quotha! I'cod, he'll leap upon us, I believe. It is woundy hot, the skin is almost burnt off my face; I warrant I'm as black as a black-moor.

[Phaeton *falls, and the lanthorn hangs hovering in the air.*

Enter 3*d* COUNTRYMAN.

3*d Country.* O, neighbours! the world is at an end: call up the parson of the parish: I am but just got up from my neighbour's wife, and have not had time to say my prayers since.

1*st Country.* The world at an end! No, no, if this hot weather continues, we shall have harvest in May. Odso, though, 'tis damn'd hot! I'cod, I wish I had left my clothes at home.

2*d Country.* 'Sbud, I sweat as if I had been at a hard day's work.

1*st Country.* O, I'm scorch'd!

2*d Country.* O, I'm burnt!

3*d Country.* I'm on fire.

[*Exeunt crying Fire.*

NEPTUNE *descends.*

Nept. I am the mighty emperor of the sea.

Fust. I am mighty glad you tell us so, or else we should have taken you for the emperor of the air.

Mach. Sir, he has been making a visit to Jupiter. Besides, Sir, it is here introduced with great beauty: for we may very naturally suppose, that the Sun being drove by Phaeton so near the earth, had exhal'd all the sea up into the air.

Fust. But methinks Neptune is oddly dress'd for a god?

Mach. Sir, I must dress my characters somewhat like what people have seen; and as I presume few of my audience have been nearer the sea than Gravesend, so I dress'd him e'en like a waterman.

Sneer. So that he is more properly the god of the Thames, than the god of the sea.

Mach. Pray, let Mr. Neptune go on.

Nept. Was it well done, O Jupiter! whilst I
Paid you a civil visit in the sky,
To send your Sun my waters to dry up,
Nor leave my fish one comfortable sup?

Mach. Come, enter the goddess of the earth, and a dancing-master, and dance the White Joke.

They enter and dance.

Nept. What can the earth with frolics thus inspire
To dance, when all her kingdom is on fire?

Terra. Though all the earth was one continued smoke,
'Twould not prevent my dancing the White Joke.

Sneer. Upon my word, the goddess is a great lover of dancing.

Mach. Come, enter Jupiter with a pair of bellows, and blow out the candle of the sun.

JUPITER *enters, as above.*

Terra. But ha! great Jupiter has heard our rout,
And blown the candle of the Sun quite out.

Mach. Come now, Neptune and Terra, dance a minuet by way of thanksgiving.

Fust. But pray how is Phaeton fallen all this time?

Mach. Why you saw him fall, did not you? And there he lies; and I think it's the first time I ever saw him fall upon any stage. But I fancy he has lain there so long, that he would be glad to get up again by this

time; so pray draw the first flat over him. Come, enter Clymene.

Cly. Art thou, my Phaey, dead? O foolish elf,
To find your father, and to lose yourself.
What shall I do to get another son,
For now, alas! my teeming-time is done?

AIR IV.

Thus when the wretched owl has found
  Her young owls dead as mice,
O'er the sad spoil she hovers round,
  And views 'em once or twice:
Then to some hollow tree she flies,
  To hollow, hoot, and howl,
Till ev'ry boy that passes, cries,
  The devil's in the owl!

Mach. Come, enter Old Phaeton.

Fust. Pray, Sir, who is Old Phaeton? for neither Ovid, nor Mr. Pritchard make any mention of him.

Mach. Sir, he is the husband of Clymene, and might have been the father of Phaeton if his wife would have let him.

Enter OLD PHAETON.

Old Phae. What is the reason, wife, through all the town
You publish me a cuckold up and down?
Is't not enough, as other women do,
To cuckold me, but you must tell it too?

Cly. Good cobler, do not thus indulge your rage,
But, like your brighter brethren of the age,
Think it enough your betters do the deed,
And that by horning you I mend the breed.

Old Phae. Madame, if horns I on my head must wear,
'Tis equal to me who shall graft them there.

Cly. To London go, thou out-of-fashion fool,
And thou wilt learn in that great cuckold's school,
That every man who wears the marriage-fetters,
Is glad to be the cuckold of his betters;
Therefore, no longer at your fate repine,
For in your stall the Sun shall ever shine.

Old Phae. I had rather have burnt candle all my life,
Than to the Sun have yielded up my wife.
But since 'tis past I must my fortune bear;
'Tis well you did not do it with a star.

Cly. When neighbours see the Sun shine in your stall,
Your fate will be the envy of them all;
And each poor clouded man will wish the Sun
Would do to his wife, what to your wife h'as done.

[*Exeunt arm in arm.*

Mach. There, Sir, is a scene in heroics between a cobler and his wife; now you shall have a scene in mere prose between several gods.

Fust. I should have thought it more natural for the gods to have talk'd in heroics, and the cobler and his wife in prose.

Mach. You think it would have been more natural, so do I, and for that very reason have avoided it; for the chief beauty of an entertainment, Sir, is to be unnatural. Come, where are the gods?

Enter JUPITER, NEPTUNE, *and* PHOEBUS.

Jup. Harkye, you Phoebus, will you take up your lanthorn and set out, Sir, or no? For by Styx! I'll put somebody else in your place, if you do not; I will not have the world left in darkness, because you are out of humour.

Phoeb. Have I not reason to be out of humour, when you have destroy'd my favourite child?

Jup. 'Twas your own fault; why did you trust him with your lanthorn?

Phoeb. I had promis'd by Styx, an oath which you know was not in my power to break.

Jup. I shall dispute with you here no longer; so either take up your lanthorn, and mind your business, or I'll dispose of it to somebody else. I would not have you think I want suns, for there were two very fine ones that shone together at Drury-Lane play-house; I myself saw 'em, for I was in the same entertainment.

Phoeb. I saw 'em too, but they were more like moons than suns; and as like any thing else as either. You had better send for the sun from Covent-Garden house, there's a sun that hatches an egg there, and produces a harlequin.

Jup. Yes, I remember that; but do you know what animal laid that egg?

Phoeb. Not I.

Jup. Sir, that egg was laid by an ass.

Nept. Faith, that sun of the egg of an ass is a most prodigious animal; I have often wonder'd how you came to give him so much power over us, for he makes gods and devils dance jigs together whenever he pleases.

Jup. You must know he is the grand-child of my daughter Fortune by an ass: and at her request I settled all that power upon him; but he plays such damn'd pranks with it, that I believe I shall shortly revoke my grant. He has turn'd all nature topsy turvy, and not content with that, in one of his entertainments he was bringing all the devils in hell up to heaven by a machine, but I happen'd to perceive him, and stopt him by the way.

Phoeb. I wonder you did not damn him for it.

Jup. Sir, he has been damn'd a thousand times over; but he values it not of a rush; the devils themselves are afraid of him; he makes them sing and dance whenever he pleases. But, come, 'tis time for you to set out.

Phoeb. Well, if I must, I must; and since you have destroy'd my son, I must find out some handsome wench and get another. [*Exit.*

Jup. Come, Neptune, 'tis too late to bed to go. What shall we do to pass an hour or so?

Nept. E'en what you please——Will you along with me?
And take a little dip into the sea?

Jup. No, faith, though I've a heat I want to quench.
Dear Neptune, canst thou find me out a wench?

Nept. What say'st thou to Dame Thetis? she's a prude,
But yet I know with Jupiter she would.

Jup. I ne'er was more transported in my life:
While the Sun's out at work, I'll have his wife;
Neptune, this service merits my regard,
For all great men should still their pimps reward.

[*Exeunt.*

Mach. Thus, Sir, ends my second and last serious; and now for my second comic. Come, draw the scene; and discover the two play-houses side by side.

Sneer. You have brought these two play-houses in a very friendly manner together.

Mach. Why should they quarrel, Sir? for you observe, both their doors are shut up. Come, enter Tragedy King and Queen, to be hired.

[*Enter* Tragedy King *and* Queen, *and knock at* Covent-Garden *play-house door; the* Manager *comes out; the*

Tragedy King *repeats a speech out of a play; the* Manager *and he quarrel about an emphasis. He knocks at* Drury-Lane *door; the* Manager *enters with his man* Pistol *bearing a sack-load of players' articles.*

Fust. Pray, Sir, what is contain'd in that sack?

Mach. Sir, in that sack are contain'd articles for players, from ten shillings a week, and no benefit, to five hundred a year, and a benefit clear.

Fust. Sir, I suppose you intend this as a joke? but I can't see why a player of our own country, and in our own language, should not deserve five hundred, sooner than a saucy Italian singer twelve.

Mach. Five hundred a year, Sir! Why, Sir, for a little more money I'll get you one of the best harlequins in France; and you'll see the managers are of my opinion.

[*Enter* Harlequin *and* Columbine. *Both* Managers *run to them, and caress them; and while they are bidding for them, enter a* Dog *in a* Harlequin's *dress; they bid for him. Enter the* Justice *and his* Clerk; Harlequin *and* Columbine *run off.* Covent-Garden Manager *runs away with the* Dog *in his arms. The scene changes to a cart-load of* Players. *The* Justice *pulls out the act of the* 12*th of the Queen and threatens to commit them as Vagrants; the* Manager *offers the* Justice *two hundred a year if he will commence a player; the* Justice *accepts it, is turn'd into a* Harlequin; *he and his* Clerk *mount the Cart, and all sing the following Chorus.*

CHORUS.

AIR V. *Abbot of Canterbury.*

You wonder, perhaps, at the tricks of the stage,
Or that pantomime miracles take with the age;

But if you examine court, country, and town,
There's nothing but harlequin feats will go down.
Derry down, &c.

From Fleet-Street to Limehouse the city's his range,
He's a saint in his shop, and a knave on the Change;
At an oath, or a jest, like a censor he'll frown,
But a lie or a cheat slip currently down.
Derry down, &c.

In the country he burns with a politic zeal,
And boasts, like knight-errant, to serve commonweal;
But once return'd member, he alters his tone,
For, as long as he rises, no matter who's down.
Derry down, &c.

At court, 'tis as hard to confine him as air,
Like a troublesome spirit he's here and he's there;
All shapes and disguises at pleasure puts on,
And defies all the nation to conjure him down.
Derry down, &c.

MISS LUCY IN TOWN;

A SEQUEL

TO

THE VIRGIN UNMASK'D.

A FARCE,

WITH

SONGS.

AS IT WAS ACTED AT

THE THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE

BY HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANTS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Goodwill,	MR. WINSTONE.
Thomas,	MR. NEAL.
Lord Bawble,	MR. CROSS.
Mr. Zorobable,	MR. MACKLIN.
Signior Cantileno,	MR. BEARD.
Mr. Ballad,	MR. LOWE.

WOMEN.

Mrs. Midnight,	MRS. MACKLIN.
Wife,	MRS. CLIVE.
Tawdry,	MRS. BENNET.

MISS LUCY IN TOWN.

SCENE, MRS. MIDNIGHT'S.

MIDNIGHT *and* TAWDRY.

MIDNIGHT.

AND he did not give you a single shilling?

Taw. No, upon my honour.

Mid. Very well. They spend so much money in show and equipage, that they can no more pay their ladies than their tradesmen. If it was not for Mr. Zorobable, and some more of his persuasion, I must shut up my doors.

Taw. Besides, Ma'am, virtuous women and gentlemen's wives come so cheap, that no man will go to the price of a lady of the town.

Mid. I thought Westminster-hall would have given them a surfeit of their virtuous women: but I see nothing will do; though a jury of cuckolds were to give never such swinging damages, it will not deter men from qualifying more jurymen. In short, nothing can do us any service but an Act of Parliament to put us down.

Taw. Have you put a bill on your door, Ma'am, as you said you would?

Mid. It is up, it is up. O Tawdry! that a woman who hath been bred, and always lived like a gentlewoman, and followed a polite way of business, should be reduced to let lodgings.

Taw. It is a melancholy consideration truly. [*Knocking*]. But hark! I hear a coach stop.

Mid. Some rake or other, who is too poor to have any reputation. This is not a time of day for good customers to walk abroad. The citizens, good men, can't leave their shops so soon.

SERVANT *enters.*

Madam, a gentleman and lady to enquire for lodgings; they seem to be just come out of the country, for the coach and horses are in a terrible dirty pickle.

Mid. Why don't you shew them in? Tawdry, who knows what fortune has sent us?

Taw. If she had meant me any good, she'd have sent a gentleman without a lady.

SERVANT *returning with* JOHN.

This is my mistress, friend.

John. Do you take volks in to live here? Because, if you do, Madam and the Squoire will come and live with you.

Mid. Then your master is a squire, friend, is he?

John. Ay, he is as good a squire as any within five miles o'en: tho'f he was but a footman before, what is that to the purpose? Madam has enough for both o'em.

Mid. Well, you may desire your master and his lady to walk in. I believe I can furnish them with what they want. What think you, Tawdry, of the Squire and his lady, by this specimen of them?

Taw. Why, I think if I can turn the Squire to as good account as you will his lady, (I mean if she be handsome) we shall have no reason to repent our

acquaintance. You will soon teach her more politeness, than to be pleased with a footman, especially as he is her husband.

Mid. Truly, I must say, I love to see ladies prefer themselves. Mercy on those who betray women to sacrifice their own interests: I would not have such a sin lie on my conscience for the world.

Enter MR. THOMAS, WIFE, *and* SERVANTS.

Tho. Madam, your humble servant. My fellow here tells me you have lodgings to let, pray what are they, Madam?

Mid. Sir, my bill hath informed you.

Tho. Pox! I am afraid she suspects I can't read.

Mid. What conveniences, Madam, would your ladyship want?

Wife. Why, Good-woman, I shall want every thing which other fine ladyships want. Indeed, I don't know what I shall want yet: for I never was in town before: but I shall want every thing I see.

Tho. I hope your apartments here are handsome, and that people of fashion used to lodge with you.

Mid. If you please, Sir, I'll wait on your honour, and shew you the rooms.

Tho. Ay, do, do so; do wait on me. John, do you hear, do you take care of all our things.

Wife. Ay, pray, John, take care of the great cake and the cold turkey, and the ham and the chickens, and the bottle of sack, and the two bottles of strong beer, and the bottle of cyder.

John. I'll take the best care I can: but a man would think he was got into a fair. The folks stare at one as if they had never seen a man before.

[*Remain* Tawdry *and* V

Taw. Pray, Madam, is not your ladyship infinitely tired with your journey?

Wife. I tired! not I, I an't tired at all; I could walk twenty miles farther.

Taw. O, I am surprised at that! most fine ladies are horribly fatigued after a journey.

Wife. Are they?——Hum! I don't know whether I an't so too! yes, I am, I am horribly fatigued. (Well, I shall never find out all that a fine lady ought to be!)

[*Aside.*

Taw. Was your ladyship never in town before, Madam?

Wife. No, Madam, never before that I know of.

Taw. I shall be glad to wait on you, Madam, and shew you the town.

Wife. I am very much obliged to you, Madam: and I am resolved to see every thing that is to be seen: the Tower, and the crowns, and the lions, and Bedlam, and the parliament-house, and the Abbey——

Taw. O fie, Madam! these are only sights for the vulgar; no fine ladies go to these.

Wife. No! why then I won't neither. Oh odious Tower and filthy lions. But pray, Madam, are there no sights for a fine lady to see?

Taw. O yes, Madam; there are ridottos, masquerades, courts, plays, and a thousand others, so many, that a fine lady has never time to be at home but when she is asleep.

Wife. I am glad to hear that; for I hate to be at home: but, dear Madam, do tell me—for I suppose you are a fine lady.

Taw. At your service, Madam.

Wife. What do you fine ladies do at these places? What do they do at masquerades now? for I have heard of them in the country.

Taw. Why they dress themselves in a strange dress, and they walk up and down the room, and they cry, *Do you know me?* and then they burst out laughing, and they sit down, and then they get up, and then they walk about again, and then they go home.

Wife. Oh this is charming, and easy too; I shall be able to do a masquerade in a minute: well, but do tell me a little of the rest. What do they do at your what d'ye call 'ems, your plays?

Taw. Why, if they can, they take a stage-box, where they let the footman sit the first two acts, to shew his livery; then they come in to shew themselves, spread their fans upon the spikes, make curtsies to their acquaintance, and then talk and laugh as loud as they are able.

Wife. O delightful! By gole, I find there is nothing in a fine lady; any body may be a fine lady if this be all.

AIR I.

If flaunting and ranting,
If noise and gallanting,
Be all in fine ladies requir'd;
I'll warrant I'll be
As fine a lady
As ever in town was admir'd.

At plays I will rattle,
Tittle-tattle,
Tittle-tattle,
Prittle-prattle,
Prittle-prattle,
As gay and as loud

And at t'other place,
With a mask on my face,
I'll ask all I see
Do you know me?
Do you know me?
And te, he, he,
And te, he, he!
At nothing as loud as a jest.

THOMAS *and* MIDNIGHT *return.*

Tho. My dear, I have seen the rooms, and they are very handsome, and fit for us people of fashion.

Wife. O, my dear, I am extremely glad on't. Do you know me? Ha, ha, ha, my dear, [*Stretching out her fan before her*] ha, ha, ha!

Tho. Heyday! What's the matter now?

Wife. I am only doing over a fine lady at a masquerade or play, that's all.

[*She coquets apart with her husband.*

Taw. [*to* Mid.] She's simplicity itself. A card fortune has dealt you, which it's impossible for you to play ill. You may bring her to any purpose.

Mid. I am glad to hear it: for she's really pretty, and I shall scarce want a customer for a tit-bit.

Wife. Well, my dear, you won't stay long, for you know I can hardly bear you out of my sight; I shall be quite miserable till you come back, my dear, dear Tommy.

Tho. My dear Lucy, I will but go find out a tailor, and be back with you in an instant.

Wife. Pray do, my dear.——Nay, t'other kiss; one more——O! thou art the sweetest creature.——Well, Miss, fine lady, pray how do you like my husband? Is he not a charming man?

Taw. Your husband! Dear Madam, and was it your husband that you kiss'd so?

Wife. Why, don't fine ladies kiss their husbands?

Taw. No, never.

Wife. O la! but I don't like that though; by gole, I believe I shall never be a fine lady, if I must not be kiss'd. I like being a fine lady in other things, but not in that, I thank you. If your fine ladies are never kiss'd, by gole, I think we have not so much reason to envy them as I imagin'd.

SONG.

How happy are the nymphs and swains,
Who skip it and trip it all over the plains:
How sweet are the kisses,
How soft are the blisses,
Transporting the lads, and all melting their misses!
If ladies here so nice are grown,
Who jaunt it and flaunt it all over the town,
To fly as from ruin,
From billing and cooing,
A fig for their airs, give me plain country wooing.

Taw. O, you mistake me, Madam; a fine lady may kiss any man but her husband.—You will have all the beaus in town at your service.

Wife. Beaus! O gemini, those are the things Miss Jenny used to talk of.—And pray, Madam, do beaus kiss so much sweeter and better than other folks?

Taw. Hum! I can't say much of that.

Wife. And pray, then, why must I like them better than my own husband?

Mid. Because it's the fashion, Madam. Fine ladies do every thing because it's the fashion. They spoil

their shapes, to appear big with child because it is the fashion. They lose their money at whist, without understanding the game; they go to auctions, without intending to buy; they go to operas, without any ear; and slight their husbands without disliking them; and all——because it is the fashion.

Wife. Well, I'll try to be as much in fashion as I can: but pray when must I go to these beaus; for I really long to see them? For Miss Jenny says, she's sure I shall like them; and if I do, i'facks! I believe I shall tell them so, notwithstanding what our parson says.

Mid. Bravely said; I will shew you some fine gentlemen, which I warrant you will like.

Wife. And will they like me?

Taw. Like you! they'll adore you, they'll worship you. Madam, says my Lord, you are the most charming, beautiful, fine creature that ever my eyes beheld!

Wife. What's that? Do say that over again.

Taw. [*Repeats.*] Madam, you are, &c.

Wife. And will they think all this of me?

Taw. No doubt of it. They'll swear it.

Wife. Then to be sure they will think it. Yes, yes, to be sure they will think so. I wish I could see these charming men.

Mid. O, you will see them every where. Here in the house I have had several to visit me, who have said the same thing to me and this young lady.

Wife. What, did they call you charming and beautiful?——By gole, I think they may very well say so to me [*Aside.*] But when will these charming men come?

Mid. They'll be here immediately: but your ladyship will dress yourself. I see your man has brought your things. I suppose your ladyship has your clothes with you.

Wife. O yes, I have clothes enough; I have a fine thread satin suit of clothes of all the colours in the rainbow; then I have a fine red gown, flower'd with yellow, all my own work; and a fine lac'd suit of pinners, that was my great grandmother's! that has been worn but twice these forty years, and my mother told me, cost almost four pounds when it was new, and reaches down hither. And then I have a great gold watch that hath continued in our family, I can't tell how long, and is almost as broad as a moderate punch-bowl; and then I have two great gold ear-rings, and six or seven rings for my finger, worth about twenty pounds all together; and a thousand fine things that you shall see.

Mid. Ay, Madam, these things would have drest your ladyship very well an hundred years ago: but the fashions are alter'd. Laced pinners, indeed! You must cut off your hair, and get a little perriwig and a French cap; and instead of a great watch, you must have one so small, that it is impossible it should go; and——but come, this young lady will instruct you. Pray, Miss, wait on the lady to her apartment, and send for proper tradesmen to dress her; such as the fine ladies use. Madam, you shall be drest as you ought to be.

Wife. Thank you, Madam; and then I shall be as fine a lady as the best of them. By gole, this London is a charming place. If ever my husband gets me out of it again, I am mistaken. Come, dear Miss, I am impatient. *Do you know me?* ha, ha, ha!

[*Exit* Wife *and* Tawdry.

Enter LORD BAWBLE.

Lord Bawb. So, Old Midnight, what schemes art thou plodding on?

Mid. O fie! my Lord; I protest if Sir Thomas and you don't leave off your riots, you will ruin the reputation of my house for ever. I wonder too, you have no more regard to your own characters.

Lord Bawb. Why, thou old canting offspring of hypocrisy, dost thou think that men of quality are to be confined to the rules of decency, like sober citizens, as if they were asham'd of their sins, and afraid they should lose their turn of being Lord Mayor?

Mid. We ought all to be asham'd of our sins. O my Lord, my Lord, had you but heard that excellent sermon on Kennington Common, it would have made you ashamed: I am sure it had so good an effect upon me, that I shall be ashamed of my sins as long as I live.

Lord Bawb. Why don't you leave them off then, and lay down your house?

Mid. Alas, I can't, I can't, I was bred up in the way: but I repent heartily; I repent every hour of my life; and that I hope will make amends.

Lord Bawb. Well, where is my Jenny Ranter?

Mid. Ah, poor Jenny! Poor Jenny is gone. I shall never see her more; she was the best of girls: it almost breaks my tender heart to think on't; nay, I shall never out-live her loss (*crying.*) My Lord, Sir Thomas and you forgot to pay for that bowl of punch last night.

Lord Bawb. Damn your punch, is my dear Jenny dead?

Mid. Worse, if possible.—She is—she is turn'd methodist, and married to one of the brethren.

Lord Bawb. O, if that be all, we shall have her again?

Mid. Alas! I fear not; for they are powerful men. ——But pray, my Lord, how go the finances, for I have such a piece of goods, such a girl just arrived out of the country!——upon my soul as pure a virgin ——for I have known her whole bringing up: she is

a relation of mine; her father left me her guardian. I have just brought her from a boarding-school to have her under my own eye, and complete her education.

Lord Bawb. Where is she? let me see her.

Mid. Not a step without the *Ready.* I told you I was her guardian and I shall not betray my trust.

Lord Bawb. If I like her—upon my honour——

Mid. I have too much value for your lordship's honour, to have it left in pawn. Besides, I have more right honourable honour in my hands unredeemed already, than I know what to do with. However, I think you may depend on my honour; deposit a cool hundred, and you shall see her; and then take either the lady or the money.

Lord Bawb. I know thee to be inexorable. I'll step home and fetch the money. I gave that sum to my wife this morning to buy her clothes. I'll take it from her again, and let her tick with the tradesmen. Lookye, if this be stale goods, I'll break every window in the house.

Mid. I'll give you leave.—He'll be tired of her in a week, and then I may dispose of her again. I am afraid I did wrong in putting her off for a virgin, for she'll certainly discover she is married. However, I can forswear the knowing of it.

[Zorobable *brought in, in a chair, with the curtains drawn.*

O here's one of my sober customers——Mr. Zorobable, is it you? I am your worship's most obedient servant.

Zor. How do you do, Mrs. Midnight? I hope no body sees or over-hears. This is an early hour for me to visit at. I have but just been at home to dress me, since I came from the alley.

Mid. I suppose your worship's hands are pretty full there now with your lottery-tickets?

Zor. Fuller than I desire, Mrs. Midnight, I assure you. We hoped to have brought them to seven pounds before this; that would have been a pretty comfortable interest for our money.——But, have you any worth seeing in your house?

Mid. O Mr. Zorobable! such a piece! such an angel!

Zor. Ay, ay, where? where?

Mid. Here in the house.

Zor. Let me see her this instant.

Mid. Sure nothing was ever so unfortunate.

Zor. Hey! what?

Mid. O Sir! not thinking to see your worship this busy time, I have promised her to Lord Bawble.

Zor. How, Mrs. Midnight, promise her to a lord without offering her to me, first? Let me tell you, 'tis an affront not only to me, but to all my friends: and you deserve never to have any but Christians in your house again.

Mid. Marry forbid! Don't utter such curses against me.

Zor. Who is it supports you? Who is it can support you? Who have any money besides us?

Mid. Pray your worship forgive me.

Zor. No, I will deal higher for the future with those who are better acquainted with lords; they will know whom to prefer. I must tell you, you are a very ungrateful woman. I know a woman of fashion at St. James's end of the town, where I might deal cheaper than with yourself; though I own, indeed, yours is rather the more reputable house of the two.

Mid. But my Lord hath never seen her yet.

Zor. Hath he not? Why then he never shall, till I have done with her: she'll be good enough for a lord half a year hence. Come, fetch her down, fetch her down. How long hath she been in town?

Mid. Not two hours. Pure country innocent flesh and blood.—But what shall I say to my Lord?

Zor. Say any thing: put off somebody else upon him; a stale woman of quality, or some body who hath been in Westminster-hall and the newspapers.

Mid. Well, I'll do the best I can; though, upon my honour, I was to have had two hundred guineas from my Lord.

Zor. Two hundred promises you mean; but had it been in ready cash, I'll make you amends if I like her; we'll never differ about the price; so fetch her, fetch her.

Mid. I will, an't please your worship. [*Exit.*

Zor. Soh! the money of Christian men pays for the beauty of Christian women. A good exchange!

Enter MIDNIGHT. [*A noise without.*

Mid. O Sir, here are some noisy people coming this way; slip into the next room: I am as tender of your reputation as of my own.

Zor. You are a sensible woman, and I commend your care; for reputation is the very soul of a Jew.

Mid. Go in here, I will quickly clear the coast for you again. [*Exit* Zor.] Now for my gentlemen; and if I mistake not their voices, one is an opera-singer, and the other a singer in one of our play-houses.

Enter SIGNIOR CANTILENO *and* MR. BALLAD.

Mid. What is the matter, gentlemen? what is the matter?

Cant. Begar I vil ave de woman; begar I vil ave her.

Bal. You must win her first, Signior; and if you can gain her affections, I am too much an Englishman to think of restraining her from pursuing her own will.

Cant. Never fear, me vin her. No English woman can withstand de charms of my voice.

Mid. If he begins to sing, there will be no end on't. I must go look after my young lady. [*Exit.*

SONG.

Cant. Music sure hath charms to move,
With my song, with my song I'll charm my love.
This good land where money grows,
Well the price of singing knows:
Hither all the warblers throng;
Taking money,
Milk and honey,
Taking money for a song.

Bal. Ha, ha, ha! What the devil should an Italian singer do with a mistress?

Cant. Ask your women, who are in love wit de Italian singers.

SONG.

See, while I strike the vocal lyre,
Beauty languish, languish and expire:
Like turtle-doves, in a wooing fit,
See the blooming charmers sit;
Softly sighing,
Gently dying,
While sweet sounds to raptures move:
Trembling, thrilling,
Sweetly killing,
Airs that fan the wings of love.

SONG.

Bal. Be gone, thou shame of human race,
The noble Roman soil's disgrace;
Nor vainly with a Briton dare
Attempt to win a British fair.

For manly charms the British dame
Shall feel a fiercer, nobler flame;
To manly numbers lend her ear,
And scorn thy soft enervate air.

Enter a PORTER.

Por. [*to* Cant.] Sir, the lady's in the next room.

Cant. Ver vel. Begar I vil ave her.

Bal. I'll follow you, and see how far the charms of your voice will prevail.

Enter ZOROBABLE, MIDNIGHT, *and* WIFE.

Mid. [*to her, entering.*] I am going to introduce your ladyship to one of our fine gentlemen whom I told you of.

Wife. [*surveying him awkwardly.*] Is this a beau, and a fine gentleman?—By goles, Mr. Thomas is a finer gentleman, in my opinion, a thousand times.

Zor. Madam, your humble servant; I shall always think myself obliged to Mrs. Midnight, for introducing me to a young lady of your perfect beauty. Pray, Madam, how long have you been in town?

Wife. Why, I have been in town about three hours: I am but a stranger here, Sir; but I was very lucky to meet with this civil gentlewoman and this fine lady, to teach me how to dress and behave myself. Sir, I would not but be a fine lady for all the world.

Zor. Madam, you are in the right on't: and this soft hand, this white neck, and these sweet lips were formed for no other purpose.

Wife. Let me alone, Mun, will you; I won't be pull'd and haul'd about by you, I won't.——For I am very sure you don't kiss half so sweet as Mr. Thomas.

Zor. Nay, be not coy, my dear; if you will e to kiss you, I will make you the

shall have jewels equal to a woman of quality:—nay, I will furnish a house for you in any part of the town, and you shall ride in a fine gilt chair, carried by two stout fellows, that I will keep for no other purpose.

Mid. Madam, if you will but like this gentleman, he'll make you a fine lady: 'tis he, and some more of his acquaintance, that make half the fine ladies in the town.

Wife. Ay! Why, then I will like him.—I will say I do, which I suppose is the same thing. [*Aside.*] But when shall I have all these fine things? for I long to begin.

Zor. And so do I, my angel. [*Offering to kiss her.*

Wife. ——Nay, I won't kiss any more till I have something in hand, that I am resolved of.

Mid. [*to* Zor.] Fetch her some baubles; any toys will do.

Wife. But if you will fetch me all the things you promised me, you shall kiss me as long as you please.

Zor. But when I have done all these things, you must never see any other man but me.

Wife. Must not I?——But I don't like that.——And will you stay with me always then?

Zor. No; I shall only come to see you in the evening.

Wife. (O then it will be well enough, for I will see whom I please all the day, and you shall know nothing of the matter.) [*Aside.*] Indeed I won't see any body else but you; indeed I won't. But do go and fetch me these fine things.

Zor. I go, my dear. Mrs. Midnight, pray take care of her. I never saw any one so pretty nor so silly.

Wife. I heard you, Sir; but you shall find I have sense enough to out-wit you. Well, Miss Jenny may stay in the country if she will; and see nothing but the great jolly parson, who never gives any thing but a nosegay, or a handful of nuts for a kiss. But where's the

young lady that was here just now? for to my mind I am in a new world, and my head is quite turn'd giddy.

Mid. It is a common effect, Madam, which the town air hath on young ladies, when first they come into it.

Enter CANTILENO.

Cant. Begar, dat dam English ballad-singing dog has got away de woman——ah, *pardie*——*voila un autre*——

[*Going towards her.*

Mid. Hold, hold, Signior; this lady is not for you ——She is a woman of quality, and her price is a little beyond your pocket.

Cant. Begar, I like none but de woman of quality. ——And you no know de price of my pocket——See here—begar here are fifty guinea—dey are not above de value of two song.

SONG.

To beauty compar'd, pale gold I despise,
No jewels can sparkle like Cælia's bright eyes:
Let misers with pleasure survey their bright mass;
With far greater raptures I view my fine lass:
Gold lock'd in my coffers for me has no charms,
Then its value I own,
Then I prize it alone,
When it tempts blooming beauty to fly to my arms.

Wife. This is certainly one of those operish singers Miss Jenny used to talk of, and to mimic: she taught me to mimic them too.

RECITATIVE.

Cant. Brightest nymph, turn here thy eyes,
Behold thy swain despairs and dies.

Wife. A voice so sweet cannot despair,
Unless from deafness of the fair;
Such sounds must move the dullest ear:
Less sweet the warbling nightingale;
Less sweet the breeze sweeps thro' the vale.

SONG.

Cant. Sweetest cause of all my pain,
Pride and glory of the plain,
See my anguish,
See me languish:
Pity thy expiring swain.

Wife. Gentle youth, of my disdain,
Ah, too cruel you complain;
My tender heart
Feels greater smart;
Pity me, expiring swain.

Cant. Will you then my pangs despise?
Will nothing your disdain remove?

Wife. Can you not read my wishing eyes?
Ah, must I tell you that I love?

Cant. I faint, I die.

Wife. And so do I.

BALLAD *enters, and sings.*

SONG.

Turn hither your eyes, bright maid,
Turn hither with all your charms;
Behold a jolly young blade,
Who longs to be clasp'd in your arms:
To sighing and whining,
To sobbing and pining,
Then merrily bid adieu.

Cant. See how I expire,
Bal. See how I'm on fire,
And burn, my dear nymph, for you.
Wife. Thus strongly pursu'd,
By two lovers woo'd,
What shall a poor woman do?
But a lover in flames,
Sure most pity claims,
So, jolly lad, I'm for you.

Enter MIDNIGHT.

Mid. Gentlemen, I must beg you would go into another room; for my Lord Bawble is just coming, and he hath bespoke this.

Cant. Le diable! one of our directors! I would not ave him see me here for de varld.

Wife. Is my Lord come? How eagerly I long to see him!

Cant. Allons, Madam.

Wife. No, I will stay with my Lord.

Mid. He is just coming in.——Upon my soul I will bring her to you presently.

Cant. Well, you are de woman of honour.

Bal. This new face will not come to my turn yet; so I will to my dear Tawdry.

Enter LORD BAWBLE.

Lord Bawb. Well, I have kept my word; I have brought the Ready. [*Seeing* Wife.] Upon my soul, a fine girl! I suppose this is she you told me of?

Mid. What shall I do? [*Aside.*] Yes, yes, my Lord, this is the same: But pray come away; for I can't bring her to any thing yet: she is so young, if you speak to

her, you will frighten her out of her wits; have but a little patience, and I shall bring her to my mind.

Lord Bawb. Don't tell me of patience; I'll speak to her now; and I warrant I bring her to my mind.

[*They talk apart.*

Wife. [*at the other end of the stage looking at my Lord.*] O, la! that is a fine gentleman, indeed; and yet who knows but Mr. Thomas might be just such another, if he had but as fine clothes on?——I wonder he don't speak to me: to be sure he don't like me; if he did, he would speak to me; and if he does not presently, the old fellow will be back again, and then I must not talk with him.

Mid. Consider, she is just fresh and raw out of the country.

Lord Bawb. I like her the better. It is in vain to contend; for by Jupiter, I'll at her. I know how to deal with country ladies. I learnt the art of making love to them at my election.

Mid. What will become of me? I'll get out of the way, and swear to Mr. Zorobable, I know nothing of my Lord's seeing her. [*Exit.*

Lord Bawb. It is generous in you, Madam, to leave the country, to make us happy here, with the sunshine of your beauty.

Wife. Sir, I am sure I shall be very glad if any thing in my power can make the beaus and fine gentlemen of this fine town happy.—He talks just like Mr. Thomas, before I was married to him, when he first come out of his town-service. [*Aside.*

Lord Bawb. She seems delightfully ignorant. A quality which is to me a great recommendation of a mistress or a friend.—O, Madam, can you doubt of your power, which is as extensive as your beauty; which lights such a fire in the heart of every beholder, as nothing but your frowns can put out.

Wife. I'll never frown again; for if all the fine gentlemen in town were in love with me, icod,—with all my heart, the more the merrier.

Lord Bawb. When they know you have my admiration, you will soon have a thousand other adorers. If a lady hath a mind to bring custom to her house, she hath nothing more to do but to hang one of us lords out for a sign.

Wife. A lord?—Gemini, and are you a lord?

Lord Bawb. My Lord Bawble, Madam, at your service.

Wife. Well, my Lord Bawble is the prettiest name I ever heard: the very name is enough to charm one.—— My Lord Bawble!

Lord Bawb. Why, truly, I think it has something of a quality-sound in it.

Wife. Heigh, ho!

Lord Bawb. Why do you sigh, my charmer?

Wife. At what, perhaps, will make you sigh too, when you know it.

Lord Bawb. Ay, what?

Wife. I am married to an odious footman, and can never be my Lady Bawble.—I am afraid you won't like me, now I have told you.—But I assure you, if I had not been married already, I should have married you of all the beaus and fine gentlemen in the world: but though I am married to him, I like you the best; and I hope that will do.

Lord Bawb. Yes, yes, yes, my dear; do!——very well! (Is this wench an idiot, or a bite? marry me, with a pox!) [*Aside.*]—And so you are married to a footman, my dear?

Wife. Yes, I am; I see you don't like me, now you know I am another man's wife.

Lord Bawb. Indeed you are mistaken; I dislike no man's wife but my own.

Wife. O la! What, are you married then?

Lord Bawb. Yes, I think I am: but I have almost forgot it; for I have not seen my wife, till this morning, for a twelvemonth.

Wife. No! by goles, you may marry somebody else for me. And now I think on't; if I should be seen speaking to him, I shall lose all the fine things I was promised. [*Aside.*

Lord Bawb. What are you considering, my dear?

Wife. I must not stay with you any longer, for I expect an old gentleman every minute, who promised me a thousand fine things, if I would not speak to any body but him: he promised to keep two tall lusty fellows, for no other business but to carry me up and down in a chair.

Lord Bawb. I will not only do that, but I will keep you two other tall fellows for no other use but to walk before your chair.

Wife. Will you? Nay, I assure you, I like you better than him, if I shall not lose any fine things by the bargain.—But hold, now I think on't: suppose I stay here till he come back again with his presents, I can take the things, promise him, and go with you afterwards, you know, my Lord. O, how pretty Lord sounds!

Lord Bawb. No, you will have no need on't! I will give you variety of fine things. (Till I am tired of you, and then I'll take them away again.) But, my dear, these lodgings are not fine enough: I will take some finer for you.

Wife. O la! what are there finer houses than this in town? Why, my father hath five hundred a year in the country, and his house is not half so fine.

Lord Bawb. O, my dear, gentlemen of no hundred pound a year scorn such a house as this: nobody lives now in any thing but a palace.

Wife. Nay, the finer the better, by goles, if you will pay for it.

Lord Bawb. Pugh, pshaw, pay! never mind that: that word hath almost put me in the vapours.—Come, my dear girl—— [*Kisses her.*

Wife. O fie, my Lord, you make me blush. He kisses sweeter than my husband, a thousand times; I did not think there had been such a man as my husband in the world, but I find I was mistaken.

Lord Bawb. Consider, my dear, what a pride you will have in hearing the man you love call'd lordship.

Wife. Lordship! it is pretty. Lordship! But then you won't see me above once in a twelvemonth.

Lord Bawb. I will see you every day, every minute: I like you so well, that nothing but being married to you could make me hate you.

Wife. O Gemini! I forgot it was the fashion.

Lord Bawb. Let us lose no time, but hasten to find some place where I may equip you like a woman of quality.

Wife. I am out of my wits. My Lord, I am ready to wait on your lordship wherever your lordship pleases—Lordship! Quality! I shall be a fine lady immediately now.

Enter MIDNIGHT.

Mid. What shall I do? I am ruin'd for ever! My Lord hath carried away the girl. Mr. Zorobable will never forgive me: I shall lose him and all his friends, and they are the only support of my house. Foolish slut, to prefer a rakish lord to a sober Jew; but women never know how to make their market till they are so old no one will give any thing for them.

Enter THOMAS.

Tho. Your humble servant, Madam. Pray, Madam, how do you like my clothes?

Mid. Your tailor hath been very expeditious, indeed, Sir.

Tho. Yes, Madam, I should not have had them so soon, but that I met with an old acquaintance, Tom Shabby, the tailor in Monmouth-street, who fitted me with a suit in a moment—But where's my wife?

Mid. (What shall I say to him?) I believe she is gone out to see the town.

Tho. Gone out! hey! what, without me! who's gone with her?

Mid. Really, Sir, I can't tell. Here was a gentleman all over lace: I suppose, some acquaintance of hers. I fancy she went with him.

Tho. A gentleman in lace! I am undone, ruin'd, dishonour'd! Some rascal hath betray'd away my wife. ——Zounds, why did you let her go out of the house till my return?

Mid. The lady was only a lodger with me, I had no power over her.

Tho. How, did any man come to see her? for I am sure she did not know one man in town. It must be somebody that used to come here.

Mid. May the devil fetch me, if ever I saw him before: nor do I know how he got in.—But there are birds of prey lurking in every corner of this wicked town: it makes me shed tears to think what villains there are in the world to betray poor innocent young ladies.

[*Cries.*

Tho. Oons and the devil; the first six weeks of our marriage!

Mid. That is a pity indeed——if you have been married no longer: had you been together half a year, it had been some comfort. But be advised, have a little patience; in all probability, whoever the gentleman is, he'll return her again soon.

Tho. Return her! ha! stain'd, spotted, sullied! Who shall return me my honour?——'s death! I'll search her through the town, the world——Ha! my father here!

Good. [*entering.*] Son, I met your man John at the inn, and he shew'd me the way hither.—Where is my daughter, your wife?

Tho. Stolen! lost! every thing is lost, and I am undone.

Good. Hey-day! What's the matter?

Tho. The matter! O curse this vile town; I did but go to furnish myself with a suit of clothes, that I might appear like a gentleman, and in the mean time your daughter hath taken care that I shall appear like a gentleman all the days of my life; for I am sure I shall be ashamed to shew my head among footmen.

Good. How! my daughter run away——

Mid. I am afraid it is too true.

Good. And do you stand meditating?

Tho. What shall I do?

Good. Go advertise her this minute in the newspapers! ——get my lord chief-justice's warrant.

Mid. As for the latter, it may be advisable; but the former will be only throwing away your money; for the papers have been of late so crammed with advertisements of wives running from their husbands, that nobody now reads them.

Tho. That I should be such a blockhead to bring my wife to town!

Good. That I should be such a sot as to suffer you!

Tho. If I was unmarried again, I would not venture

my honour in a woman's keeping, for all the fortune she could bring me.

Good. And if I was a young fellow again, I would not get a daughter, for all the pleasure any woman could give me.

Enter ZOROBABLE.

Zor. Here, where's my mistress? I have equipp'd her? here are trinkets enough to supply an alderman's wife.

Mid. (I must be discover'd.) Hush, hush, consider your reputation; here are company.—Your mistress is run away with my Lord Bawble.

Zor. My mistress run away! Damn my reputation: where's the girl? I will have the girl.

Good. This gentleman may have lost a daughter too.

Tho. Or a wife, perhaps——You have lost your wife Sir, by the violence of your rage?

Zor. O worse, worse, Sir; I have lost a mistress. While I went to buy her trinkets, this damn'd jade of a bawd (where is she?) lets in a young rake, and he is run away with her: the sweetest bit of country innocence, just come to town. 'Sblood, I would have given an hundred lottery-tickets for her.

Good.
Tho. } How, hell-hound.

Mid. I am an innocent woman, and shall fall a sacrifice to an unjust suspicion.

Good. Oh! my poor daughter!

Tho. My wife, that I had so much delight in!

Zor. My mistress, that I propos'd such pleasure in!

Mid. O, the credit of my house, gone for ever!

Zor. Ha! here she is again.

Enter WIFE.

Wife. Such joy! such rapture! Well, I'll never go

into the country again. Faugh! how I hate the name. —Oh! father, I'm sure you don't know me; nor you, Mr. Thomas, neither;—nor I won't know you.——Ah, you old fusty fellow,——I don't want any thing that you can give; nor you shan't come near me,——so you shan't——Madam, I am very much oblig'd to you for letting me see the world. I hate to talk to any one I can't call Lordship.

Good. And is this be-powder'd, be-curl'd, be-hoop'd mad woman my daughter?—— [*She coquets affectedly.* Why, hussy, don't you know your own father?

Tho. Nor your husband?

Wife. No, I don't know you at all;——I never saw you before. I have got a lord, and I don't know any one but my Lord.

Tho. And pray what hath my Lord done to you, that hath put you into such raptures?

Wife. Oh, by gole! who'd be fool then? When I liv'd in the country, I used to tell you every thing I did; but I am grown wiser now, for I am told, I must never let my husband know any thing I do, for he'd be angry; though I don't much care for your anger, for I design always to live with my Lord now; and he's never to be angry, do what I will.—Why, prithee, fellow, do'st thou think that I am not fine lady enough to know the difference between a lord and a footman?

Zor. A footman!

Mid. I thought he was a servant, by talking so much of his honour.

Tho. You call me footman! I own I was a footman; and had rather be a footman still, than a tame cuckold to a lord. I wish every man, who is not a footman, thought in the same manner.

Good. Thou art a pretty fellow, and worthy a better wife.

Tho. Sir, I am sorry that from henceforth I cannot, without being a rascal, look on your daughter as my wife; I am sorry I can't forgive her.

Wife. Forgive me!—ha, ha, ha! ha, ha, ha! comical! why, I won't forgive you, Mun!

Good. What hath he done, which you will not forgive?

Wife. Done! why, I have found out somebody I like better; and he's my husband, and I hate him, because it is the fashion: That he hath done.

Zor. Sir Skip, a word with you: If you intend to part with your wife, I will give you as much for her as any man.

Tho. Sir!

Zor. Sir, I say, I will give you as much, or more for your wife, than any man.

Tho. Those words, which suppose me a villain, call me so, and thus should be return'd.

[*Gives him a box in the ear.*

Zor. 'Sdeath, Sir! do you know who you use in this manner?

Tho. Know you? yes, you rascal, and you ought to know me. I have indeed the greatest reason to remember you, having purchas'd a ticket of you in the last lottery for as much again as it was worth.—However, you shall have reason to remember me for the future; a footman shall teach such a low, pitiful, stock-jobbing pick-pocket to dare to think to cuckold his betters. [*Kicks him off the stage.*

Zor. You shall hear of me in Westminster-Hall.

Good. Your humble servant. [*Kicks him off.*

Zor. Very fine! very fine!——a ten-thousand-pound-man is to be kicked!

Good. A rascal, a villain.

Enter LORD BAWBLE.

Wife. O my dear Lord, are you come?

Lord Bawb. Fie, my dear, you should not have run away from me while I was in an inner room, promising the tradesman to pay him for your fine things.

Wife. O my Lord, I only stept into a chair, as you call it, to make a visit to a fine lady here. It is pure sport to ride in a chair.

Lord Bawb. Bless me! what's here! My old man Tom in masquerade?

Tho. I give your lordship joy of this fine girl.—

Lord Bawb. Stay till I have had her, Tom. Egad she hath cost me a round sum, and I have had nothing but kisses for my money yet.

Tho. No, my Lord! Then I am afraid your lordship never will have any thing more, for this lady is mine.

Lord Bawb. How! what property have you in her?

Tho. The property of an English husband, my Lord.

Lord Bawb. How, Madam! are you married to this man?

Wife. I married to him! I never saw the fellow before.

Lord Bawb. Tom, thou art a very impudent fellow.

Good. Mercy on me! what a sink of iniquity is this town! She hath been here but five hours, and learnt assurance already to deny her husband.

Lord Bawb. Come, Tom, resign the girl by fair means, or worse will follow.

Tho. How, my Lord, resign my wife! Fortune, which made me poor made me a servant; but nature, which made me an Englishman, preserved me from being a slave. I have as good a right to the little I claim, as the proudest peer hath to his great possessions; and whilst I am able, I will defend it.

Lord Bawb. Ha! rascal! [*They draw.*

Good. Hold, my Lord; this girl, ungracious as she is, is my daughter, and this honest man's wife.

Wife. Whether I am his wife or no is nothing to the purpose; for I will go with my Lord. I hate my husband, and I love my Lord. He is a fine gentleman, and I am a fine lady, and we are fit for one another. ——Now, my Lord, here are all the fine things you gave me: he will take them away, but you will keep them for me.

Lord Bawb. So, now I think every man hath his own again; and since she is your wife, Tom, much good may do you with her. I question not but these trinkets will purchase a finer lady. [*Exit.*

Wife. What, is my Lord gone?

Tho. Yes, Madam, and you shall go, as soon as I can get horses put into a coach.

Wife. Ay, but I won't go with you.

Tho. No, but you shall go without me: your good father here will take care of you into the country: where, if I hear of your amendment, perhaps, half a year hence I may visit you; for since my honour is not wrong'd, I can forgive your folly.

Wife. I shall shew you, Sir, that I am a woman of spirit, and not to be govern'd by my husband.—I shall have vapours and fits, (these they say are infallible) and if these won't do, let me see who dares carry me into the country against my will: I will swear the peace against them.

Good. Oh! oh! that ever I should beget a daughter!

Tho. Here, John!

John. (*enters*) An't please your worship.

Tho. Let all my things be pack'd up again in the coach they came in;—and send Betty here this instant with your mistress's riding dress.——Come, Madam,

you must strip yourself of your puppet-show dress, as I will of mine; they will make you ridiculous in the country, where there is still something of Old England remaining. Come, no words, no delay! by heaven! if you but affect to loiter, I will send orders with you to lock you up, and allow you only the bare necessaries of life. You shall know I'm your husband, and will be obey'd.

Wife. (*crying*) And must I go into the country by myself? Shall I not have a husband, or a lord, or any body?——If I must go, won't you go with me?

Tho. Can you expect it? Can you ask me after what has happened?

Wife. What I did, was only to be a fine lady, and what they told me other fine ladies do, and I should never have thought of in the country; but if you will forgive me, I will never attempt to be more than a plain gentlewoman again.

Tho. Well, and as a plain gentlewoman you shall have pleasures some fine ladies may envy. Come, dry your eyes; my own folly, not yours, is to blame; and that I am only angry with.

Wife. And will you go with me then, Tommy?

Tho. Ay, my dear, and stay with thee too; I desire no more to be in this town, than to have thee here.

Good. Henceforth I will know no degree, no difference between men, but what the standards of honour and virtue create: the noblest birth without these is but splendid infamy; and a footman with these qualities, is a man of honour.

SONG.

Wife. Welcome again, ye rural plains;
Innocent nymphs and virtuous swains:

Farewell town, and all its sights;
Beaus and lords, and gay delights:
All is idle pomp and noise;
Virtuous love gives greater joys.

CHORUS.

All is idle pomp and noise;
Virtuous love gives greater joys.

THE

WEDDING-DAY;

A COMEDY.

AS IT WAS ACTED AT

THE THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE,

BY HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANTS.

PROLOGUE:

SPOKEN BY MR. MACKLIN.

GENTLEMEN AND LADIES,

WE must beg your indulgence, and humbly hope you'll
not be offended
At an accident that has happened to-night, which was
not in the least intended,
I assure you: if you please, your money shall be
return'd. But Mr. Garrick, to-day,
Who performs a principal character in the play,
Unfortunately has sent word, 'twill be impossible, having
so long a part,
To speak to the Prologue: he hasn't had time to get it
by heart.
I have been with the author, to know what's to be done,
For, till the Prologue's spoke, Sir, says I, we can't
go on.
'Pshaw! rot the Prologue,' says he; 'then begin
without it.'
I told him, 'twas impossible, you'd make such a rout
about it:
Besides, 'twould be quite unprecedented,——and I dare
say,
Such an attempt, Sir, would make them damn the play.
'Ha! damn my play!' the frighted bard replies;
'Dear Macklin, you must go on, then, and apologize.'
Apologize! not I: pray, Sir, excuse me.

'Zounds! something must be done: pr'ythee, don't refuse me:
'Pr'ythee, go on: tell them, to damn my play, will be a damn'd hard case.
'Come, do: you've a good long dismal, merry-begging face.'
Sir, your humble servant: you're very merry. 'Yes,' says he, 'I've been drinking
'To raise my spirits; for, by Jupiter! I found 'em sinking.'
So away he went to see the play; O! there he sits:
Smoke him, smoke the Author, you laughing crits.
Isn't he finely situated for a damning Oh—Oh! a—a shrill Whihee! O, direful yell!
As Falstaff says: would it were bed-time, Hal, and all were well!
What think you now? Whose face looks worst, yours or mine?
Ah! thou foolish follower of the ragged Nine,
You'd better stuck to honest Abraham Adams, by half:
He, in spite of critics, can make your readers laugh.
But to the Prologue.—What shall I say? Why, faith, in my sense,
I take plain truth to be the best defence.
I think, then, it was horrid stuff; and in my humble apprehension,
Had it been spoke, not worthy your attention.
I'll give you a sample, if I can recollect it.——
Hip! take courage: never fear, man: don't be dejected.
Poor devil! he can't stand it; he has drawn in his head:
I reckon, before the play's done, he'll be half dead.
But to the Prologue.—It began,
'To night the comic Author of to-day,
'Has writ a—a—a—something about a play:

'And as the bee,—the bee,—(that he brings by way of simile) the bee, which roves,
'Through, through,'—pshaw! pox o' my memory!—O! 'through fields and groves,
'So comic poets in fair London town
'To cull the flowers of characters wander up and down.'
Then there was a good deal about Rome, Athens, and dramatic rules,
And characters of knaves and courtiers, authors and fools,
And a vast deal about critics,—and good-nature,—and the poor Author's fear;
And I think there was something about a third night,—hoping to see you here.
'Twas all such stuff as this, not worth repeating,
In the old Prologue cant; and then at last concludes, thus kindly greeting,
'To you, the critic jury of the pit,
'Our culprit Author does his cause submit:
'With justice, nay, with candour, judge his wit:
'Give him, at least, a patient quiet hearing:
'If guilty, damn him; if not guilty, clear him.'

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Millamour,	MR. GARRICK.
Heartfort,	MR. DELANE.
Mr. Stedfast,	MR. MACKLIN.
Mr. Mutable,	MR. TASWELL.
Young Mutable,	MR. NEALE.
Squeezepurse,	MR. MORGAN.
Brazen,	MR. YATES.
Dr. Crisis,	MR. TURBUTT.

WOMEN.

Clarinda,	MRS. PRITCHARD.
Charlotte,	MRS. WOFFINGTON.
Mrs. Useful,	MRS. MACKLIN.
Mrs. Plotwell,	MRS. CROSS.
Lucina,	MISS BENNET.

Servants, &c.

SCENE, IN LONDON.

THE

WEDDING-DAY.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

SCENE, MILLAMOUR'S *Lodging.*

BRAZEN *asleep on a Chair.*

MILLAMOUR, (*calls several times without*—BRAZEN !)

WHY, you incorrigible rascal, are you not ashamed to sleep at this time of day? Do you think yourself in Spain, sirrah, that thus you go regularly to sleep when others go to dinner?

Braz. [*waking.*] Truly, Sir, I think he that wakes with the owl should rest with him too. Spain! Agad, I should live in the Antipodes, by the hours I am obliged to keep. Nor do I see why the same bell, that rings others to dinner, should not ring me to sleep: for, I thank heaven and your honour, sleep is the only dinner I have had these two days.

Mil. Cease your impertinence, and get things ready to dress me.

Braz. What clothes will your honour please to wear?

Mil. Get me the blue and silver; or stay—the brown and gold. Come back, fetch me the black; that suits best with my present circumstances.

Braz. I fancy the lace suits best with your circumstances. Most people in your honour's circumstances wear lace.

Mil. Harkye, Sir, I have often cautioned you against this familiarity. You must part with your wit, or with your master.

Braz. [*aside*] That's true. If I had any wit, I should have parted with him long ago. No wise servant will live with a master who has turned away his estate.

Mil. Get me the laced—go immediately. Familiarity is a sort of interest which all servants exact from an indebted master: and, as being indebted to a friend is the surest way to make him your enemy, so making your servant your creditor is the surest way of making him your friend.

SCENE II.

Enter BRAZEN, *shewing in* MRS. USEFUL.

Braz. Sir, is your honour at home? Here is Mrs. Useful.

Mil. Sirrah, you know I am at home to my friend, my mistress, and my bawd, at any time.

Mrs. Use. Hoity, toity,—What must I stay at the door, till your worship has considered whether you will see me or not? Do I pass for a beggar or a dun with you? Do you take me for a tradesman with his bill, or a poet with a dedication?

Mil. [*to* Braz.] Do you see what your blunders are the occasion of? Come, my angry fair-one, lay aside the terror of your brows, since it was my servant's fault, not mine.

Mrs. Use. I, who am admitted where a poor woman of quality is excluded!

Mil. I know thou art. Thou art as dear to the women of fashion as their lap-dogs, or to the men as their buffoons.

Mrs. Use. A very civil comparison!

Mil. Thou art the first minister of Venus, the first plenipotentiary in affairs of love, and thy house is the noble scene of the congress of the two sexes. Thou hast united more couples than the alimony-act has parted, and sent more to bed together without a license than any parson of the Fleet.

Mrs. Use. I wish I could have prevented one couple from doing it with a license.

Mil. What, has some notable whore of thy acquaintance turned rebel to thy power, and listed under the banners of Hymen? But be not disconsolate at thy loss.—My life to a farthing she returns to her duty. Whoring is like the mathematics; whoever is once initiated into the science is sure never to leave it.

Mrs. Use. This may probably take your mirth a key or two lower than its present pitch. [*Gives a letter.*

Mil. I hope thou dost not deal with the law. I know no letter can give me any uneasiness, but a letter from an attorney. [*Opens the letter.*] Ha! Stedfast! I know the hand, though not the name.

SIR,

'After your behaviour to me, I might not have been 'strictly obliged to give you any account of my actions: 'however, as it is the last line you will ever see from 'me, I have prevailed with myself to tell you, that 'your course of life has at last determined me to fly 'to any harbour from the danger of you; and accord-'ingly this morning has given me to a man, whose 'estate and sincere affections will, in time, produce 'that love in my heart, which your actions have— 'have—(this is a damn'd hard word) have e-ra-di-ca-ted, 'and make me happy in the name of

'CLARINDA STEDFAST.'

Mrs. Use. What do you think now, Sir?

Mil. Think! that I am the most unhappy of men, and have lost the most charming of women.

Mrs. Use. I always told you what it would come to, but you went still on in your profligate way. It is very true, what religious men tell us, we never know the value of a blessing till we lose it.

Mil. Ay, 'tis very true indeed; for till this hour I never knew the value of Clarinda. [*Reads again.*] Hum! hum! *has given me to a man, whose estate and sincere affection*, by which I am to understand that my rival is some very rich old fellow; two excellent qualifications for a husband and a cuckold, as one could wish.

Mrs. Use. I shall make a faithful report of the philosophy with which you receive the news.

Mil. Oh! could'st thou tell her half my tenderness or my pain, thou must invent a language to express them.

Mrs. Use. Truly, I think you had best set pen to paper, and tell her them yourself.

Mil. I had rather trust to your rhetoric: the paper, I am sure, will carry no more than I put into it; but for thee——

Mrs. Use. If it receives any addition it will not be to your advantage.

Mil. I dare trust thee; thou lovest the game too well to spoil it.

Mrs. Use. It is very strange that a lover will not answer his mistress's letter.

Mil. Oh! no one writes worse than a real lover. For love, like honesty, appears generally most beautiful in the hypocrite. In painting the mind, as well as the face, art generally goes beyond nature.

Mrs. Use. Why, this is all cool reason. I expect

nothing but imprecations, threatening, sighing, lamenting, raving.

Mil. You are mistaken. I act on the marriage of a mistress as on the death of a friend: I strive to the utmost to prevent it. But if fate will have it so—

Mrs. Use. You are a wicked man. You know it hath been in your power to prevent it.

Mil. Yes; but, my dear, I am no more resolute to give up my liberty to the one, than my life to the other: and if nothing but my marriage or my death can preserve them, agad, I believe I shall continue *in statu quo*, be the consequence what it will. [*Knocking.*

Braz. Sir, here's a lady, I don't know whether she comes under any of the titles your honour would have admitted.

Mil. Sirrah,—admit all ladies whatsoever.

Mrs. Use. I'll begone this moment.

Mil. Why so?

Mrs. Use. Oh! I would not be seen with you for the world.

Mil. Out of tenderness for my reputation, I suppose. But that's safe enough with you; and as for your reputation, it is safe enough with any one. Reputation, like the small-pox, gives you but one pain in your life. When you have had the one and lost the other, you may venture with safety where you please.

SCENE III.

MILLAMOUR, MRS. USEFUL, MRS. PLOTWELL.

Mil. Ha!

Mrs. Plot. You seem surprised, Sir: I suppose this is a visit you little expected, though I see it's no unusual thing for you to receive visits from a lady.

Mrs. Use. No, Madam: my cousin Millamour is very happy with the ladies.

Mil. [*to* Plotwell.] I believe, cousin, this is a relation of ours you don't know; give me leave to introduce you to one another. Cousin Useful, this is my cousin Plotwell; cousin Plotwell, this is my cousin Useful. [*The ladies salute.*] But come, relations should never meet with dry lips. Here, Brazen, bring a bottle of Usquebaugh.

Both Wom. Not a drop for me.

Mil. Come, come, it will do you no harm. Well, Cousin, and how did you leave all our relations in the North? Have you brought me no letters?

Mrs. Plot. Only one, Cousin.

Mrs. Use. [*Aside.*] Cousin! this is a sister of mine, I believe; we are both of the same trade, my life on't.

Mil. [*to* Brazen, *who enters with a bottle.*] Sirrah, fill the ladies—do you hear? [*He takes a letter from* Plotwell *and opens it.*

'SIR,

'After so many vows and protestations, I should be 'surprised at the falsehood of any one but so great a 'villain as yourself: but as I have been long since cer-'tain that you have not one virtue in your whole mind, 'that you are a compound of all that is bad, and that 'you are the greatest tyrant, and the falsest and most 'perjured wretch upon earth, I can expect no other. If 'you deserve not this and ten times worse, make haste 'to acquit yourself to the injured, LUCINA.'

Mrs. Plot. Well, Sir, what does my aunt say?

Mil. She is very inquisitive about my health, complains of my not writing. There's no secret in't, I'll read it for your diversion. [*Reads.*

Mrs. Plot. For heaven's sake, Sir, do not discover the secrets of our family.

Mil. 'My dear Nephew, I suppose it is impossible for 'so fine a gentleman, amidst the hurry of the Beau 'Monde, to think of an old aunt in Northumberland; 'yet sure you might some times find an opportunity to 'let one know a little how the world goes.' Pshaw! I'll read no more. These country relations think their friends in town obliged to furnish them with continual matter for the scandal of their tea-tables. Has the old lady no female acquaintance? — They would take as much pleasure in writing defamation as she in reading it. For my part, I'll never trouble myself with others' business till I can mind my own; nor about others' sins till I have left off my own.

Mrs. Use. Which will not be till doomsday, I'm confident.

Mil. Never, while I have the same mind to tempt me to sin, and the same constitution to support me in it. For sins, like places at court, we seldom resign, till we can keep them no longer.

Mrs. Use. And, like places at court, you often keep them when you can't officiate in them.

Mrs. Plot. But I hope you will answer my aunt's letter.

Mil. Not I, faith. Your aunt's letter shall answer itself. Send it back to the old lady again, and write my duty to her on the back of it.

Mrs. Use. You have done your duty to her already, or I am mistaken.

SCENE IV.

MILLAMOUR, USEFUL, MRS. PLOTWELL, BRAZEN.

Braz. Sir, Sir.

Mil. Well, Sir; what, another cousin? Do you hear sirrah, I am at home to no more female relations this morning.

Braz. Sir, Mr. Heartfort is below.

Mil. Desire him to walk up.

Mrs. Plot. But are you resolved not to answer the letter?

Mil. Positively. And, harkye,—tell the enraged fair one she hath made a double conquest: her beauty got the better of my reason, and now her anger hath got the better of my love. Give my humble service to her, and, when she comes to herself again, tell her I am come to myself.

Mrs. Plot. You will repent of your haughtiness, I warrant you. [*Exit.*

Mil. So, there's your dispatch: and now for my other cousin.

SCENE V.

MILLAMOUR, MRS. USEFUL.

Mil. And for you, Madam, give my kindest respects to Mrs. Stedfast. Tell her I will endeavour to efface the lovely idea which Clarinda had formed in my mind since she is now another's. I will pray for her happiness, but must love her no more.

Mrs. Use. And is this all?

Mil. You may carry her this again.—Tell her, I will

have nothing to put me in mind of her——and this kiss, which I send her by you, shall be the last token she shall have to awaken the remembrance of me.

Mrs. Use. Well, you're a barbarous man. But suppose, now, I could procure a meeting between you; suppose I could bring her to you this very day, at your own house——

Mil. Suppose! O, thou dear creature! suppose I gave thee worlds to reward thee!

Mrs. Use. Well, I will suppose you a man of honour, and much may be done. Don't be out of the way. [*Exit.*

Mil. Thus men of business dispatch attendants. And in female affairs, I believe few have more business than myself. The Grand Signior is but a petty prince in love, compared to me. But, though I have disguised my uneasiness before this woman, Clarinda lies deeper in my heart than I could wish. There is something in that dear name gives me a sensation quite different from that of any other woman. The thought of seeing her another's stings me to the very soul.

SCENE VI.

MILLAMOUR, HEARTFORT.

Heart. What, is your levee dispatched? I met antiquated whores going out of your door, as thick as antiquated courtiers from the levee of a statesman, and with as disconsolate faces. I fancy thou hast done nothing for them.

Mil. Thus it will ever be, Jack, where there are a multitude of attendants. The lover no more than the statesman can do every one's business.

Heart. Thou dost as many people's business as any man in town, I dare swear.

Mil. I believe no one tastes more the sweets of love——

Heart. Nor any more its bitters than I. Oh! Millamour, I am the most unhappy of mankind—I have lost the mistress of my soul.

Mil. Ay,——and I have lost two mistresses of my soul.

Heart. The woman I doat on to distraction is to be married this day to another.

Mil. A reprieve, a reprieve, in comparison with my fate! The woman I doat on was married this morning to another.

Heart. Thou knowest not what it is to love tenderly.

Mil. No, faith; not very tenderly—not without a great deal of discretion. Here lies the difference between us: you, Heartfort, have discretion in every thing but love: I have discretion in nothing else. Mine is a true English heart; it is an equal stranger to the heat of the equator and the frost of the pole. Love still nourishes it with a temperate heat, as the sun doth our climate; and beauties rise after beauties in the one, just as fruits do in the other.

Heart. Is it impossible to engage thee to be serious a moment?

Mil. Faith, I believe it would on this subject, if I did not know thy temper.

Heart. The loss of a mistress may indeed seem trifling to thee, who hast lost a thousand.

Mil. The devil take me if I have.—I have found it always much easier to get mistresses, than to lose them. Women would be charming things, Heartfort, if, like clothes, we could lay them by when we are weary of them; since, like clothes, we are often weary of them before they are worn out. But this curse attends a

multiplicity of amours, that a man is sometimes forced to support his whole wardrobe on his back at once.

Heart. My passion, Sir, will not bear raillery.

Mil. I am sorry for it. Raillery is a sort of test to our passions: when they will not bear that, they are dangerous indeed. Therefore I'll indulge your infirmity, and for your sake will be grave on a subject, which I could never be serious on for my own. So, lay open your wound, and I'll give you the best advice I can.

Heart. I am enough acquainted with your temper, Millamour, to know my obligations to you for this compliance. And after all, perhaps my case requires rather your pity than advice; for the last word I had from my mistress was, that she hated me of all men living.

Mil. Hum!—Faith, I think your case requires neither pity nor advice.

Heart. But this is not the most terrible, or time might alter her inclination.

Mil. Hardly, if it be so violent.

Heart. I take its violence to be a reason for its change; but I have a better from experience, for she formerly has told me that she loved me of all men living.

Mil. And what has caused this great revolution in her temper?

Heart. Oh! I defy all philosophy to account for one of her actions. You might easier solve all the phænomena of nature than of her mind. All the insight you can get into her future thoughts by her present is, that what she says to-day she will infallibly contradict to-morrow.

Mil. So, if she promised your rival yesterday, you may depend upon her discarding him to-day.

Heart. But then she has a father, whose resolution is immovable as the predestinarian's fate, who has given

me as positive a denial as his daughter, and is this day determined to bestow her on another, whom he has preferr'd to me.

Mil. For the old reason, I suppose,—because he is richer.

Heart. No, upon my word; for a very new reason, because he is a greater rake. For you must know, that this mighty unalterable will, which is as fixed as the Persian laws, is determined with as little reason as resolutions of some countries which are less stable. In short, Sir, he hath laid it down as a maxim, that all men are wild at one period of life or another; so he resolved never to marry his daughter but to one who hath already passed that period. At last, the young lady's good stars, and his great wisdom, have led him to the choice of Mr. Mutable.

Mil. What, our Mutable!

Heart. The very same — though I have reason to believe she hath as great an aversion for him as for me. There is some other, Millamour, hath supplanted me in her heart, whom I have not yet been able to discover; for to this match she is compelled by her father.

Mil. So you are a stranger to the man she loves; you have only discovered her husband.

Heart. Ten thousand horrors are in that name!

Mil. Hum!——faith, to him I think there may; but if the possession of your mistress's person be all you desire, I can't see how you are a whit the farther from that by this match; and, as to the first favour, I should not be much concerned about that. If a man would keep a coach for my use, I think it is but a small indulgence to let him take the first airing in it.

Heart. Oh! do not trifle. An hour, a minute, a moment's delay may be my ruin. Could I but see her before the marriage, this compulsion of her father's

might throw her into my arms. But he is resolved she shall be married on the same day with himself, and he hath this morning taken a second wife.——Oh! Millamour, thou hast a lively imagination.—Set it at work for thy friend: for, by heaven, I never can have any happiness but in Miss Stedfast's arms.

Mil. Miss Stedfast!—and her father married this morning! O! my friend, if I don't invent for thee, may I never be happy in Mrs. Stedfast's arms.

Heart. What do you mean?

Mil. It is as fixed as your father-in-law's most confirmed will but that he is to be the cuckold of your humble servant. Take courage; the d——l's in't if he robs us of both our mistresses in one day. Mine he has got already,——and much good may she do him.

Heart. Is it possible?

Mil. Ay, faith. This father-in-law of yours that was to be, and that shall be too, hath outstript me in the race, and is gotten to the goal before me.

Heart. You are a happy man, Millamour, who can be so easy in the loss of your mistress.

Mil. Ay, and of a mistress thou hast heard me toast so often, and talk so tenderly, so fondly of—in the loss of Clarinda.

Heart. The d—l! was Miss Lovely your Clarinda?

Mil. Ay, Sir, Miss Lovely, Mrs. Stedfast now, was my Clarinda, and is my Clarinda;—and Miss Stedfast shall be yours.

Heart. Keep but your word there, Millamour.

Mil. Lookye, Heartfort, if she hath a mind to see you, I'll send for an engine that shall convey you thither, in spite of all the fathers in Europe.

Heart. But the time—

Mil. If you will step in with me while I dress, Brazen shall fetch the person immediately. Come, be

not dejected; we shall be too hard for all, I warrant you.

Heart. Yet how do I know but every moment may be the cursed period of my ruin? Perhaps this instant gives her to another.

Mil. It cannot give her inclinations; and, as I have heard thee say, thy mistress hath wit and beauty, depend upon it these qualities will never be confined in the arms of a man she doth not like. Pursue her, and she must fall. Decency may guard her a honeymoon or two, but she will be yours at last. Never think a celebrated beauty, when she is married, is deceased for ever. No, rather imagine her setting in her husband's bed, as poets make the Sun do in that of Thetis;

> Which from our sight retires a while, and then
> Rises and shines o'er all the world again.

ACT II.—SCENE I.

SCENE, LUCINA'S *Lodging.*

LUCINA *and* MRS PLOTWELL.

LUCINA.

DISTRACTION! Send me back my letter! Is not falsehood enough, must he add insult to it? Oh! may eternal furies haunt him! may all the horrors of despair attend his guilt! may he be so wretched that hell itself may sicken with revenge.

Mrs. Plot. And may you be so happy as to have

nothing to do with him! or rather, so wise not to desire it.

Luc. Sure it is impossible. He could not be so great a villain. You never carried him my letter. He, that has sworn so many vows of constancy——

Mrs. Plot. Ha, ha, ha! vows of constancy! that any woman after eighteen should think of these. Vows in love have just the same meaning as compliments in conversation; and it is as ridiculous to believe the man who swears eternal constancy, as to believe him who assures you he is your most obedient humble servant.

Luc. Oh! Plotwell, had I but known thee sooner! had I but known a friend like you, who could have armed my unexperienced soul against the wicked arts of this deceitful man——

Mrs. Plot. Then you would have followed my advice, just as you have done since we were acquainted. Could any one have armed you against the protesting dying lover, who was breathing out daily raptures at your feet, when it is not in your power to prevail against him, even when he has discovered his falsehood?

Luc. Believe me, I could never assure myself of it till now; the whole long year that I expected his return to Paris, though it made me fear his falsehood, still left me room to hope his truth.

Mrs. Plot. We are apt to hope what we desire. But could any woman have reason to expect the return of a lover, after a month had past beyond his promise? Had he intended to have married you, he would have done it before his departure. Marriage, like self-murder, requires an immediate resolution; he that takes time for deliberation will never accomplish either.

Luc. Oh! Plotwell, thou art well skill'd in the wiles of the sex: I wonder thou couldst be deceiv'd.

Mrs. Plot. Yes, Madam, I have paid for my knowledge. Man is that forbidden fruit which we must buy the knowledge of with guilt. He must be tasted to be known; and certain poison is in the taste. Were man to appear what he really is we should fly from him as from a tempestuous sea; or were he to be what he appears, we should be happy in him as in a serene one. They lead us into ruin with the face of angels, and when the door is shut on us exert the devil.

Luc. He must have been a man of uncommon sense who work'd your ruin.

Mrs. Plot. Rather the circumstances of my ruin were uncommon.

Luc. I am surprised that in all our acquaintance, though you have often mentioned your misfortunes, you have carefully avoided entering into the cause of them.

Mrs. Plot. Though the relation be uneasy to me, still, to satisfy your curiosity, and to prevent any solicitations for the future, I will tell you in as few words as I can. In my way to Paris, twenty years ago, I fell acquainted with a young gentleman, who appeared to be an officer in the army. He continued our fellow-traveller on the road, and, after our arrival at Paris, took lodgings in the same house with us. I was then young and unskill'd, and too ready to listen to the flattery of a lover. In short, he employed all his art to convince me of his passion, to make an impression on that heart which was too weakly armed to resist him. He succeeded,——and I was undone.

Luc. I can't find any thing uncommon in these circumstances; for I was undone just the same way myself.

Mrs. Plot. After a month spent in our too fatal and too guilty joys he suddenly eloped from Paris, and from that time I never saw him more.

Luc. But could any thing be so strange as your staying twenty years in Paris without seeking after him?

Mrs. Plot. I heard the same year he was slain at the battle of Belgrade. But I think it much more strange in you, after staying a year at Paris, to come a hunting after your lover. For a woman to pursue is for the hare to follow the hounds; a chase opposite to the order of nature, and can never be successful. A woman is as sure of not overtaking the lover who flies from her as of being overtaken by a lover who flies after her.

Luc. Well, I'm resolved to see him. If I reap no other advantage from it I shall have at least the pleasure of thundering my injuries in his ear.

Mrs. Plot. The usual revenge of an injured mistress. If nature had not granted us the benefit of venting our passions at our tongues and our eyes, the injury and falsehood of mankind would destroy above half our sex.

SCENE II. *The Street.*

MILLAMOUR, HEARTFORT, BRAZEN.

Mil. Your calling on me was lucky enough; you could have been directed to none properer for your purpose than this woman: for though her body will scarce go through the door, yet she has dexterity enough to go through the key-hole. But let me tell you that dexterity must be put in motion by gold, or it will remain in rest.

Heart. She shall not want that. When my Charlotte's at stake, fortune or life are trifles to the adventurer.

Mil. Well, for a sober grave man of sense, thou art something violent in thy passion. I always thought love as foreign to a speculative man as religion to an atheist.

Heart. Perhaps it may: for I believe the atheist is as often insincere in his contempt of religion as the other in his contempt of woman. There are instances of men who have professed themselves despisers of both, that have at length been found kneeling at their shrines.

Mil. Those are two things I never intend to trouble my head about the theory of——I shall content myself with the practice——

Heart. With the practice of one, I dare swear.

Mil. In my youth I believe I shall; and for being old, I desire it not. I would have the fires of life and love go out together. What is life worth without pleasure? And what pleasure is there out of the arms of a mistress? All other joys are dreams to that. Give me the fine, young, blooming girl,—cheeks blushing, —eyes sparkling. Give me her, Heartfort——

Heart. Take her with all my heart. Come, Mr. Brazen, you are to conduct me another way.

Mil. You are too soon for Mrs. Useful's appointment.

Heart. No matter—here is one coming I would avoid.

Mil. Ha! your rival. Nay, you have no reason to be angry with him: you tell me he is as averse to the match as yourself: you cannot expect he should be disinterested out of complaisance.

Heart. It is for that reason I would avoid him. I am not master enough of my passions; besides, I hate lying and impertinence; I can't bear to hear a fellow run on with his intimacy with this duke and that lord, whom he has never spoke to, and, perhaps, never seen.

Mil. A more innocent vanity at least than the boasting of favours from women, though with truth, as I have known some men of sense do; which is a vanity indulged at the expense of another's reputation.

Heart. Faith, and I take the other to be equally as destructive of reputation; for I can't see why it should

more reflect on a woman to be great with a man of sense, than on a man of sense to be great with a fool.

Mil. Pshaw!—thou art as serious in thy criticisms on life as a dull critic on the Drama. I prefer laughing sometimes at a farce and a fool to being entertained with the most regular performances, or the conversation of men of the best sense.

Heart. In my opinion, laughing at fools is engaging them at their own weapons; for a fool always laughs at those who laugh at him, nay, and oftener gets the laugh of his side, because there are in the world abundance of fools to one who is otherwise. In short, it is as dangerous to ridicule folly any where openly, as to speak against Mahometanism in Turkey, or Popery in Rome. But he is here——Good-morrow.

SCENE III.

MILLAMOUR, HEARTFORT, MUTABLE, BRAZEN.

Mut. Nay, 'foregad, Heartfort, you shall not run away from me—Pox take your mistress, I would not lose a friend for all the sluts in town—Pshaw! they are plenty enough—If thou can'st persuade my father off the match I did not care if the devil had her.

Heart. Harkye, Sir, on your life, do not utter a profane word of her.

Mut. Well then, I wish you had her, or the devil had her—it's equal to me.—'Tis so difficult to please you—I must like her, and I must not like her.

Mil. Ay, Mutable, to content a passionate lover is as difficult as to sail between Scylla and Charybdis: you must fall into one extreme or other.

Heart. Though I would have Charlotte only mine, yet I could not bear to hear her slighted by another.

Mil. Well, Mutable, doth this early sally of yours proceed from having been in bed early, or from not being in bed at all?

Mut. Not at all, agad.—That Lord Bouncer is an everlasting sitter.

Mil. Who had you with you?

Mut. There was myself, three lords, two baronets, four whores, and a justice of peace. His worship, indeed, did not sit late; he was obliged to go home at three to take a nap, to be sober at the sessions——

Mil. And punish wickedness and debauchery.

Mut. Millamour, was you ever in company with my Lord Grig?——He is the merriest dog—We had such diversion between him and the Duke of Fleet-street—Ha, ha, ha! says the Duke to me—Jack Mutable, says he—ha, ha, ha; what do you think of my Lord Grig? Why, my Lord Duke, says I, what of my Lord Grig? Why, says my Lord Duke again, he is damnably in love with my Lady Piddle.——You know my Lady Piddle, Millamour—she is a prude, you know; and that puts me in mind of what Sir John Gubble told me t'other day at White's.

Heart. Death and damnation! This is insupportable. Come, Mr. Brazen——

SCENE IV.

MILLAMOUR, MUTABLE.

Mut. White's—Now I mention White's, I must send an excuse to my Lord Goodland. He invited me two days ago, to dine with him to-day.

Mil. Two days ago!——why he went into the country a week since.

Mut. Nay, then Sir Charles Wiseall was mistaken, for

he delivered me the message yesterday; which is a little strange, methinks.

Mil. Ay, faith, it is very strange; for he has been in Scotland this fortnight.

Mut. How!

Mil. It is even so, I assure you.

Mut. Then, as sure as I am alive, I dreamt all this. O! but may I wish you joy yet? They tell me you are going to be married.

Mil. Who told you so?

Mut. Hum!——that I can't remember. It was either the Duchess of Houlborn, or Lady Chatter, or Lady Scramble, or———

Mil. No, you dreamt it; a sure sign it will not happen.

Mut. Heyday! Where's Heartfort gone?

Mil. He can't bear a successful rival.

Mut. Poor devil! I pity him heartily. And I pity myself; for, I protest, I am as sorry at winning her as he can be at losing her.

Mil. But, is there no way of persuading the old gentleman off?

Mut. Odd! here he comes. Prithee, do try; let me call you my Lord, and it will give you more weight with him; for he takes a lord to be as infallible as the pope.

Mil. Ay, is he so fond of quality?

Mut. Oh! most passionately. You must know he hesitates even at this match on that account; nay, I believe notwithstanding her fortune, he would prefer a woman of quality for his daughter-in-law, though she was not worth a groat.

Mil. Ha? 'Sdeath! I have a thought—but mum—he's here.

SCENE V.

OLD MUTABLE, YOUNG MUTABLE, MILLAMOUR.

Old Mut. Ha! Jacky, have I found you out at last? It is so long since I was in town, I had almost lost myself. But, harkye,——who's that fine gentleman? Hey!

Young Mut. O! one of the lords I told you I converse with—an intimate acquaintance of mine. I'll introduce you to him, Sir. My Lord, this is my father, my Lord——

Old Mut. At your lordship's service, my Lord.

Mil. Sir, I am exceedingly glad to see you in town.

Old Mut. I am exceedingly obliged to your lordship —My Lord, I am vastly unworthy so great an honour.

Young Mut. You will excuse my father, my Lord: as he has lived in the country most of his time, he does not make quite so fine a bow as we do.

Old Mut. My son says true, my Lord. I have lived most of my time in the country, the greater my misfortune, and my father's crime, my Lord. But, I thank my stars, my son cannot charge me with stinting his education. Alas! my Lord, it must be done betimes. A man can never be sent into the world too soon. What can they learn at schools or universities?——No, no, I sent my boy to town, at sixteen, and allowed him wherewithal to keep the best company. And, I thank my stars, I have lived to see him one of the finest gentlemen of his age.

Young Mut. Ah! dear Sir, your most obedient humble servant.

Mil. It is owing, Sir, to such wise parents as you that

the present age abounds with such fine gentlemen as it does. Our dull forefathers were either rough soldiers, pedantic scholars, or clownish farmers. And it was as difficult to find a fine gentleman among us then as it is a true Briton among us now.

Old Mut. I am very proud, my Lord, to find my son in such company as your lordship's.

Mil. Dear Sir, the honour is on my side, I assure you.

Old Mut. 'Sbud! Your men of quality are the civilest sort of people upon earth.

Mil. And, I believe, my sister is of the same opinion.

Young Mut. His sister! [*Aside.*

Old Mut. I am extremely bound to your good lordship.

Mil. I see you are shy of speaking; but I do not at all think it beneath the honour of my house to marry into a worthy family with a competent estate, though there be no title.

Old Mut. My Lord!

Mil. And since my sister has condescended to receive the addresses of your son I shall not oppose the match.

Old Mut. I am surprised, my Lord——

Mil. Nay, Sir, you cannot be surprised; for certainly Mr. Mutable has more honour than to have proceeded so far without acquainting you.

Old Mut. O, yes, my Lord, he has acquainted me—— Yes, my Lord, I have been acquainted indeed——But the honour was so great that I could scarce believe it.

Young Mut. [*Aside.*] This is not the first woman I have been in love with, without seeing.

Old Mut. O, fie upon you, Jacky, why did you not tell me of this?—I'll go break off the other match this moment. My Lord, I cannot express the very grateful sentiments I have of this great honour, my Lord——

Mil. I shall be glad to see you at my house; in the

mean time, Mr. Mutable may have as free access to my sister as he pleases.

Young Mut. Dear my Lord, I am your most obedient humble servant.

Old Mut. I and mine, my Lord, are eternally obliged to your goodness; and I hope my son is as sufficiently sensible as myself. I will just go do a little business, and then, Jacky, I'll come to this place, and you shall carry me to wait on his lordship. Be sure to be here, or I shall not be able to find you. In the mean time I am your lordship's very obedient, devoted, humble servant, to command.

SCENE VI.

MILLAMOUR, MUTABLE.

Mil. Well, have I not managed the old gentleman finely?—

Young Mut. Yes; but, as my Lord Twitter says, how shall we carry it on?

Mil. That I am thinking. Suppose I get somebody to personate my sister—I see your father is of a good, easy, credulous disposition, and not altogether so inflexible as your father-in-law——

Young Mut. No, hang him; he never kept a resolution two minutes in his life. He is the very picture of my Lord Shatterbrain; and you know my Lord Shatterbrain is very famous for breaking his word. I have made forty engagements with him and he never kept one;—then, the next time we met,—Jack Mutable, says he, I know you'll pardon me—I have such a memory—but there's Sir George Goose has just such another too—but George is a comical dog, that's the truth on't——There was he, and I, and the Duke——

Mil. Harkye, I have thought how the thing shall be conducted. Heartfort's house shall pass for mine; thither do you bring your father; you shall find a lady ready to receive you. But you must remember to behave to her as if you were old acquaintance. I will instruct her how to answer you. So, go now, and expect your father, and remember to give me the title of Lord Truelove.

Young Mut. Agad, I din'd with Sir John Truelove about four days ago; and how many bottles do you think we sat?

Mil. Twenty dozen, if you will.

Young Mut. No, faith, not that—not that quite. I brought off four to my own share though; and so drunk was my Lord Puzzle—ha, ha, ha! and so mad——

Mil. But if thou art not quite drunk or mad thyself, prithee do mind thy business; for if you stay one moment longer I'll fling up the affair.

Young Mut. I go, I go. My Lord Truelove, your servant. 'Foregad, Sir John is one of the merriest dogs in Christendom.

SCENE VII.

MILLAMOUR *solus.*

Go thy way, Guillim display'd—Thou catalogue of the nobility—'Sdeath, I fancy 'tis the vanity of such fools as this that makes men proud of a title, without any other merit. Now, if I can but match this spark with my Northumberland Cousin, I shall handsomely be quit of a troublesome relation—And, faith, I think the arms of a rich fool are a sort of hospital, proper to every woman who has worn out her reputation in the service.

SCENE VIII.

SCENE, MRS. STEDFAST'S *House.*

CHARLOTTE, *speaking to* MRS. USEFUL, *who goes out and returns with* HEARTFORT.

Well, well, tell the wretch, I will see him, to give him another final answer, since he will have it. Poor creature! how little he suspects who is his rival!—— Oh! Millamour, thou hast given this heart of mine more sighs in one week, than it ever felt before——nay, than it hath ever made any other feel. How shall I let him know my passion, or how avoid this match intended for me by my father! Well, Sir, how often must I tell you, I won't have you, I can't have you?

Heart. Madam, as you have often told me the contrary, I think you should give some reason why you will not have me.

Char. I tell you a reason—I hate you.

Heart. I might expect a better reason for that hate than the violence of my love.

Char. O! the best reason in the world. I hate every thing that is ridiculous, and there is nothing so ridiculous as a real lover.

Heart. Methinks, gratitude might produce the highest affection.

Char. Your humble servant, sweet Sir——Gratitude! ——that implies an obligation; but how am I obliged to you for loving me? I did not ask you to love me—did I?—I can't help your loving me; and if one was to have every one that loves one, one must have the whole town.

Heart. Can my torments make you merry, Madam?

Char. O! no, certainly; for you must know, I am extravagantly good-natur'd! Nor can you yourself say, that I have not begg'd you to get off the rack: but you would have me take you off in my arms, like an odious ridiculous creature as you are.

Heart. Give me my reason again; untie me from the magic knot you have bound me in; for, whilst you hold me fast within your chains, 'tis barbarous to bid me to take my freedom.

Char. Chains!—sure being in love is something like being in the galleys; and a lover, like other slaves, is the subject of no other passion but pity: Nay, they are even more contemptible——they are mere insects. One gives being to thousands with a smile, and takes it away again with a frown. A celebrated physician might as well grieve at the death of every patient as a celebrated toast at the death of every lover: and then it would be impossible for either of them ever to have dry eyes.

Heart. Come, come, Madam; the world are not at all so deaf to reason as I am. There are those who can see your faults, though I can't—can weigh affectation against beauty, and ill-nature against wit.

Char. They are inseparable. No one has beauty without affectation, nor wit without ill-nature. But lovers, you know, only see perfections. All things look white to love, as they do yellow to the jaundice.

Heart. This cool insensibility is worse than rage.

Char. It would be cruel indeed to add to the fire. I would extinguish your passion, Sir, since this is the last time it can blaze in public without prejudice to my reputation.

Heart. Sure, you can't resolve to marry a fool?

Char. I can resolve to be dutiful to a parent, and run any risk rather than that of my fortune. In short, Mr. Heartfort, could you have prevailed with my father, you

might have prevailed with me. I liked you well enough to have obeyed my father, but not to disobey him.

Heart. Was that the affection you had for a man who would have sacrificed himself and the whole world to you?

SCENE IX.

CLARINDA, CHARLOTTE, HEARTFORT.

Cla. Fie! Charlotte, how can you use him so barbarously? Poor Heartfort! I protest I pity you sincerely.

Char. Indeed, Clarinda,—— for I shall never call you mother——I am come to an age, wherein I shall not follow your advice in disposing of myself: nor am I more forward to ask your opinion, than you was to ask mine, when you married my father.

Cla. My dear Charlotte, you shall never have more cause to repent my marriage than I believe you would have to repent your own with this gentleman.

Heart. My life, Madam, is a poor sacrifice to such goodness.

Char. Dear creature! if the old gentleman your husband was here, you would make him jealous on his wedding-day.—Besides, it is barbarous in you to blame me, for he hath taken a resolution to give me to Mr. Mutable; and you know, or you will know before you have been married to him long, that when once he hath resolved on any thing, it is impossible to alter him.

SCENE X.

STEDFAST, HEARTFORT, CLARINDA.

Sted. Heyday! What's here to do? I thought I had forbidden you my house. Am I not master of my own house?

Heart. No, Sir, nor ever will while you have two such fine ladies in it.

Sted. Sir, if I had two empresses in it, my word should be a law.—And I can tell you, Sir, I will have blunderbusses in it, and constables too, if I see you in it any more.

Cla. Nay, pray, my dear, do not try to shock him more; Charlotte hath used him ill enough already.

Sted. Harkye, Madam, my dear, I must give you a piece of advice on your wedding-day—Never offer to interrupt me, nor presume to give your opinion in any thing till asked—if nature hath made any thing in vain, it is the tongue of woman. Women were designed to be seen and not heard; they were formed only to please our eyes.

Char. You will be singularly happy, my dear, with a husband who marries to please no sense but his eyes.

Cla. I do not doubt being as happy with him as I desire.

Sted. This is another thing I must warn you of—never to whisper in my presence.—Whispering no one uses but with an ill design. I made a resolution against whispering at sixteen, and have never whispered since.

Heart. Yes, Sir, and if you had made a resolution to hang yourself others would have been equally obliged to follow the example.

Sted. I wish you would resolve to go out of my doors, Sir; or I shall take a resolution which may not please you. Madam, if you have not given this gentleman a final discharge already, do it now.

Char. You hear, Sir, what my father says, therefore I desire you would immediately leave us, and not think of returning again.

Heart. Not certain death should deter me from obeying your commands; nor would that sentence, pronounced

from any other lips, give me as much pain, as this banishment from yours. [*Exit.*

SCENE XI.

STEDFAST, CLARINDA, CHARLOTTE.

Cla. Go thy ways, for a pretty fellow.

Sted. Go thy ways, for an hypocrite. We shall have that fellow turn rake at forty. The seeds of raking are in him, and one time or other they will break out. Rakery is a disease in the blood, which every man is born with; and the sooner it shews itself, the better.

Char. But I hope, Sir, since I have complied with your commands in dispatching one lover, you will comply with my desires in delaying my alliance with another.

Sted. As for that, you may be very easy: so you are married to-day, I care not what hour.

Char. Why to-day, Sir?

Sted. Because I have resolved it, Madam.

Char. One day sure would make no difference.

Sted. Madam, I have said it.

Cla. Let me intercede for so short a reprieve.

Sted. I am fixed.

Char. Consider, my whole happiness is at stake.

Sted. If the happiness of the world was at stake, I would not alter my resolution. [Servant *enters.*

Serv. Sir, Mr. Mutable is below.

Sted. Show him up. Go you two in.—Daughter, be sure and make yourself ready. I have not yet resolved the hour of marrying you, but it shall be this afternoon; for I am determined to keep both our wedding suppers together.

SCENE XII.

STEDFAST, OLD MUTABLE.

Sted. Mr. Mutable, your servant. Odso! where's the bridegroom?—He is a little too backward for a young fellow: the bride has reason to take it amiss.

Old Mut. Nay, Mr. Stedfast, if she or you take any thing amiss, we cannot help that.

Sted. Pugh! I was in jest with thee: She shall take nothing amiss, for I am resolved on the match.

Old Mut. Truly, I am sorry for it.

Sted. Ha! sorry—for what?

Old Mut. Since it must be known, what signifies hesitation?—My son is pre-engag'd, Sir.

Sted. How, Sir, pre-engag'd!

Old Mut. Yes, Sir, to a young lady of beauty and fortune—and, what is more, a lady of quality. I assure you, Sir, I did not know one word of it when our bargain was made; which I am sorry for, and heartily ask your pardon.

Sted. And is this the manner you treat me in, after I have refused such offers for your son's sake?

Old Mut. The match was none of my own choice; but if quality will drop into one's lap——

Sted. Ay, quality may drop into your lap or your pocket either, and not make them one bit the heavier—And pray, who is this great lady of quality?

Old Mut. I know nothing more of her than that she is a lord's sister.

Sted. Hath she no name, then?

Old Mut. Yes, Sir, I suppose she hath a name, though I don't know it.

Sted. And pray, Sir, what's her fortune?

Old Mut. I don't know that either.

Sted. Your very humble servant, Sir—I honour your profundity: If the lady's quality be equal to your wisdom, Goatham and Fleet-street will be in strict alliance—Sir, I admire your son; for though it is probable he may get nothing by the bargain, I find he has sense enough to outwit his father; and he may laugh at you, while all the world laughs at him.

Old Mut. What do you mean, Sir?

Sted. Stay till your daughter be brought home, she will explain my meaning, I warrant you—she will bring you both extremes, my life on't—Quality in the kennel, and fortune in the air.

Old Mut. Hum? if it should prove so—Sir, the match is not completed.

Sted. No, Sir; you are very capable of breaking it off, we see—— [Servant *enters.*

Serv. Sir, the lawyer is come with the writings.

Sted. He may cancel them if he pleases, and hang himself when he has done.

Old Mut. Stay, Sir, I am not determined in this affair——

Sted. Nor in any, I am sure—but I am; and you must give up your pretensions one way or other this moment.

Old Mut. Then I stand by the securest—So desire the lawyer to walk in—I hope you will forgive me, Mr. Stedfast, what's past.

Sted. Ay, Sir, more for my own sake than yours; for had I not resolved on the match, I might have taken other measures.

SCENE XIII.

OLD MUTABLE, STEDFAST, PRIG.

Old Mut. Come, Sir, I am ready to sign articles.

Sted. Where's Mr. Squeezepurse, your master?

Prig. Sir, my master is busy, he could not wait on you, but I can do it as well.

Sted. Sir, I am the best judge of that—I have resolved never to sign any thing without your master.

Prig. It is the very same thing, I assure you—The writings are fully drawn, and any witness may do as well as my master.

Sted. Your master is a negligent puppy, and uses me doubly ill—first, in staying away, and then in sending such an impertinent coxcomb to dispute with me.

Old Mut. I believe, Mr. Stedfast, we may do it.

Sted. Excuse me, Sir, I shall not alter my resolves—Therefore go to your master and tell him to come to me immediately; for I will not sign without him, that I am resolv'd.

Old Mut. In the meanwhile, I'll step just by, and call my son, that we may meet with no further interruption.

[Servant *enters.*

Serv. Sir, the tailor hath sent word, that he cannot finish the new liveries till to-morrow morning.

Sted. Then, Sir, go and give my humble service to the tailor, and tell him to send them half done or undone; for I am resolved to have them put on to-day, though they are thrown like blankets over their shoulders, and my equipage should look like the retinue of a Morocco ambassador.

ACT III.—SCENE I.

SCENE, *the Street.*

HEARTFORT, MILLAMOUR, MUTABLE.

HEARTFORT.

THOUGH I fear my fortune desperate, yet is my obligation infinite to you, my dear Millamour, for this trouble.

Mut. And to me too.——Agad, I have run the hazard of being disinherited on your account——As for the wife, the loss is not great; but I have a real value for the estate.

Mil. Come, faith, Heartfort, thou must confess thyself obliged to him: he hath done what is in his power——

Heart. I thank him—And, in return, Mutable, let me give you a piece of advice. Leave off that ridiculous quality of pretending an acquaintance with men of fashion, whom thou hast never seen, for two reasons: First, no one believes you; nor, if you were believed, would any one esteem you for it; because all the prize-fighters, jockeys, gamesters, pimps, and buffoons in England have the same honour——

Mut. Ha, ha, ha! this is very merry, very facetious, faith—Agad, Millamour, if I did not know that Heartfort keeps the best company, I should think him envious.

Mil. I rather think his ambition lies quite the opposite way; for I have seen him walking at high Mall with a fellow in a dirty shirt, and a wig unpowder'd.

Mut. Auh! what a couple of distinguishing qualifications he chose to appear in the Mall with!—

Heart. And the man he means happens to have qualifi-

cations very seldom seen in the Mall or any where else——

Mut. Ay, prithee what are these?

Heart. Virtue, and good sense.

Mut. Ha, ha, ha! virtue and good sense; no powder and dirty linen—Four fine accomplishments for an old philosopher to live upon——

Mil. Ay, or for a modern philosopher to starve with —But, mum—Remember who I am.

SCENE II.

OLD MUTABLE, YOUNG MUTABLE, HEARTFORT, MILLAMOUR.

Mil. So, Sir, you are expeditious; and now, if you please, I am ready to wait upon you——

Old Mut. I am unwilling to give your lordship any further trouble; for I find, my Lord, that matters are too far gone to be broke off now—So I thank your lordship for the honour you intended me. But the boy must be married to his former mistress—

Heart. Ha! [*Aside.*

Mil. What's this, Sir?

Old Mut. In short, my Lord, I have as great an honour for quality as any man; but there are things to be considered—Quality is a fine thing, my Lord, but it does not pay debts.

Young Mut. Faith, you are mistaken there, father, for it does.

Mil. I little thought this consideration would have expos'd my sister to an affront—You are the last commoner I shall offer her to, I assure you—Perhaps you may repent this refusal——

Young Mut. Dear Sir, consider——Your son's happiness, grandeur, fortune, all are at stake.

Mil. Now the affair is over, Sir, I shall tell you, that my sister was not only secure of a fortune much larger than Mr. Stedfast's daughter; but, as I have resolved against marriage, my fortune and title too must have descended to your son.

Old Mut. Hey!—And should I have seen my Jacky a lord—Should I have had a lord ask my blessing?—And a set of young lords and ladies my grand children? Should this old crab-tree stock have seen such noble grafted fruit spreading on its branches?—O my good dear Lord, I ask pardon on my knees—Forgive the foolish caution of a fearful old man.

Mil. My honour, my honour forbids——

Old Mut. O dear sweet, good, my Lord.——Let pity melt your honour to forgiveness.

Heart. Let me intercede, Sir.

Old Mut. If your honour must have a sacrifice, let my fault be paid by my punishment. Tread upon my neck, my Lord. Do any thing to me. But do not let me bar my son's way to happiness.

Mil. The strictest honour is not required to be inexorable. I shall content myself therefore with inflicting on you a moderate punishment. Whereas I intended to pay the fortune down before marriage; I now will do it afterwards.

Old Mut. Whenever your lordship pleases. I will give one thorough rebuff to Mr. Stedfast, and return instantly.—Jacky, stay, stay you here, and expect me, to conduct me to his lordship. My Lord, I am your lordship's most obedient humble servant. [*Exit.*

Mil. This succeeds to our wish. I think I'll e'en play the parson myself, and marry you in jest.

Young Mut. But I shall not play the husband, I thank you.

Mil. Pshaw—in jest.

Young Mut. Hum, I take matrimony to be no jest.

Mil. And I take it to be the greatest jest in nature. When the old gentleman comes, Heartfort, do you take him to your house, which must pass for my Lord Truelove's; thither will I bring the lady with the utmost expedition. But remember to give a particular order to all your servants that your name is Truelove.

Heart. If you would have me stay with you, in the mean time, I must have no lords. Nay, I will not allow you a baronet. Not even a plain Sir, though he was knighted but last week, and hath not paid his fees yet.

Young Mut. Well, well, you shall be humoured, though I am at work for your service.

SCENE III.

SCENE, STEDFAST'S *House.*

CLARINDA, MRS. USEFUL.

Cla. To leave my husband's house on my wedding-day? And visit a gallant? I'll never consent to it—

Use. Then there's a pretty fellow gone to his forefathers.

Cla. No, tell the barbarous man, undone as he is, I would have consented to any other portion with him than dishonour. Tell him, he hath forc'd me to the fatal resolution I have taken; for, to avoid him, was my first cause of marriage; and tell him, in that hour I gave my hand to Mr. Stedfast, I resolved never to see him more.

Use. The devil take me if I do. You may send another messenger. I'll have no hand in his death. I always had a natural antipathy to murder — Poor

dear, pretty, handsome young fellow—Go—you are a cruel creature!—Oh! had you seen how he sigh'd, and sobb'd, and groan'd, and kiss'd your letter, and call'd you by all the tenderest, softest names; then shed such a shower of tears upon the paper; then kiss'd it again, and swore he had lost his soul in you—Oh! it would have melted rocks, could they have seen it.

Cla. Why wilt thou torment me to no purpose?

Use. It is your own fault if it be to no purpose.

Cla. What can I do?

Use. What can you do?—that any woman after eighteen should ask that question—What can you do? Methinks charity should tell you, if your heart was not deaf to every thing that is good. When a fine handsome young fellow is the beggar, what woman can want charity?

Cla. I have no more to give—My all is now my husband's; nor can I, without injuring him, bestow——

Use. Your husband!—You are enough to make me mad—Injure your husband!—You may as well think you injure your chest when you take the money out of it—And would you be lock'd up all your life in that old fusty chest, the arms of your husband?

Cla. Ha! Doth it become thee to rail against my husband, who hast employ'd all thy vile rhetoric to persuade me to receive him?

Use. To receive him as a husband I did,—and I now persuade you to make a husband of him.

Cla. O, villain! What hast urged thee to use me as thou dost? Didst thou not first entice me to leave my convent, and fly to England with that monster Millamour?——And then didst thou not, with the same diligence, intreat me to this marriage? And now——

Use. What allegations are here? I own I advised you to quit a religion I thought not consistent with the

health of your soul, and fly to the arms of a man I thought loved you. When I thought he did not love you, I advised you to leave him—And now I find he does love you, I advise you to return to him again.

Cla. What! with the loss of my honour!

Use. The loss of your honour! No, no—You may keep your honour still; for every woman hath it till she is discovered.

Cla. Name it to me no more.

Use. At least you may see him—there's no dishonour in that.

Cla. I dare not think of it.

Use. E'en do it without thinking of it—Let the poor man owe the continuing of his life to my entreaties.

Cla. Oh! he hath a more powerful advocate within me.

Use. Well—I'll fly with the happy news.

Cla. Stay—I cannot resolve.

Use. That's enough——She, that can't resolve against her lover, always resolves for him.

Cla. Well—I will take one dear last draught of ruin from his eyes—and then bid them farewell for ever.

SCENE IV. *The Street.*

CHARLOTTE *disguised.*

Here am I fairly escaped from my father's house—— And now, what to do, or whither to go, I know not. If I return, I know the positiveness and passionateness of his temper too well, to leave me any hopes of avoiding the match he is resolv'd on—If I do not, I dread the consequences. Suppose I find Millamour out, and acquaint him with my passion — I'll die sooner — If

Heartfort were here this moment, I believe I should not refuse him any longer—Ah!

SCENE V.

MILLAMOUR, CHARLOTTE.

Mil. Pox on my rashness in discharging the good mother this morning—I shall never be able to find Lucina—I must get another—Ha! What hath fortune sent us? A woman in a mask—I suppose she doth it to hide the small-pox, or some cursed deformity——But hang it, she may pass for a woman of quality, for all that. Agad, I'll attack her, and if I mistake not, she expects it. At least she doth not threaten to run away. —Madam, your most obedient, humble servant—I presume by your present posture, that your mask gives you an advantage over me—That I have the honour of being known to you—

Char. You may depend on it, Sir, it is to my advantage to cover my face by my doing it—And I conceive it would be to your advantage to wear a mask too.

Mil. I'll excuse you abusing my face, while you abuse your own—Nor do I believe you in earnest in either; for I see, by your eyes, that you like me; and I am pretty confident you like yourself.

Char. Indeed, if Mr. Millamour is so fully persuaded of the former, I think he may without any ill opinion of my modesty suspect the latter.

Mil. Hum! My name too—

Char. I hope you have not the worse opinion of yourself from my knowing it.

Mil. No, my dear—nor much the better of you, I can

tell you. Harkye, child, I find thou art some old acquaintance of mine; and as those are a set of people whom I am always glad to serve, I will make thy fortune.

Char. Now I fancy you don't think me an old acquaintance: for, if I was, you must be assured I know that it is not in your power.

Mil. Why, truly, Madam, I am not worth as many Indies as I would bestow on your dear sex, if I had 'em —But, in this affair, I am not to be the principal, but only a sort of agent—or, to speak in your own language, the bawd.

Char. Well, Sir.

Mil. And if you can but act the part of a woman of quality for one half hour, I believe I shall put it into your power to act one as long as you live.

Char. What! have you a man of quality to dispose of?

Mil. No; but I have what many a man of quality would be glad to dispose of. I have a great fortune for you; and that with it which many a woman of quality hath to dispose of.

Char. What's that, pray?

Mil. A fool!

Char. Oh! you won't want customers; but you and I, I find, shall not agree; for we happen to deal in the same wares.

Mil. But mine is a man-fool, Madam.

Char. And so is mine, Sir——but let us waive that; for I will give him to any one who will have him. The fortune is what concerns me most. Do you know any one in whose hands I could place ten thousand pounds with safety?

Mil. Nay, prithee don't trifle; if you will come with me, and act your part well, you shall be mistress of four times that sum, within these two hours. You shall have

a husband with those two great matrimonial qualities, rich and a fool.

Char. Ay, and what is his name?

Mil. What signifies his name? Will you have a rich fool for a husband, Madam, or no? This must be some very vulgar slut, by her hesitation.

Char. No, Sir, I don't want riches, and I hate a fool.

Mil. Then, your servant. I must go find somebody that will. If I had but time on my hands, I should find many a woman of fashion would be glad to be Mrs Mutable.

Char. Ha! stay, Sir (this may be a lucky adventure, at least, it must be a pleasant one), if I had known Mr. Mutable was the gentleman——

Mil. Well, Mr. Mutable is the gentleman.

Char. O, heavens! My father. I shall be discovered.

Mil. Come, Madam, we have not a moment to lose. Step to my lodgings, and receive instructions.

Char. Well, Sir, I have so good an opinion of your honour, that I will trust myself with you.

Mil. My honour is most infinitely obliged to your confidence, dear Madam.

SCENE VI.

STEDFAST, OLD MUTABLE.

Sted. Forgive indeed! Why, a man may as well determine which way a weathercock shall stand this day fortnight, by its present situation, as he can what you will think an hour hence, by what you think now. A windmill, or a woman's heart, are firm as rocks in comparison of you.

Mut. I own he did over-persuade me; but, pardon me this time, and I will immediately fetch the boy, and matters shall be dispatched.

Sted. Hum!

Mut. Come, come, you cannot blame me. Who would not marry his son to a woman of quality?

Sted. Who would not? I would not, Sir. If I had resolved to marry my daughter to a cobler, I would not alter my resolution, to see her a-bed with the Emperor of Germany.

Mut. All men, Mr. Stedfast, are not so firm in their resolutions as you are.

Sted. More shame for them, Sir. I am now in the fiftieth year of my age, and never broke one resolution in my life yet.

Mut. Good lack! I am some years older than you are, and never made a resolution in my life yet.

Sted. Well, Sir, I see your son coming: I will prepare my daughter. But, pray observe me. Make one resolution. If you change your mind again before they are married, they shall never be married at all, that I am resolved.

Mut. [*Aside.*] This is a bloody positive old fellow. What a brave, absolute prince he'd make! I'll warrant he'd chop off the heads of two or three thousand subjects, sooner than break his word. I must not anger him any more.

SCENE VII.

OLD MUTABLE, YOUNG MUTABLE, HEARTFORT.

Old Mut. Come, Jacky, you must along with me: Mr. Stedfast and I are agreed at last.

Young Mut. And disappoint his lordship, Sir?

Old Mut. Don't tell me of his lordship. I have taken a resolution to see you married immediately: and married you shall be.

Heart. Confusion!

Young Mut. Dear Sir.

Old Mut. Sir, I tell you I have taken a resolution: so follow me, as you expect my blessing.

Young Mut. Heartfort, for heaven's sake stop him.

Heart. 'Sdeath! I'll stop him, or perish in the attempt.

SCENE VIII.

SCENE, MILLAMOUR'S *Lodging.*

BRAZEN *alone, with an opera book in his hand.*

Well, I cannot come into the opinion of the town about this last opera. It is too light for my goût. Give me your solemn, sublime music. But pox take their taste: I scarce know five footmen in town who can distinguish. The rascals have no ear, no judgment. I would as soon ask a set of country squires what they liked. I remember the time when we should not have suffer'd such stuff as this to have gone down. Ah dear, *Si caro*—— [*Sings.*

MILLAMOUR *and* CHARLOTTE *to him.*

Mil. Heyday! Here, you musical gentleman, pray, get you down stairs.

Braz. Yes, Sir. [*Sings the end of the tune, and exit.*

Char. You have a very polite footman indeed, Sir.

Mil. Yes, Madam. But come, my dear, as you are now in a place where you have nothing to fear, you have no more occasion for your mask.

Char. No, Sir. Before I discover more of me, it will be proper to set you right in some mistakes you seem to lie under concerning me. In the first place know, that I am a gentlewoman.

Mil. Ay, a parson's daughter, descended from very honest and reputable parents, I dare swear. [*Aside.*

Char. And, what will surprise you, one of a very good family, and very great fortune.

Mil. Ay, that would surprise me, indeed. But come, unmask, or you will force me to a violence I would avoid.

Char. You promised me not to be rude, before I would venture hither; and, I assure you, I am a woman of fashion.

Mil. Well, Madam, if you are a woman of fashion, I am sure you have too much good-nature to be angry with me for breaking a promise, which you have too much wit to expect I should keep. Besides, where there is no breach of confidence, there is no breach of promise. And you no more believe us when we swear we won't be rude than we believe you when you swear you think us so. So, dear, sweet gentlewoman, unmask; for I am in haste to serve my friend, and yet I find I must serve myself first.

Char. Hold, Sir. You know you are but a procurer.

Mil. But I generally taste what I procure before I put it into a friend's hands. Lookye, Madam, it is in vain to resist. So, my dear artificial Blackmoor, I desire thee to uncover.

Char. No, Sir, first hear my history.

Mil. I will see the frontispiece of it.

Char. Know, I am a woman of strict honour.

Mil. Your history hath a very lamentable beginning.

Char. And in the greatest distress in the world; for I am this day to be married to a man I despise. Now, if Mr. Millamour can find out any means to deliver me from

the hands of this uncourteous knight, I don't know how far my generosity may reward him. I forgive these suspicions of me, which the manner, in which you found me, sufficiently justifies: But, I do assure you, this adventure is the only one which can attack my reputation; and I am the only child of a rich old father, and can make the fortune of my husband.

Mil. Husband! Oh!

Char. Ay, husband. As rich a man as Mr. Millamour would leap at the name; though I hope you don't think it my intention to make one of you—To endeavour wickedly to inclose a common that belongs to the whole sex.

Mil. Ouns! What the devil can she be?

Char. You have a rare opinion of yourself indeed, that the very same morning in which you have escaped the jaws of a poor mistress, you should find another with twenty thousand pounds in her pocket.

Mil. Every circumstance. [*Aside.*] Who knows what fortune may have sent me? What these charms of mine have done?

Char. What are you considering, Sir?

Mil. I am considering, my dear, what particular charm in my person can have made this conquest.

Char. Oh! a complication, Sir.

Mil. Dear Madam!

Char. For you must know, Sir, that I have resolved never to marry, 'till I have found a man without one single fault in my eye, or a single virtue in any one's else.—For my part I take beauty in man to be a sign of effeminacy; sobriety, a want of spirit; gravity, want of wit; and constancy, want of constitution.

Mil. So that to have no fault in your eye, is to be an impudent, hatchet-face, raking, rattling, roving, inconstant——

Char. All which perfections are so agreeably blended in you, sweet Sir—

Mil. Your most obedient humble servant, Madam.

Char. That I have fixed on you as my cavalier for this enterprise, for which there is but one method. I must run into one danger to avoid another. I have no way to shun my husband at home but by carrying a husband home with me. Now, Sir, if you can have the same implicit faith in my fortune as you had in my beauty, the bargain is struck. Send for a parson, and you know what follows—[*unmasks*] you may easily see my confusion. And I would have you imagine you owe this declaration only to my horrible apprehension of being obliged to take a man I like less than yourself.

Mil. I am infinitely obliged to you, Madam. But——

Char. But! Do you hesitate, Sir?

Mil. The offer of so much beauty and fortune would admit of no hesitation, was it not that I must wrong a friend! Consider, Madam, if you know none who hath a juster title to them. How happy would this declaration make Heartfort, which you throw away on me.

Char. I find I have thrown it away indeed—Ha! Am I refused? I begin to hate him, and despise myself.

Mil. Upon my soul she is a fine woman; but can I think of wronging my friend? The devil take me if she is not exquisitely handsome; but he is my friend—But she hath twenty thousand pounds—But I must be a rascal to think of her, and as many millions would not pay me for it.

SCENE IX.

MILLAMOUR, CHARLOTTE, BRAZEN.

Braz. Sir, here is a lady.

Mil. 'Sdeath a lady!—Fool, sot, oaf! How often shall I tell thee, that I am never at home to two ladies at a time?

Braz. Sir, you would have hang'd me, if I should have deny'd you to Madam Clarinda.

Mil. Clarinda! O, transporting name—My dear, shall I beg, for the safety of your reputation, you would step into that closet, while I discharge the visit of a troublesome relation?

Char. Put me any where from the danger of a female tongue.——Well, if I escape free this time, I will never take such another ramble while I live again.

Mil. [*Shuts her in the closet.*] There—Now will I find some way to let Heartfort know of her being here. I am transported at the hope of serving him, even whilst Clarinda is at my door.

SCENE X.

MILLAMOUR, CLARINDA *introduced by* MRS. USEFUL.

Mil. My Clarinda! This is a goodness of that prodigious nature——

Cla. That it can be equall'd by nothing but thy falsehood.

Mil. Can so unjust an accusation proceed from so much sweetness? Can you, that have forsaken me—

Cla. Do not attempt to excuse yourself—You know how false you have been—Nor could any thing but your falsehood have driven me to what I have done.

Mil. By all the——

Cla. Do not damn thyself more—I know thy falsehood; I have seen it. Therefore thy perjuries are as vain as wicked. Do you think I wanted this testimony? [*Gives him a letter.*]

Mil. Lucina's letter! Cursed accident! She too hath received Clarinda's! but I must stand it out.—Hear this! My falsehood! Mine! when there's not a star in heaven that hath not seen me, like an Arcadian of the first sort, sighing and wishing for you; the turtle is inconstant, compared to me; the rose will change its season, and blossom in mid-winter; the nightingale will be silent, and the raven sing; nay, the phœnix will have a mate, when I have any mate but you.

Cla. Had this been true, nature should have sooner chang'd than I.

Mil. Oh! you know it is: you have known this heart too long, to think it capable of inconstancy.

Cla. Thou hast a tongue that might charm the very sirens to their own destruction, till they own'd thy voice more charming, and more false than theirs. There is a softness in thy words equal to the hardness of thy heart.

Mil. And there is a softness within that.

Cla. Hold, Sir, I conjure you do not attempt my honour; but think, however dear you have been to me, my honour's dearer.

Mil. Thy honour shall be safe—Not even the day, nor heaven itself shall witness our pleasures.

Cla. Think not the fear of slander guards my honour—No, I would not myself be a witness of my shame.

Mil. Thou shalt not. We'll shut out every prying ray of light, and, losing the language of our eyes, find more delicious ways to interchange our souls. We'll wind our senses to a height of rapture, till they play us such dear inchanting tunes of joy—

Cla. Oh! Millamour [*sighing*].

Mil. Give that dear sigh to my warm bosom. Thence let it thrill into my heart, and fan thy image there—Oh! thou art every where in me. My eyes, my ears, my

thoughts would only see, and hear, and think of thee. Thou dearest, sweetest, tenderest —— Would heaven form me another paradise; would it give me new worlds of bliss,

To thee alone my soul I would confine,
Nor wish, nor take, another world than thine.

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

SCENE, STEDFAST'S *House*.

STEDFAST, *with* SERVANTS.

STEDFAST.

Is every thing in order? Are the new liveries on all the rest of my servants?

Foot. Yes, Sir, they are all on after a manner; one hath no pockets, and the other no sleeves. John the coachman will not wear his.

Sted. Then desire John the coachman to drive himself out of my doors. I'll make my servants know they are dress'd to please my humour, not their own.

Cook. Sir, it is impossible to get supper ready by nine.

Sted. Then let me have it raw. If supper be not ready at nine, you shall not be in my house at ten. Well, what say you, will not my wine be ready?

But. No, indeed will it not, Sir; your honour hath by mistake mark'd a pipe not half a year old.

Sted. Must I consult your palate or my own? Must I give you reasons for my actions? Sirrah, I tell you new wine is properest for a wedding. So go your ways, and trouble me with no more impertinent questions.

SCENE II.

STEDFAST, SQUEEZEPURSE.

Sted. Mr. Squeezepurse, I am glad you are come. I am so pestered with my servants.

Squeez. The laws are too mild —— too mild for servants, Mr. Stedfast.

Sted. Well, and have you brought the writings?

Squeez. They are ready. The parties' hands are only necessary. The settlement is as strong as words can make it: I have not been sparing with them.

Sted. I expect Mr. Mutable and his son this instant; and hope, by the help of you and the parson, to have finished all within an hour. [*Enter a* Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's a letter for your honour.

Sted. Mr. Squeezepurse, you will excuse me. [*Reads.*]

'SIR,

'I am at length fully determined to marry my son to 'the other lady, so desire all matters may be cancell'd 'between us. I was ashamed to bring you this refusal, so have sent it by letter. Your humble servant,

'THO. MUTABLE.'

Ashamed! Ay, thou may'st be ashamed, indeed.

Squeez. Any thing of moment from the other party?

Sted. Death and fury! Go call your lady here—She was witness of his engagements. I'll go to law with him.

Squeez. The law is open to any injured person, and is the properest way of seeking restitution.

Serv. My lady, Sir! my lady is gone out.

Sted. How! gone out! My wife gone out——Ouns, and pestilence! run away on her wedding-day! where is she gone?

Serv. I don't know, Sir.

Squeez. I saw your lady, Sir, as I came by, go into a house in the other street.

Sted. Show me that house immediately, good Mr. Squeezepurse. I will fetch her home, I am determin'd. It is a fine age to marry in, when a wife cannot stay at home on her wedding-day.

SCENE III.

SCENE, MILLAMOUR'S *Lodging.*

MILLAMOUR, CLARINDA.

Mil. Cruel Clarinda—Thus to stop short when we are at the brink of happiness: to show my eager soul a prospect of elysium, and then refuse it the possession.

Cla. With how much juster reason may I complain of you! Ah! Millamour, didst thou not, when the very day of our marriage was appointed, didst thou not then forsake me?

Mil. Heaven knows with what reluctancy, nor could any thing but the fear of your misery have compell'd me to it.

Cla. It is a strange love that makes its object miserable, for fear of its becoming so. Nor can the heart that loves be, in my opinion, ever miserable, while in possession of what it loves.

Mil. Oh! let that plead my cause, and whisper to thy tender heart——

SCENE IV.

To him BRAZEN.

Braz. Oh, Sir! Undone, undone.

Mil. What's the matter?

Braz. Mr. Stedfast, Sir, is below with another gentleman—He swears his wife is in the house, and he will have her.

Cla. I shall faint.

Mil. What's to be done—There's another woman in the closet, whom she must not see.

[*Runs to the closet, and returns.*

Braz. Sir, he will be up stairs in a moment.

Cla. Oh, heavens! [*Falls back into a chair.*

Mil. Sirrah, be at hand, and assist me with lying. Her fright has inspired me with the only method to preserve her. Give me my gown and cap instantly. Away to your post—Madam, do you pretend yourself as ill as possible—So! hush, hush, what noise is this?

SCENE V.

MILLAMOUR, CLARINDA, BRAZEN, STEDFAST, SQUEEZEPURSE.

Sted. Where is this wicked, vile, rambling woman? Where are you, sorceress, that are run away from your husband's house on your wedding-day?

Mil. Hold, Sir, you must not disturb the lady.

Sted. Must not disturb her, Sir?

Mil. No, Sir.

Sted. Why, pray, Sir, who are you?

Squeez. Mr. Stedfast, give me leave, if you please. Whoever you are, Sir, I believe you scarce know what you are doing. Do you know, Sir, that this lady is a *Femme Couverte*, and the consequence of detaining such without the leave of her husband first had and obtained? Mr. Stedfast, you have as good an action against the gentleman as any man can wish to have.

Juries, now-a-days, give great damages in the affair of wives.

Mil. Is this lady your wife, Sir?

Sted. Yes, Sir, to my exceeding great sorrow.

Mil. Then, Sir, you owe her life to me; for had not immediate application been made, the whole college could not have saved her.

Sted. To you! who the devil are you?

Mil. Sir, I am an unworthy practiser of the art of physic.

Sted. How came she here, in the devil's name?

Mil. By a most miraculous accident——She was taken ill just at my door. My servant too was then, by as great good luck, standing at it. Brazen, give the gentleman an account how you brought the lady in, when you saw her drop down at my door.

Braz. I was standing, Sir, as my master says, picking my teeth at the door, when the sick lady who sits in the chair, as my master says, and ready to drop down, as my master says; and so I took her up in my arms, and brought her up stairs, and set her down in the great chair, and called my master, who, I believe, can cure her if any doctor in England can; for though I say it, who am but a poor servant, he is a most able physician in this sort of falling fits.

Squeez. I saw nothing of this happen when she came in, and this fellow's a good evidence, or I am mistaken.

Cla. Oh, heavens! where am I?

Sted. Where are you? Not where you should be—at home at your husband's.

Cla. My husband's voice! Mr. Stedfast, where are you?

Mil. Go near her, Sir—Now you may go as near her as you please.

Sted. What's the matter with you, Madam?

Cla. I cannot tell you, Sir; I was taken in the strangest giddy manner, with such a swimming in my head, that every thing seemed to dance before my eyes.

Sted. You may thank yourself. What did you do a-gadding? But is this giddy, swimming, dancing distemper over, pray?

Cla. Not quite over; but I am much better.

Mil. I never knew that *Specificum Basilicum Magnum* fail; that is, indeed, an universal *Nostrum*.

Sted. Sir, I am glad to hear you mention a *Nostrum*, by which, I suppose you are not a regular-bred physician; for those are a set of people, whom I resolved, many years ago, never to employ.

Mil. Sir, I never took any degree at our university.

Sted. I like you the better for it.

Mil. You are a man of understanding, Sir. The university is the very worst place to educate a physician in. A man, Sir, contracts there a narrow habit of observing the rules of a set of stupid ancients. Not one in fifty of them ever ventures to strike a bold stroke. A quack, Sir, is the only man to put you out of your pain at once. A regular physician, like the court of chancery, tires a man's patience, and consumes his substance, before he decides the cause between him and the disease.

Sted. Come, Madam, I suppose by this time you are able to walk home, or to a chair at least.

Mil. Sir, the air is very dangerous, you had better leave her here some time.

Sted. Sir, I am resolved she shall go home, let the consequence be what it will. Doctor, here is something for your trouble. I am much obliged to your care—Madam, how do you now?

Cla. Oh! infinitely better.

Mil. A word with you, Sir; I heard you say, this is

your wedding-day—In your ear. [*Whispers.*] Not as you tender your wife's future health, nay, her life.

Sted. Never fear—come, Child—come, Mr. Squeeze-purse. Doctor, your servant.

Mil. Give me leave, Sir, to hand the lady to her chair.

Sted. Pshaw! I hate ceremony—pray stay behind—

[*Pushes away* Mil. *and exit with his wife and* Squeez.

Mil. So! we are well off this time.

Braz. Ay, Sir, some thanks to me; for I think I lied pretty handsomely.

Mil. Well, Sirrah, and are you so vain of the merit? Did not I shew you the way?

Char. [*Knocks at the door.*] Doctor! Doctor!

Mil. Ha! get you hence, and endeavour to find out Heartfort, and bring him hither instantly. My fair prisoner, I ask your pardon for keeping you confined so long.

Char. Oh! Sir, no excuses: patients must be tended. But, pray, Doctor, have you not some little skill in casuistry? Will you advise me what to do in this affair, and whether you think it proper I should suffer you to pass with my father for so excellent a physician as you do?

Mil. Oh! Madam, it needs no great casuist to advise a young lady how to act, which should be always by the rules of good-nature. Besides, Madam, you shall not see your father deceived, for I will merit the same reputation with you, if you will take my prescription; for I will engage to recommend you one that shall cure you of all distempers.

Char. Ay, pray what is this infallible *Nostrum?* I am afraid it is something very nauseous to the palate.

Mil. No, far otherwise: it is taken by a great many ladies merely for its agreeable relish.

Char. Well, what is it?

Mil. Nothing more than a very pretty fellow of my acquaintance.

Char. Indeed! And pray is this very pretty fellow of your acquaintance like a certain physician of my acquaintance?

Mil. No, faith: if he was, you would have taken the *Nostrum* long ago.

Char. Hum! I question that. I fancy, Doctor, you are as great a quack in love as you are in physic, and apt in both to boast more power than you have. Ah! if I thought it worth my while, I would play such pranks with your wild worship.

SCENE VI.

MILLAMOUR, CHARLOTTE, HEARTFORT.

Heart. Oh! Millamour, I have been waiting for you. Ha!

Mil. Well, whether thou hast been waiting for me, or seeking me, I am glad you have found me: for I have a favour to ask of you, which you must not deny me. Madam, look him boldly in the face: I dare swear we shall carry our point.

Char. What point, Sir?

Mil. In short, Sir, this young lady hath begg'd me to ask your pardon in her name, and hopes your forgiveness of all her ill usage, all her little airs, which the folly of youth, and the vanity of beauty together, made her put on; and she does most faithfully promise, nay, and I have offered to be bound for her, that, if you are so generous to forgive the past, she shall never offend for the future.

Char. Intolerable insolence!

Mil. Yes; her intolerable insolence, she hopes, knowing the infinite goodness and sweetness of your temper, will be past over; and that you will be pleased to consider, that a gay, giddy, and wild young girl, could not have understanding enough to set a just value on the sincere passion of a man of sense and honour.

Char. This is insupportable!

Mil. Nay, nay, I think so too. I must condemn the hardness of your heart, that can be proof against such penitence in an offending mistress. Though she hath been, I own, as bad as possible, yet sure her repenting tears may atone.

Heart. I'm in a dream; for, thou, my friend, I am sure, wilt not delude me. Madam, is it possible for me to presume to think the sufferings I have undergone, had they been ten thousand times as great, could touch your heart?

Char. Hum! I thank my stars, I have it.

Heart. I cannot be awake, nor you be mistress of such goodness, to value my little services so infinitely beyond their merit. Oh! you have been too kind. I have not done nor suffered half enough.

Mil. Pox take your generosity! suffer on to eternity, with all my soul.

Heart. I deserve your pity now a thousand times more than ever. This profusion of goodness overwhelms my heart.

Mil. Not one bit beyond a just debt; she owes you all.

Heart. Millamour, as thou art my friend, no more.

Char. Let him proceed; I am not ashamed to own myself Mr. Heartfort's debtor.

Mil. Ay!

Char. And though you have somewhat exceeded your commission, and said more for me than perhaps the

stubbornness of my temper might have permitted me to say, yet this I must confess, my behaviour to Mr. Heartfort hath no way answered his merits.

Mil. Go on, go on, Madam, you never spoke half so much truth in your life.

SCENE VII.

MILLAMOUR, CHARLOTTE, HEARTFORT, OLD MUTABLE, YOUNG MUTABLE.

Old Mut. My Lord, I have been waiting for your lordship above this hour; if it had not been for Jacky here, I should never have found you.

Mil. A particular affair, Sir, hath detained me; but I am ready now to wait on you.

Old Mut. Jackey, is not that your former mistress, Miss Stedfast? Odso! it is she. What can she do here?

Young Mut. I wish she be not come to spoil my match with my Lord's sister.

Old Mut. You have hit it, boy. Jacky, you have it: but I'll try that. My Lord, my good Lord—

[*They talk apart.*

Heart. This is such an excess of goodness! You judge too harshly indeed of a few slight gaieties. Women with not half your merit or beauty daily practise more. And give me leave to think, they were put on for a trial of me.

Char. Ay, but what right had I to that trial, unless I had intended, which I never can, to disobey my father.

Heart. Ha! never can!

Char. Heaven forbid I should prove undutiful to him! And, Mr. Heartfort, wherefore, pray, did you understand

all these apologies made, but that, after all your merit, I must obey my father in marrying this young gentleman.

Heart. Confusion!

Old Mut. Indeed, Madam, but there are more fathers to be obeyed than one. My son, Madam, is another woman's property: and I believe I have as good a right to my son, as Mr. Stedfast has to his daughter. It is very fine, truly, that my son must be stolen from me, and married whether I will or no!

Young Mut. Ay, faith is it, Madam, very hard that you will have me, whether I will or no.

Char. Indeed!

Old Mut. Why truly, Madam, I am very sorry it should be any disappointment to you; but my son, Madam, happened to be, without my knowledge, at the time I offer'd him to you, engaged to my Lord Truelove's sister. Was not he, my Lord? Sure, Madam, you would not rob another woman of her right.

Char. Sir, if it please you, honoured Sir, my good father-in-law that was to have been, a word with you.

Old Mut. As many as you please, Madam, but no father-in-law.

Char. Though in obedience to my father, I had complied to accept of your son for a husband, yet I am obliged to your kind refusal, because that young gentleman, your son, Sir, happens to be a person for whom, ever since I had the honour of his acquaintance, I have entertain'd the most surprising, invincible, and infinite contempt in the world.

Young Mut. Contempt for me!

Old Mut. Contempt for Jacky!

Char. It would be therefore ungrateful to let such a benefactor as you be deceived in a point which so nearly concerns him. This gentleman, Sir, is no lord, and hath no estate.

Old Mut. How, Jacky, no lord!

Young Mut. Yes, Sir, I'll be sworn he is.

Char. And he hath contriv'd, Sir, to marry your ingenious son to some common slut of the town. So I leave you to make up the match, and am, gentlemen, your most humble servant.

SCENE VIII.

MILLAMOUR, HEARTFORT, OLD *and* YOUNG MUTABLE.

Heart. Millamour, I thank thee for the trouble thou hast undergone for me; but, as the affair is no longer worth my pursuit, I will release you from your troublesome title, and this gentleman from his mistake. So, Sir, your son is disengaged, and you may marry him to the young lady just now gone, whenever you please.

Mil. Faith, Sir, I am sorry I have no sister for your son, with all my heart.

Old Mut. And are you no lord?

Mil. No, Sir, to my sorrow.

Old Mut. Why, have I been imposed upon then? [*To* Young Mut.] But how came you to join in the conspiracy? Would you cheat your father?

Young Mut. Indeed, Sir, not I. I was imposed on as well as you. I took him for a lord; for I don't know a lord from another person but by his dress. You cannot blame me, Sir.

Old Mut. Nay, Jacky, I don't desire to blame you: I know thou art a good boy, and a fine gentleman. But come, come with me. I will make one more visit to Mr. Stedfast, and try what's to be done. If I can pacify him, all's well yet. What had I to do with lords? We country gentlemen never get any good by them.

SCENE IX.

MILLAMOUR, HEARTFORT.

Mil. Come, Heartfort, be not grave on the matter: I will venture to affirm thy mistress is thy own.

Heart. Damn her! do not mention her: I should despise myself equal with the fool just departed, could I think myself capable of forgiving her: no, believe me, Millamour, was she to commence the lover, and take the pains I have done to win her, they would be ineffectual.

Mil. And art thou so incensed with a few coquette airs of youth and gaiety, which girls are taught by their mothers, and their mistresses, to practise on us to try our love, or rather our patience, when perhaps their own suffers more in the attempt?

Heart. 'Sdeath, Sir, hath she not used me like a dog?

Mil. Certainly.

Heart. Hath she not trifled with my passion beyond all sufferance?

Mil. Very true.

Heart. Hath she not taken a particular delight in making me ridiculous?

Mil. Too true! and since I see you can bear it, I will tell you, she hath abused you, trifled with you, laughed at you, coquetted and jilted you.

Heart. Hold, Millamour, do not accuse her unjustly neither: I cannot say she hath jilted me.

Mil. Damn her! think no more of her: it would be wrong in you to forgive her.

Heart. Yes, forgive her I can: it would be rather mean not to forgive her. Yes, yes, I will forgive her.

Mil. Well, do; and so think no more of her.

Heart. I will not; for it is impossible to impute so much ill usage only to the coquettish airs of youth: for could I once be brought to believe that——

Mil. And yet a thousand women——

Heart. True, true, dear Millamour: a thousand women have play'd worse pranks with their lovers, and afterwards made excellent wives; it is the fault of their education, rather than of their natures: and a man must be a churl who would not bear a little of that behaviour in a mistress, especially in one so very young as Charlotte is, and so very pretty too. For, give me leave to tell you, we may justly ascribe several faults to the number of flatterers, which beauty never is without: besides, you must confess, there is a certain good-humour that attends her faults, which makes it impossible for you to be angry with them.

Mil. Indeed, to me she appears to have no faults but what arise from her beauty, her youth, or her good-humour; for which reason, I think, Sir, you ought to forgive them, especially if she asked it of you.

Heart. Asked it of me! Oh! Millamour, could I deny any thing she asked of me?

Mil. Well, well, that we shall bring her to; or at least to look as if she asked it of you; and you know looks are the language of love.

Heart. But pray how came she to your lodgings this afternoon?

Mil. Ha! Truepenny, art thou jealous?

Heart. No, faith: your sending for me prevents that, though I was never so much inclin'd.

Mil. Let us go and take one bottle together, and I will tell you, though perhaps I must be obliged to trust a lady's secret with you (and I could trust any but your own mistress's). Courage, Heartfort: what are thy evils compar'd with mine, who have a husband to contend

with; a damn'd legal tyrant, who can ravish a woman with the law on his side? All my hope and comfort lie in his age: and yet it vexes me, that my blooming fruit must be mumbled by an old rascal, who hath no teeth to come at the kernel.

ACT V.—SCENE I.

SCENE, LUCINA'S *Apartment.*

LUCINA, *with a letter.*

SHALL I write once more to this perjur'd man? But what can it avail? Can I upbraid him more than I have already done in that which he hath scornfully sent back? Perhaps I was too severe. Let me revise it. Ha! what do I see?—A letter from another woman. Clarinda Stedfast! O villain! doth he think I yet want testimonies of his falsehood?

SCENE II.

LUCINA, PLOTWELL.

Luc. Oh! Plotwell, such new discoveries! The letter you brought me back was not my own, but a rival's, a rival as unhappy as myself.

Plot. And now I bring you news of a rival more happy than yourself, if the possession of a rake be happiness. In short, Mr. Millamour is to be married to the daughter of Mr. Stedfast.

Luc. Ha! that was the name I heard when at his

lodgings. He hath debauched his wife, and would marry his daughter. This is an opportunity of revenge I hardly could have wish'd. But how, dear Plotwell, art thou apprised of this?

Plot. When you sent me back to Millamour, while I was disputing with his servant, who denied me admission, a fine young lady whip'd by me into a chair: then I brib'd his servant with a guinea, who discovered to me that her name was Stedfast; that she was a great fortune, and to be married to his master; and that she lived in Grosvenor-Street.

Luc. Shall I beg you would add one obligation more to those I have already received from you, and deliver her this letter? It may prevent the ruin of a young creature.

Plot. One of Millamour's letters to you, I suppose. But it will have no effect, unless it recommends him the more to her, by giving her an opportunity of triumphing over a rival.

Luc. No matter: to caution the unexperienced traveller from the rocks we split on is our duty: if that be ineffectual, his rashness be his punishment.

Plot. Pray take my advice, and resolve to think no more of him.

Luc. As a lover I never will. Oblige me in this, and then I will retire with you to the cloister you shall choose, and never more have converse with that traitorous sex.

Plot. On condition you think no more of Millamour, I will undertake it, though it is an ungrateful office.

Luc. Come in with me, while I enclose it under seal, that you may securely affirm you are ignorant of the contents. Come, my faithful Plotwell, believe me, I both hate and despise mankind; and from this hour I will entertain no passion but our friendship in my soul.

Friendship and love by heav'n were both design'd,
That to ennoble, this debase the mind.
Friendship's pure joys in life's last hour remain :
By love, that cheating lottery, we gain
A moment's bliss, bought with an age of pain.

SCENE III.—*A Tavern.*

MILLAMOUR, HEARTFORT.

Mil. And now, dear George, I hope I have satisfied your jealousy.

Heart. I wish I could say you had as well satisfied me with your behaviour to this young lady——to Clarinda.

Mil. What would'st thou have me do?

Heart. Why, faith, to be sincere, not what thou hast done; however, since that's past, all the reparation now in thy power to make, is to see her no more.

Mil. That would be a pretty reparation indeed! and perhaps she would not thank you for giving me that advice.

Heart. Perhaps not; but I am sure her husband would.

Mil. Her husband! Damn the old rascal: the teazing such a cuckold is half the pleasure of making him one.

Heart. How! what privilege dost thou perceive in thyself to invade and destroy the happiness of another? Besides, though shame may first reach the husband, it doth not always end there: the wife is always liable, and often is involved in the ruin of the gallant. The person who deserves chiefly to be exposed to shame is the only person who escapes without it.

Mil. Heyday! thou art not turning hypocrite, I hope. Thou dost not pretend to lead a life equal to this doctrine?

Heart. My practice, perhaps, is not equal to my theory; but I pretend to sin with as little mischief as I can to others: and this I can lay my hand on my heart and affirm, that I never seduced a young woman to her own ruin, nor a married one to the misery of her husband. Nay, and I know thee to be so good-natur'd a fellow, that what thou dost of this kind arises from thy not considering the consequence of thy actions; and if any woman can lay her ruin on thee, thou canst lay it on custom.

Mil. Why, indeed, if we consider it in a serious way——

Heart. And why should we not? Custom may lead a man into many errors, but it justifies none; nor are any of its laws more absurd and unjust than those relating to the commerce between the sexes: for what can be more ridiculous than to make it infamous for women to grant what it is honourable for us to solicit, nay, to ensnare and almost compel them into; to make a whore a scandalous, a whoremaster a reputable appellation! Whereas, in reality, there is no more mischievous character than a public debaucher of women.

Mil. No more, dear George; now you begin to pierce to the quick.

Heart. I have done: I am glad you can feel; it is a sure sign of mortification.

Mil. Yes, I can feel, and too much, that I have been in the wrong to a woman, who hath no fault but foolishly loving me. 'Sdeath! thou hast raised a devil in me, that will sufficiently revenge her quarrel. Oh! Heartfort, how was it possible for me to be guilty of so much barbarity, without knowing it, and of doing her so many

wrongs, without seeing them till this moment, till it is too late, till I can make her no reparation?

Heart. Resolve to see her no more; that's the best in your power.

Mil. Well, I will resolve it, and wish I could do more.

SCENE IV.

MILLAMOUR, HEARTFORT, MRS. USEFUL.

Use. Oh! Mr. Millamour, oh!

Mil. What news?

Use. Oh! I am dead.

Heart. Drunk, I believe. What's the meaning of this?

Use. Give me a glass of wine, for I am quite out of breath.

Mil. Help! Heartfort, help!

Use. I am come——Give me another glass.

Heart. You have no reason to complain of your breath, for I think you drink two glasses in the same.

Use. Well, then, now I am a little come to myself, I can tell you I have charming news for you: Clarinda continues still in the same dangerous way, and her husband—but mum—what have I said?—I forgot we were not alone.

Heart. Oh! Madam, I will withdraw.

[*Retires to another part of the stage.*

Use. Well then, her husband hath sent me to fetch you to her.

Mil. He hath sent too late; for I have resolv'd to see her no more.

Use. What do you mean?

Mil. Seriously as I say——

Use. You will never see her more!

Mil. Never.

Use. You will see her no more! [*Passionately.*

Mil. No: I have consider'd it as the only reparation I can possibly make her.

Use. Indeed! If that be the only reparation you can make her, you are a very pretty fellow. But it is false: you are not such a sort of a man. If I had known you to be such a sort of a man, the devil should have had you, before I should have troubled my head about your affairs.

Mil. My heart reproaches me with no action of my life, equal with my behaviour to Clarinda, and I would do any thing to make her amends.

Use. Could not your heart have reproached you sooner, before you had made me accessory to the cheat you intended to put upon her?

Mil. What cheat?

Use. The worst cheat that can be put upon her. What, Sir! do you think she has no expectations from you?

Mil. If she hath, her husband will answer them.

Use. Her husband! her husband won't, nor can't answer them——

Mil. I am not inclined to jest——

Use. Nor am I; but I think you are. What would you say of a man, who would sail to the Indies, and, when he was just come in sight of his port, tack about and return without touching? Have not you been sailing several years into the arms of your mistress, and now she holds them open, you refuse——What! did you court her only to refuse in your turn? To refuse her when she is expecting, wishing, longing——

Mil. And do you really think her as you say?

Use. What could move her else to lay such a plot as she has done? To pretend herself sick, that you might be sent for as her physician? But you would play the physician with her, and make her distemper real.

Mil. If I thought that——

Use. What can you think else? Can any thing hurt a woman equal with being refused?

Mil. Refused! what, giving up her matchless beauty to my longing arms. 'Sdeath, he is not of flesh and blood who could refuse. Thou dearest woman! and dost thou think she will consent?—Dost thou think my happiness so near?

Use. I know it must be; but——

Mil. But what?

Use. You had better make her a reparation for what's past, and see her no more.

Mil. Reparation! ay, so I will. All that love, transporting, eager, wanton, raving love can give. Heartfort, you must excuse me: business, Sir, business of very great importance calls me away.

Heart. I can guess your business by your company.

Mil. Come, my dear Useful, convey me, quick as my desires, where only they can meet full satisfaction. Let me enjoy Clarinda,—and—then—

Use. And then——perhaps you may keep your word, and never see her any more. [*Exeunt* Use. *and* Mil.

Heart. There goes an instance of the great power our reason hath over our passions. But hold,—why should I seek instances abroad, who have so sufficient an example in my own breast? Where, had reason the dominion, I should have long since expell'd the little tyrant, who hath made such ravage there. Of what use is reason then? Why, of the use that a window is to a man in a prison, to let him see the horrors he is confined in; but lends him no assistance to his escape.

SCENE V.

SCENE, STEDFAST'S *House.*

CLARINDA, CHARLOTTE.

Cla. O Charlotte! let no passion prevail on you to throw yourself away on a person you despise. Marriage knows no release but death. Had I the world, I would give it to recall mine.

Char. You see, Clarinda, it is easier to give advice than to take it.

Cla. You are not in my situation. Think, my Charlotte, think but of the danger I was in, against the daily solicitations of a man, who had so great a friend within my breast. My little fortune spent. A friendless, helpless orphan. The very man I lov'd, with whom I must at least have shared poverty, refusing to make me the honourable partner of his bed! What could Charlotte then have done? Would you have then refused a rich, an honourable lover?

Char. Hum! agad, I don't know what I should have done. Heaven forbid it should be my case. I should not have taken the old fellow, I am positive.

Cla. O my dear Charlotte! never let any thing tempt you to forfeit the paths of honour.

Char. And yet, my dear Clarinda, you can feign yourself sick to see your lover. Pray, my dear, how doth a woman's honour do when she is sick to see her gallant?

Cla. Indeed, you wrong me. The terror I have of your father's bed put me on the feigning this sickness, which will soon be real. For as to Millamour, I have determined never to see him more.

Char. Nay, I will swear I saw Useful take a chair and go for him, as your physician, by my father's order.

Cla. You surprise me! O that wicked woman, who hath been the occasion of all my misfortunes, and is determined to persecute me to the last minute.

Char. There is somewhat in her which I dislike, and have oft wondered why you would indulge her in the freedom she takes.

Cla. O Charlotte! in distressed circumstances, how easily can impudence get the ascendant over us! Besides, this woman, of whom I now have your opinion, can outwardly act a saint, as well as inwardly a devil. What defence hath the ignorance of twenty against the experienced arts of such a woman? Believe me, I thank heaven I have escaped so well, rather than wonder I have not escaped better.

Char. Well, honoured Madam, if your daughter-in-law may presume to advise, rest contented with the honour you have already attain'd; for, if you should be overthrown but in one battle, there's an end of all your former conquests. But hush, hush; to your chair. My father is coming up.

SCENE VI.

STEDFAST, CLARINDA, CHARLOTTE.

Sted. Well, Madam, how do you now?

Char. My mother is extremely ill, Sir.

Sted. I did not ask you—How do you do, child?

Cla. Oh!

Sted. O! This is the most comfortable wedding-day, sure, that ever man had. Well, the doctor will be here presently.

Char. Sir, the last words mamma spoke were, she desired she might not see the doctor.

Sted. Yes, Madam; but the last words I speak are that she shall see him.

Cla. No doctor——No doctor.

Enter MRS. USEFUL *and* MILLAMOUR.

Use. [*Introducing* Millamour.] Sir, here's the doctor.

Sted. I am glad you are come, Sir: my wife is extremely ill—Go to her. Physicians should make a little more haste.

Mil. Give me your hand, if you please, Madam.

Sted. How do you do, child?

Cla. Oh!

Sted. That's all I have been able to get of her, Doctor; she is not able to tell you even how she doth.

Use. [*Aside.*] A true physician, faith! He feels for her pulse in her palm.

Sted. How do you find her, Doctor?

Mil. Truly, Sir, I wish there may not be more danger in the case than is imagined.

Sted. Nay, the world shall not say she died for want of assistance. I will go send for another.

Mil. O Sir! there's no need of that—I can trust to my own skill.

Sted. I'm resolved.

Use. Come, Madam; we'll leave the Doctor to his patient.

SCENE VII.

CLARINDA, MILLAMOUR.

Mil. O speak to me, Clarinda——Whisper something tender to my soul, or I shall die before thee.

Cla. Thou hast undone me, Millamour.

Mil. Then I have undone myself——Myself!—— What's that to having ruin'd thee? I would be ages expiring to preserve thee. My dear! my only love! Too late I see the follies of my life. I see the fatal consequence of my ungovern'd, lawless passion.

Cla. Oh! had thy eyes but yesterday been open'd, but now it is too late.

Mil. Too late! I will put back the hand of time. O think it not too late. O could'st thou but recover; thy marriage could not, should not keep us from being happy.

Cla. Alas, my disease is but a poor pretence to see you once again to take this last farewell.

Mil. Thou angel of softness! Thou fountain of eternal sweets! To take a last farewell! Then I will bid farewell to life, Clarinda. Life, which I will not endure without thee. Witness heaven, that could I but recall blest yesterday again, I would not slight the offers of thy virtuous love, for the whole world of beauty, or of wealth! O fool! to trifle with so vast a blessing, till it was snatch'd from thee! Yet since we cannot be what we wish, let us be what we can.

Cla. No, Millamour, never with the forfeit of my honour. I will lose my life: nay, what I value much more, rather than quit that idol of my soul, I will lose you.

SCENE VIII.

MILLAMOUR, CLARINDA, CHARLOTTE, USEFUL, STEDFAST, CRISIS.

Use. Hush, hush, to your posts, to your posts.

Sted. [*Introducing* Crisis.] Doctor, that is your patient, and heaven direct your judgment.

Cris. Sir, Sir, harkye, who's that? I observed him feel her pulse.

Sted. That is a brother physician, Sir.

Cris. Ay, what is his name?

Sted. Doctor, Doctor Crisis desires to know your name.

Mil. My name! name—My name is Gruel.

Cris. Gruel, I don't know him, nor do I remember his name in the college. Some quack, I suppose.—Sir, I'm your humble servant.

Sted. Stay, stay, dear Doctor,

Cris. Sir, I will consult with no quacks; Sir, I have not studied physic so long, to consult with a quack; wherefore have we a college of physicians, if we are to call quacks to our assistance?

Sted. For heaven's sake, Doctor, my wife will die.

Cris. Sir, I can't help it, if half the world were to die, unless that man were out of the room I will have nothing to do: and that I am resolv'd.

Sted. If you come to that, Sir, I am resolved he shall not be sent out of the room. I would not send him out of the room to save my wife's life! No, nor scarce to save my own life. So see whose resolution will be broke first, yours or mine—Resolved, quotha.

Cris. Here, John, my coach! to the door—consult with a quack!

Sted. Doctor, pray return my fee.

Cris. Sir, your humble servant. [*Exit.*

Mil. I hope, Sir, we shall not want his advice. I apprehend the distemper to be now some moments past the crisis, and in half an hour, I may possibly send you the happy news of your wife's being out of danger. But it is entirely necessary she should go to bed, and then I will go and see her.

[*Enter* Servant, *who whispers* Stedfast.

Sted. Doctor, you will excuse me a few minutes—A lady wants me below. [*Exit.*

Mil. Come, nurse; you must put your patient to bed, and then I'll visit her again.

Cla. Never, never, Millamour. Never from this hour will I behold that face again: that fatal cause of all my misery.

Mil. Barbarous Clarinda! Can I be knowingly the cause of one misfortune to you, when I would not purchase the world with one sigh of thine?

Cla. Thy conversation is dangerous to my honour: and henceforth I will fly thee as the worst of contagions. Farewell—And think you have lost a woman, who durst not, from her tenderness, ever see thee more. [*Exit.*

Mil. O agony! O Clarinda!

Use. Ha, ha, ha!—That ever a man, who knows so much of the sex as Mr. Millamour, should despair at the very brink of victory!

Mil. 'Sdeath—Did she not say she'd never see me more?

Use. Well, and hath she not said so a hundred times; and seen you as often?—Did she not say she durst not see you more? Women are all cowards, and dare not do any thing unless they are forced to it. I tell you she is wishing, sighing for you. Honour and love have a conflict within her breast, and if you stand by the little gentleman, I'll hold a thousand pounds he gets the better.

Mil. No more of this foolery. Thou hast undone us both: and, by heavens, I will be revenged on thee. I will expose thee to all mankind, as thy infamy deserves, till every wretched maid shall curse thee, every honest woman despise thee, and every boy that meets thee shall hoot thee through the world.

Use. Is this my reward?

Mil. Reward! There is none in law or justice equal to thy deserts. Thou art a more mischievous animal than a serpent; and the man or woman, who admits one of thy detestable character into his house or acquaintance, acts more foolishly than he who admits a serpent into his bosom. A public mark of infamy should be set on every such wretch, that we might shun them as a contagion. Never see me more; for if thou dost, I shall forego the dignity of my sex to punish thee. O Clarinda! I will pursue thee still: for next to having thee mine is leaving my life at thy feet.

Use. Very fine! I have no more to do here at present. Such encouragement will tempt me to grow honest and quit my employment.

SCENE IX.

STEDFAST, PLOTWELL.

Sted. A very pretty reasonable gentleman, truly. Would not one woman content him? Must he have my wife and daughter too? would he have my whole family? Madam, I know not how to return this obligation, which the great concern you have showed for my honour hath laid upon me.

Plot. Can you not find then in this face something which might give you a reason for that concern? Look stedfastly on me, and tell me if you remember no mark in these features, which were once known to you?

Sted. There's something in that voice, that——

Plot. That once was music in your ears, if ever you spoke truth to Cleomela.

Sted. Cleomela!

Plot. Are there then any horrors in that name? Age

certainly hath left no furrows there, however it hath alter'd this unhappy face. Still, if remembrance of past joys be sweet, the name of Cleomela should be so.

Sted. I am so surpris'd! I scarce have reason left to recollect you.

Plot. Be not terrified. I come not to upbraid you; to thunder any injuries in your ears, nor breach of promise.

Sted. You know you cannot. It was your own fault prevented my fulfilling them. Would you have changed your religion, you know my resolutions were to have married you. And you know my resolutions were never to marry you, unless you did. You kept your religion, and I my resolution.

Plot. How easily men find excuses to avoid what they dislike! But that is past; nor do I come to claim the fulfilling it.

Sted. No, heaven hath taken care to put that out of my power; as this letter hath told you before.

Plot. I assure you, Sir, the contents of that letter I am a stranger to.

Sted. Are you? then pray read it—for I intend to make them no secret. [Plotwell *takes the letter, reads, and shews much surprise.*]

SCENE X.

MILLAMOUR, STEDFAST, MRS. PLOTWELL.

Mil. O! Sir, the most unfortunate news.

Sted. What's the matter?

Mil. Your lady is relapsed into the most violent fit of madness; and I question much whether she will ever speak again.

Sted. She hath no need. She hath hands to write

her mind. Nay, were they cut off too, she would find some other means. She would invent as strange methods to betray the lewdness of her mind, as Lavinia did to discover her injury.

Mil. Hey-day! Your wife hath infected you with madness.

Sted. Yes, my wife hath infected me indeed. It breaks out here [*pointing to his head*].

Mil. What can be the meaning of this? I am sorry to see this, Sir. Very sorry to hear this. This is no common distemper.

Sted. No! I thought cuckoldom the most general distemper in the kingdom.

SCENE XI.

OLD MUTABLE, STEDFAST, MILLAMOUR, PLOTWELL.

Old Mut. Odso! Mr. Stedfast, I am sorry to hear your lady is ill.

Sted. It is probable you may; for you and I are not likely to be sorry on the same occasion.

Old Mut. No, it is not—Yes, it is—it is impossible—Agad! 'tis he—'tis my dear Lord Truelove. I'm your most obedient humble servant.

Sted. My Lord Truelove!

Old Mut. Ay, Sir, this is the worthy lord, Sir, to whose sister I was to have married my son, till, by good luck, Sir, I found my Lord Truelove to be no lord, but a certain wild young vagabond, who goes by the name of Millamour.

Sted. What's this I hear?

Mil. Ay, 'tis so,—the house is infected, and every man is mad that comes into it.

Old Mut. Mad! You young dog, you have made a fool of me, I thank you.

Sted. I am a fine one, truly, if Doctor Gruel be a cheat.

Plot. Mr. Millamour!

Mil. Nay, then, 'tis in vain to contend. And it requires less impudence to confess all than to deny it. My dear Mrs. Plotwell. [Millamour *and* Plotwell *talk apart, and then go out together.*]

Old Mut. Mr. Stedfast, if you please we'll make no longer delay of the wedding.

Sted. Sir, I hate the name of wedding.

Old Mut. Hey-day! I hope you are not capable of breaking your resolution.

Sted. Sir, I shall break my heart. A man that is married is capable of every thing but being happy.

Old Mut. Come, come, I'm sorry for what's past, and am willing, to shew my repentance, to put it out of my power to offend any more.—What signify delays? Let us have the wedding to-night.——

Sted. Whenever you please, Sir.

Old Mut. If your daughter be ready, my son is.

Sted. I have no daughter, Sir.

Old Mut. Ha! ha! ha! You are a merry man.

Sted. Lookye, gentlemen, if one of you will take my wife, the other shall have my daughter. [*To them* Millamour.]

Mil. O Sir! the luckiest news! Your lady is recovered, her distemper left her in a moment, as by a miracle, at the sight of Mrs. Plotwell.

Sted. My distemper is not remov'd.

Mil. Take courage, Sir, I'll warrant I cure you—What are you sick of?

Sted. What you are sick of too, by this time——my wife.

Mil. Is that all?

Sted. This insult, Sir, is worse than your first injury: but the law shall give me a reparation for both.

Mil. Here comes a better friend to you than the law. If your wife be all your illness, she will do what the law can seldom do, unmarry you again. I don't know how uneasy you may be for marrying my mistress; but I am sure you ought to be so for marrying your own daughter.

SCENE XII.

To them CLARINDA, CHARLOTTE, HEARTFORT.

Plot. Start not at that word, but thank the watchful care of heaven, which hath sent me here this day to prevent your fall, even at the brink of ruin—And, with a joy becoming so blest an occasion, receive your daughter to your arms.

Cla. My father,—I am resolved to call you by that name.

Sted. Call me any thing but husband.

Plot. She is indeed your daughter—the pledge of our loves—the witness of your treachery and my shame, whom that wicked woman seduc'd from the nunnery, where I thought I had placed her in safety.

Cla. Sir, I kneel for your blessing, nor will I rise till you have given it me.

Sted. Take it, my child, and be assured no father ever gave it more gladly. This is indeed a happy discovery—I have found my daughter, and I have lost my wife.

Plot. My child, let me again embrace thee. This is happiness indeed!

Old Mut. What, have you more daughters than one, Mr. Stedfast?

Sted. Even as you see, Sir.

Old Mut. Why then, Sir, I hope you will not take it amiss, that I desire all further treaty may cease between us.

Sted. Sir, I would not marry a daughter of mine into your family, was your estate ten times as large as it is. So now you have my resolution. I should expect by such a match, to become grand-father to a weather-cock.

Old Mut. Very well, Sir, very well—there is no harm done—my son is in statu quo, and as fine a gentleman as ever he was.

Heart. Your honour, Sir, is now disengaged. You will give me leave once more to mention my ambition, especially if another child is to share my Charlotte's fortune, I may appear at least worthier of her in your eye.

Sted. Here!—Take her—take her.——

Char. I told you, Sir, I would obey my father; but I hope you will never expect me to obey my husband.

Heart. When I expect more obedience than you are willing to pay, I hope you will punish me by rebellion.

Char. Well, I own I have not deserved so much constancy; but I assure you, if I can get gratitude enough, I will pay you, for I hate to be in debt.

Mil. You was pleased, Sir, this day to promise me, that, on the recovery of your lady's senses, you would give me whatever I should ask.

Sted. Ay, Sir, you shall have her before you ask. There she is, she hath given you her inclinations, and so I give you the rest of her. Heav'n be prais'd, I am rid of them both. Stay, here is another woman still. Will nobody have her, and clear my house of them? for it is impossible for a man to keep his resolutions while he hath one woman in it.

Mil. My Clarinda, O! transporting extasy!

Cla. My Millamour! my ever loved!

Mil. Heartfort, your hand, I am now the happiest of mankind. I have, on the very point of losing it, recovered a jewel of inestimable value. O Clarinda! my former follies may, through an excess of good fortune, prove advantageous to both in our future happiness. While I, from the reflection on the danger of losing you, to which the wildness of my desires betray'd me, shall enjoy the bliss with doubled sweetness: and you from thence may derive a tender and a constant husband.

From my example let all rakes be taught
To shun loose pleasure's sweet, but pois'nous draught.
Vice, like a ready harlot, still allures;
Virtue gives slow, but what she gives secures.

EPILOGUE:

WRITTEN BY A FRIEND, AND SPOKEN BY MRS. WOFFINGTON.

THE trial ended, and the sentence o'er,
The criminal stands mute, and pleads no more.
Sunk in despair, no distant hope he views,
Unless some friendly tongue for mercy sues.
So too our bard (whatever be his fate)
Hath sent me here compassion to create:
If damn'd, to blunt the edge of critic's laws;
If sav'd, to beg continuance of applause.
All this the frighted Author bid me say.
——But now for my own comments on his play.

This MILLAMOUR, for aught I could discover,
Was no such dang'rous, forward, pushing lover:
Upon the bull I, like EUROPA, ventur'd,
Enter'd his closet—where he never entered;
But left me, after all my kindness shewn,
In a most barbarous manner, quite alone:
Whilst I, with patience to our sex not common,
Heard him prescribing to another woman:
But, though quite languishing and vastly ill
She was, I could not find she took one pill.
Though her disease was high, though fierce th' attack,
You saw he was an unperforming quack:
But soon as marriage altered his condition,
He cur'd her as a regular physician.

My father STEDFAST took it in his head
To keep all resolutions which he made:
As the great point of life, this seem'd to strike him:
His daughter CHARLOTTE'S very much unlike him.
The only joys (and let me freely speak them)
I know in resolutions is to break 'em.

I think without much flatt'ry I may say
There's strict poetic justice through this play.
You heard the fool despis'd; the bawd's just sentence;
HEARTFORT'S reward, and MILLAMOUR'S repentance:
And such repentance must forgiveness carry;
Sure there's contrition with it when we marry.

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

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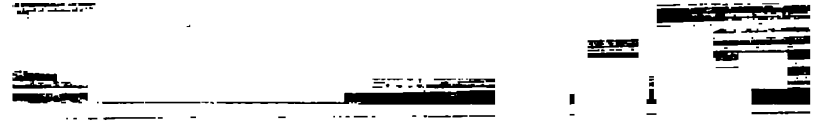

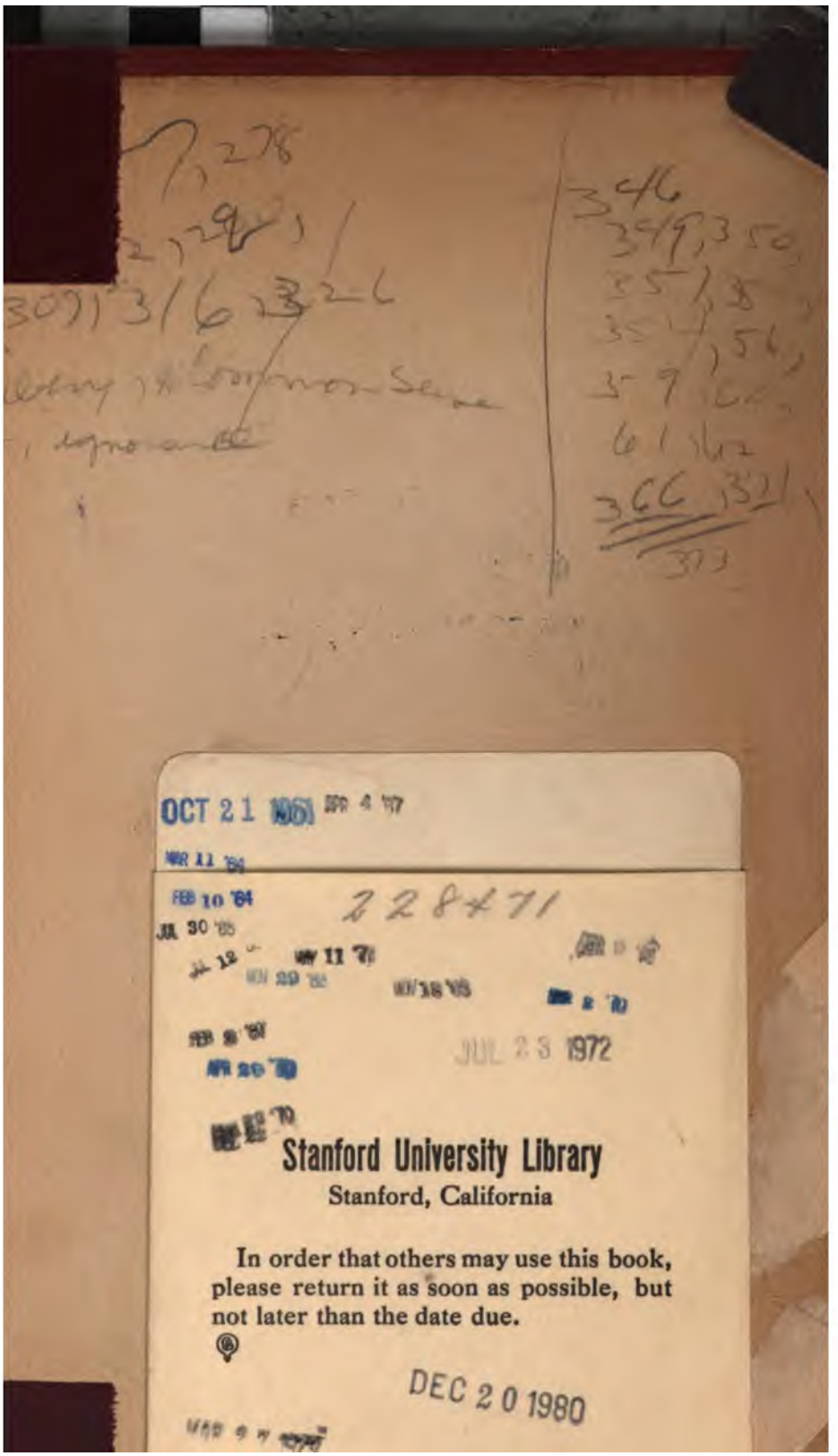
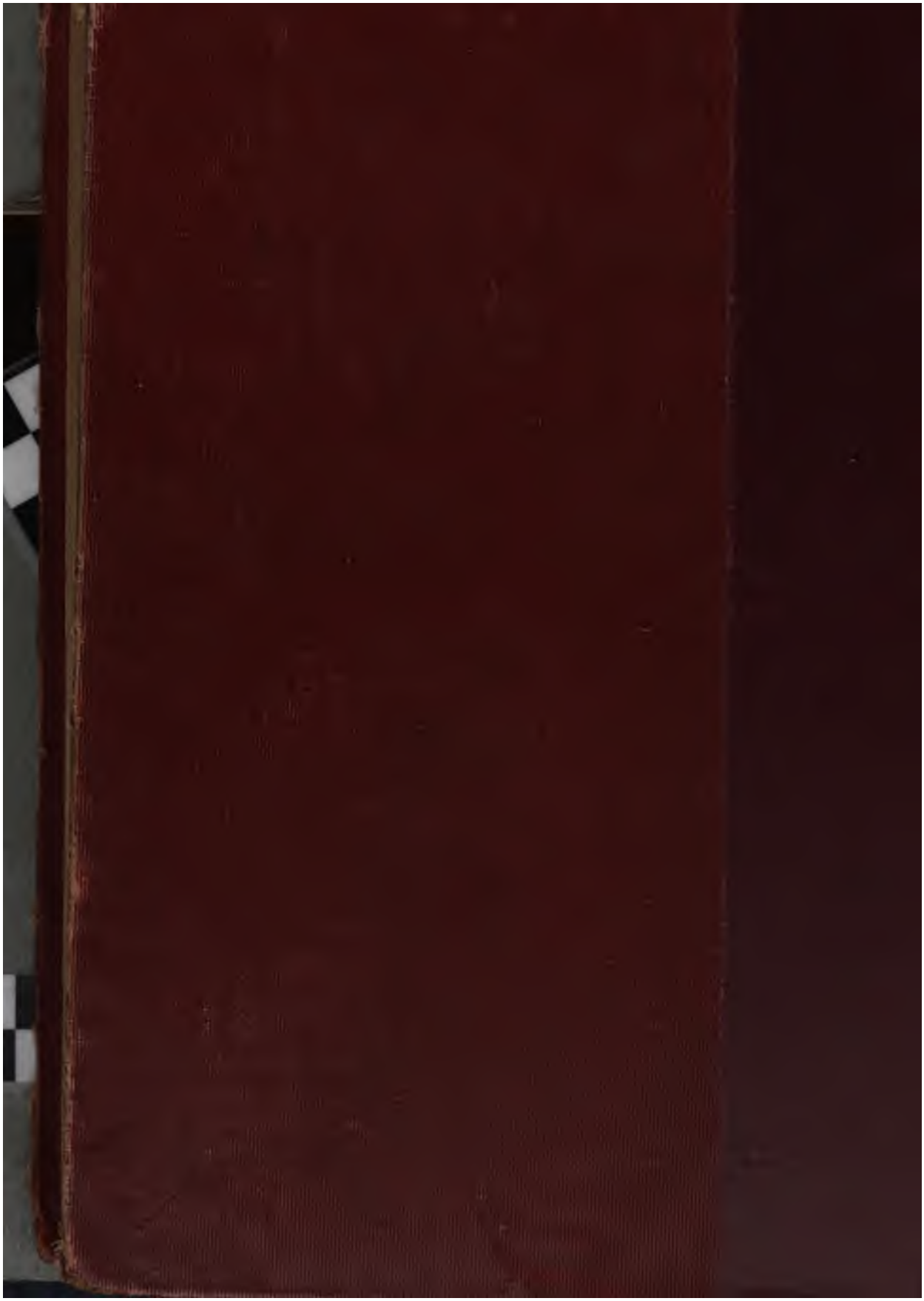
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